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IN WAR TIME.

III.

DR. WENDELL had very early acquired a few patients in the widely scattered village. Most of them were poor, and were either mechanics, or else workmen attached to the many woolen mills in his neighborhood. But as time went on he had also attracted, by degrees, a few of a somewhat better class. His manners were gentle and amiable, and manners have a good deal to do with business success in medicine,—indeed sometimes insure a fair amount of it even where their possessor has but a moderate share of brains, since patients are rarely competent critics as to all that ought to go to make up a doctor, and in fact cannot be.

Meanwhile, his life was not a hard one. He spent his early morning at the hospital, after seeing any urgent cases near his home; and, returning to Germantown for his midday meal, went back to the hospital to make the afternoon visit.

The next day, after the events we have described, as he came, on his usual evening round, to the beds of Major Morton and Captain Gray, the Confederate officer, he was interested to see that his sister had accomplished her errand, and was standing beside Morton, in company with a lady, and a lad who might have been sixteen years of age.

Glancing at the group, Wendell went first to the wounded rebel, whose face brightened visibly at the coming of the surgeon.

"I have been waiting to see you," he said. "I don't think I am as well as I was. I feel the being shut up here. It's such an awful change from the saddle and the open air! Please to sit down, doctor, and don't be in a hurry. I must talk to you a little. You doctors are always in such a hurry!"

"It's rather hard to help it," replied Wendell, good-humoredly; "but is there anything especial I can do for you?"

"Yes. I want to know distinctly if I can pull through. It's a thing you doctors hate to be asked, but still it is a question I would like to have answered."

"I do not see why you cannot. You have a serious wound, but you were not hurt in any vital organ. I should say you ought to get well."

"Well, it's a pretty grim business with me, doctor. I am alone in the world with one motherless girl, and I want to get well! I must get well!"

"And so you will."

"No; to tell you the truth, that's my trouble. I don't think I shall."

"Oh," exclaimed Wendell, "you may say you don't feel as if you should; but when you say you don't think you will, I am afraid I feel inclined to laugh, which is perhaps the very best thing I

can do for you. Is n't it as well to let me do the thinking for you?"

"I can't explain it," said Gray dolefully, "but the idea sticks in my head that I shall die."

"But why? Are you weaker? Do you suffer more?"

"No; I have nothing new except a queer sensation of confusion in my head, and — then I can't change my ideas at will. They stick like burrs, and — I can't get rid of them."

"Quinine, I guess," said Wendell, lightly.

"No; I've taken no end of that, in my time. I know how that feels. Would you mind asking Dr. Lagrange to see me?"

"Oh, of course not; but it is a rule not to call on the surgeon in charge unless there is some grave necessity."

"Well, I don't want to violate any rules. You are all very kind, and for a prisoner I ought to be satisfied; but I am sure that I am going to die."

"I do most honestly think you are needlessly alarmed," Wendell replied; "but if you wish it, I will ask the doctor to look at you."

The assistant surgeon had a faint but distinct impression that this wish implied a distrust of his own judgment, and to one of his temperament this was displeasing; yet knowing the request to be not unreasonable, he at once sent an orderly for the surgeon in charge, and saying, "I will see you with Dr. Lagrange in a few minutes," turned to the other bed.

Major Morton looked better; his mustache was trimmed, and the long Vandike beard became well his rather sombre face.

"This is my wife," he said. "Dr. Wendell — Mrs. Morton," — Mrs. Morton bowed across the bed, — "and my boy Arthur. They have just come, doctor; and do not you think I could be moved to a hotel to-day?"

"Well, hardly; but I will talk it over

with Dr. Lagrange, who will be here presently."

Busying himself in getting chairs brought for the patient's friends, he glanced at them more attentively, — little dreaming what share in his future the manly lad and his handsome, somewhat stately mother were to have. Her perfectly simple manners, touched with a certain coldness and calm which made any little display of feeling in her tones the more impressive, had their full effect on Wendell. This type of woman was strange to him. Her husband might have been full forty, and she herself some three or four years his junior; but she was yet in the vigor of womanhood, and moved with the easy grace of one accustomed to the world. Whatever were her relations to her husband, — and they had met, as Wendell learned afterwards from his sister, without any marked effusion in their greeting, — for all other men, at least, she had a certain attractiveness, difficult to analyze.

The type was, as I have said, a novel one to Wendell; nor was he wrong in the feeling, which came to him with better knowledge of her and more accurate observation, that the satisfaction which she gave him lay in a group of qualities which beauty may emphasize, but which, like good wine, acquires more delicate and subtle flavors as years go by.

"Mr. Morton seems better than I expected to find him," she said, "and I know you must have taken admirable care of him. With your help, I am sure we could get him to a hotel; and then in a few days I might open our country house on the Wissahickon, and we could easily carry him there, — easily, quite easily," she added, with a gentle but emphatic gesture of shutting her fan.

Wendell had less doubt after she had spoken than before. In fact, his intellectual judgment of the case was unaltered; but although his medical opinions upon a disease, or a crisis of it, were apt, like the action of the compass

needle, to be correct, they were as liable to causes of disturbance, and were likely to become doubtful to their originator in the face of positive opponent sentiments; or even of obstacles to their practical results which should never have had any influence. Although unconscious of it, he was in this manner quite frequently controlled by his sister's tranquil decisiveness. Without knowing why he yielded, he began now to edge over mentally to Mrs. Morton's side of the argument.

He said, in reply to her, "Of course, if you have a country house, that would make the change more easy."

In fact, it seemed pleasantly natural to find a ground of agreement with this woman, whose stateliness made her courtesy yet more gracious. She herself did not, it is true, see very clearly the reasonableness of his answer, but she was not apparently surprised at his defection from his former statement.

"We'll settle it somehow," groaned the major. "Do something; get me out of this den, at least. The rebels were a trifle to these flies!"

"Of course, my dear," assented Mrs. Morton, "I wanted to feel that Dr. — Dr. — you said" —

"Wendell, — Wendell is my name."

"Oh, yes, Dr. Wendell! I was thinking more of the kind remark you had made than of your name! It is a good old New England surname, I think. But before Dr. Lagrange comes, I want to say how gratified I am to find that the decision to which my own anxiety leads me should be justified by your medical judgment."

Wendell was a little taken aback at this ready assumption. As he looked up, hardly knowing what answer to make, Dr. Lagrange came hastily to join their group, and was met by Mrs. Morton, with whom he was evidently on terms of easy acquaintanceship.

"Dr. Wendell is, I think, rather inclined to believe that the major may be

taken to a hotel, and in a few days moved out to our country home. I hope our doctors won't differ. What do you think?"

"Ah, my lady," and the surgeon shook his finger at her warningly, "you have changed many folks, — I mean, many men's ideas; and I fancy you are keeping your hand in with my young friend. I don't think that this morning, before you came, when we discussed the question, Dr. Wendell was then quite of your opinion."

Wendell exclaimed, "I did not at that time understand" —

"Oh, I dare say not, and I don't blame you much for taking Mrs. Morton's view. But practically, my good friends, Morton's leg must be taken into account!"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Morton, "that is the first consideration, and really the only one."

"He has," urged Lagrange, "a rather serious wound, and to-day a quick pulse and a little fever. I would rather he waited a few days, — two or three, perhaps." Then Wendell spoke eagerly, under his breath, a few words to his superior, on which the latter continued, "Yes, that will do. Indeed, I am very much obliged by your thoughtfulness for my friend. Dr. Wendell has," and he turned to Mrs. Morton, "a room in the hospital, a very good and airy room, which he wishes Major Morton to occupy."

Wendell added, "It is no great sacrifice, as I rarely use it at night; but in any case, Major Morton is welcome to it."

The young fellow at Morton's side had been thus far a listener. Now he exclaimed, warmly, "Thank you very much, sir! It is a great kindness to give to a stranger."

"For my part," said Mrs. Morton, "I have not the courage to refuse."

"I should think not!" cried the major. "By Jove, refuse!" and he con-

tributed his own share of thanks, with a reasonable amount of emphasis. Then he asked, "Are there nets in the windows?"

"Yes," returned Wendell, a little amused.

"And is the room a good size?"

"Quite needlessly large for one," answered Lagrange, quickly, "and we are very full. Would you mind sharing it with another officer? It will be only for a day or two."

Morton did not like the prospect, but saw at once the need to yield.

"Of course," he replied, "if you are crowded; but I would rather," and he spoke low, "have my rebel neighbor than some one I do not know at all."

"But, dear," said Mrs. Morton, "I am sure that when Dr. Lagrange considers it he will see that you would be far more comfortable alone."

"I am afraid," returned Lagrange, "that I must accept the major's proposition. And now I shall run away, for fear you persuade me to change my mind; and I shall take Wendell, lest you get him, too, into some mischief. Come, doctor, let us see Gray!" He turned smiling to the rebel officer, with whom he conversed attentively and patiently for some time. Then he moved away with a cheerful face from the bed, saying some pleasantly hopeful words of the comforts of the new room. But as soon as he was out of earshot he spoke to his junior, "Watch that man well. There is something odd in his manner. He has a way of emphasizing all his words. Perhaps it is natural, but I never like to hear a wounded man insist that he is going to die! And by the way, stick to your own opinions, and don't let the pressure or notions of lay folks push you off a path you meant to tread. Mrs. Morton is what my old nurse used to call 'main masterful,' but I have found her, as you may, a good friend. In fact, they are not very far-away neighbors of yours. I will re-

member this when they move Morton to the country."

Wendell thanked him. He felt that he himself had done a gracious and serviceable act to pleasant people.

"And what a fine lad that is, of Morton's!" said Lagrange. "I like his face."

"Yes; a nice boy, I should think," returned Wendell.

When the two officers, the next morning, were eagerly eating a well-cooked breakfast, in their new and cheerful quarters, under the care of an orderly assigned to them by Wendell, Morton, who was in high good humor, remarked, "By George, this is better than that ward! I feel like myself."

"It is certainly more comfortable," rejoined his room-mate, — "good coffee, fruit, — I have n't seen an orange before for a year, — but I don't feel quite right yet."

"Oh, you 'll come up," said Morton, who was apt to relate the condition of others to his own state.

"I suppose so, — I hope so! But I don't feel sure, and that strikes me as odd, because I have been hit before, and never had the depression I now feel. Then that lad of yours made me think about my own child."

"And where is he?"

"At school. It's a girl. I did not tell you it was a girl. She has been at school in Rahway. I could not either get her away or send money to her, and she and I are pretty much alone in the world. By George, I don't suppose she would know me!"

"Why not send for her?" suggested Morton, whose enormous increase in comfort disposed him to indulge his usual desire that everybody about him should be satisfied, provided it did not incommode Major Morton. "We 'll get that doctor of ours to ask his sister to write and have the child brought on to see you, and my wife can take care of her for a few days."

"But I have absolutely no money!"

On this point Morton was delightfully indifferent. He had always had money and what money buys, and just now, in the *ennui* of illness, this man interested him.

"I can lend you what you want. I'll arrange it."

"I do not know how I can thank you!"

"Then don't do it." The major was languidly good-natured, and had the amiability so common among selfish people. A West Point man by education, he had served his two years on the plains, and then left the army, to return to it with eagerness, as it offered command, which he loved, and a rescue, for a time at least, from the monotony of a life without serious aim or ambition.

After some further talk about the girl, Morton asked, "Where were you in that infernal row at Gettysburg? There's no use in either of our armies attacking the other. The fellows who try it always get thrashed. I began to think we should never be anything else but thrashed."

"I am sorry the charm is broken!" said Gray. "I was in the Third South Carolina, when we got our quietus on the crest of Cemetery Hill. What a scene that was! I can see it now. I was twice in among your people, and twice back among my own; but how, I can no more tell than fly. Once I was knocked down with a stone. It was like a devilish sort of Donnybrook fair."

"How were you hurt? I was on the crest myself, and after I got this accursed ball in my leg I lay there, and as I got a chance in the smoke I cracked away with my revolver. I remember thinking it queer that I never had struck a man in anger since I grew up, and here I was in a mob of blood-mad men, and in a frenzy to kill some one. Droll, isn't it?"

"For my part," returned Gray, "I was as crazy as the rest until I got a

pistol ball in my right shoulder. By George, perhaps you are the very man who shot me!"

"I am rather pleased to be able to say," responded Morton, stiffly, "that I do not know whom I shot."

"I should be very glad to think it was you."

"And why, please?"

"Well, it would be a comfort to know it was a gentleman."

The idea had in it nothing absurd to Morton. He thought that perhaps he would have felt so himself, but he was pretty sure that he would not have said so, and he answered with perfect tact: "For any other reason, I should infinitely regret to think it had been I; and were it surely I, your pleasant reason would not lessen the annoyance I should feel;" and then, laughing, "I will promise not to do it any more."

At this moment Wendell came in, and, seeing the flushed face of Captain Gray, said, —

"I think I would n't talk much, and above all don't discuss the war."

"Oh, confound the war, doctor!" exclaimed Morton. "It is only the editors who fight off of battle fields. However, we promise to be good boys!"

"I don't think our talk hurts me," said Gray. "I was saying that perhaps the major might be the man who shot me. Queer idea, was n't it? And what is more odd, it seems to keep going through my head. What's that Tenyson says about the echo of a silent song that comes and goes a thousand times?"

"A brain echo?" murmured Wendell. "I, for one, should n't think it very satisfactory to know who shot me. I should only hate the man unreasonably."

"But don't you think that it would be pleasanter to know he was a gentleman?"

To Wendell, with all his natural refinement, the sentiment appeared incon-

ceivably ludicrous, and, laughing aloud, he rejoined, "I don't think I can settle that question, but I hope you will quit talking. I will get you some books, if you like. Oh, by the way, here are the papers;" and so saying he walked away, much amused, and in a mood of analytic wonder at the state of mind and the form of social education which could bring a man to give utterance to so quaint an idea.

A moment later he returned to the bedside to discuss a request of the major, who had asked him to write about Captain Gray's child.

"If you wish it," said Wendell, "I think my sister might go to Rahway."

"Oh, no," said Gray; "that is quite too much to ask."

"Then," suggested Morton, "as you are so kind, could n't you take the little girl in for a few days, doctor? I—that is to say, there will be no trouble about the board."

"Certainly, if you wish it," answered the doctor. "I am quite sure that my sister will not object. Ann shall write at once. But is that all? Can I do anything else for you? No? Well, then, good-night."

IV.

Among the many permanent marks which the great war left upon the life of the nation, and that of its constituent genera of human atoms, none were more deep and more alterative than those with which it stamped the profession of medicine. In all other lands medicine had places of trust and even of power, in some way related to government; but with us, save when some unfortunate physician was abruptly called into public notice by a judicial trial, and shared for a time with ward politicians the temperate calm of newspaper statements, he lived unnoted by the great public, and for all the larger uses he should

have had for the commonwealth quite unemployed. The war changed the relations of the profession to the state and to the national life, and hardly less remarkably altered its standards of what it should and must demand of itself in the future. Our great struggle found it, as a calling, with little of the national regard. It found it more or less humble, with reason enough to be so. It left it with a pride justified by conduct which blazoned its scutcheon with endless sacrifices and great intellectual achievements, as well as with a professional conscience educated by the patient performance of every varied form of duty which the multiplied calls of a hard-pressed country could make upon its mental and moral life.

Vast hospitals were planned and admirably built, without the advice of architects, by physicians, who had to learn as they went along the special constructive needs of different climates, and to settle novel and frequent hygienic questions as they arose. In and near the locality of my tale, the hospitals numbered twenty-five thousand beds for the sick and wounded; and these huge villages, now drawn on by the war, now refilled by its constant strife, were managed with a skill which justified the American test of hotel-keeping as a gauge of ability. A surgeon taken abruptly from civil life, a country physician, a retired naval surgeon, were fair specimens of the class on which fell these enormous responsibilities. We may well look back with gratification and wonder at the exactness, the discipline, the comfort, which reigned in most of these vast institutions.

In this evolution of hitherto unused capacities, Dr. Wendell shared. In some ways it did him good service, and in others it was harmful. The definiteness of hospital duty was for a man so unenergetic of great value. He was a wheel in a great piece of mechanism, and had to move with the rest of it. In time

this might have substantially altered his habits ; but in a hospital there are, as elsewhere, opportunities for self-indulgence ; indeed, more in a military hospital than elsewhere, since there the doctor lacks largely the private criticism and the demands of influential patients, which in a measure help to keep men alert in mind, thoughtful, and accurate. Moreover, the rush and hurry of the wholesale practice of medicine, inseparable from overflowing military hospitals, was hostile to the calm study of cases, and to the increasing exactions which new and accurate methods of diagnosis and treatment were then, and are now, making. On the whole, the effect on Wendell was bad. He did his work, and, as he was intelligent, often did it well ; but his medical conscience, overweighted by the need for incessant wakefulness, and enfeebled by natural love of ease and of mere intellectual luxuries, suffered from the life he led, and carried into his after days more or less of the resultant evil. Happily for his peace of mind, as for that of many doctors, no keen critic followed him, or could follow him, through the little errors of unthoughtful work, often great in result, which grew as he continued to do his slipshod tasks. Like all men who practice that which is part art, part science, he lived in a world of possible, and I may say of reasonable, excuses for failures ; and no man knew better than he how to use his intellect to apologize to himself for lack of strict obedience to the moral code by which his profession justly tests the character of its own labor.

When Wendell reported for duty, on the following day, and had signed, as usual, the roll which indicated that he was present at a set hour, he was told that the surgeon in charge desired to see him ; and accordingly he stopped in the little room which that officer reserved for his own personal needs. As Wendell paused in front of the table, Dr.

Lagrange looked up, and putting aside his pen said, —

“ Good-morning. I have endeavored, Dr. Wendell, not to forget that the gentlemen on duty here have not all of them had the advantage of army life, but there are certain matters which, if not of first importance, have their value, and which I cannot overlook. I observe that you do not always wear an assistant surgeon’s uniform, and that last week, when officer of the day, you wore no sash. Pardon me, I am not quite through. Twice, of late, you have signed your name as present at the hour of the morning visit, when in one case it was ten minutes after, and in another eleven minutes after.”

“ I did not think, sir, it could make any difference.”

“ That, sir, I must look upon as a criticism of a superior’s opinion. If I did not, as surgeon in charge, consider it of moment, I should not have spoken ; but, and with your permission, I now speak only as an older man, and one, as you know, who is disposed to like and help you.”

“ Of course, I shall be very much obliged,” Wendell said. It must be added that he did not feel so. He inferred that, as he had a better intellectual machinery and much wider knowledge than the superior officer, he must be naturally elevated above the judgments of such a person.

“ It is not,” continued Lagrange, “ the want of punctuality to which I now refer, — that is an official matter. It is that you should shelter yourself under a false statement, however minutely false.”

Dr. Wendell began with irritation : “ I do not think any one could suspect me — could suspect me of that ! ”

“ Then,” replied Lagrange, “ you were not aware of the hour ? I hope I don’t annoy you. I like you too well to do so without cause, and, as I said, I am conscious that I am putting the matter in an un-official shape.”

Wendell bowed, and, having reflected a little, said, "Thank you, sir. Pray speak freely. I can only be grateful for whatever you think fit to say."

"Well, then," added Lagrange, "let me go a step further. Try to be more accurate in your work, and — may I say it? — a little more energetic, just a little," and the old army surgeon smilingly put out his hand. "Don't spoil my predictions of success for you in life! You have better brains than I ever had, but" —

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Wendell, touched with the other's want of egotism.

"Yes, yes," went on Lagrange, laughing; "but I should beat you at most things, notwithstanding. There — you won't misunderstand me, I am sure," he added, with a gentle sweetness, which like most bits of good manners was alike pleasant and contagious.

The younger man returned, "You are very good to me. I shall try to remember."

"Well, well," said Lagrange; and then, in his official tones, "Have you seen Major Morton?"

"Not yet, sir. I have just come."

"True — of course; but that other man, — what's his name, the rebel?"

"Gray, sir. He is in a curious way. I think his head must be wrong. He insists that Major Morton shot him."

"That is strange," returned the surgeon; "very unusual, in fact. Some accident sets an idea in a man's head, and there it stays. I have heard of such cases. I would like to separate them at once, but we have not a vacant bed. See him as soon as possible."

When Wendell left Lagrange's room he went immediately to visit Gray. The door was open, to secure a cool draught of air; and hearing the rebel officer speaking, the assistant surgeon paused a moment to listen. The voice he heard was decided, irritated, and a little loud:

"I think I remember now; yes, sir,

you were on the ground. I saw you shoot, and I don't blame you!"

"Good heavens, you could n't have seen me! By George, I never heard anything so absurd! Have the goodness not to repeat it."

"You doubt my word, then, sir?"

"Oh, no, what stuff!"

"Then apologize, sir. I say, apologize!"

"Pshaw!"

At this moment Wendell entered.

"Captain Gray," he said, "this won't do! You have forgotten your promise about talking. Come, put this thermometer under your tongue," and with a finger on his pulse Wendell waited patiently a few minutes. "Hum," he said to himself, not liking the results of his observation. Then he asked a few questions, and wrote a prescription, which meant decided and immediate treatment.

"Am I ill?" said the captain.

"You are ill enough to keep quiet."

"But he did shoot me."

"Nonsense! You are feverish, and your head is out of order."

"But he shot me! I say, he shot me!"

"Oh, confound it!" growled Morton. "Suppose I did?"

"There, I knew it," exclaimed Gray, — "I knew it, sir! He says so."

"I said no such thing! Doctor, may I trouble you a moment?" As Wendell approached his bed, he added, "I cannot stand this any longer. Make some arrangements for me to leave as soon as Mrs. Morton comes back. That will be in an hour. At any risk, at all risks, I must be carried to my own home in the country. Perhaps I did shoot him: who the devil knows or cares!" And as, in his annoyance, his voice rose sufficiently to be heard by Gray, the latter broke in anew: —

"Well, sir, I am glad you admit it. And my little girl, — who is to take care of her? I say," he repeated sharply,

"who is to take care of her? Not this man."

"Oh, she will be looked after," responded Wendell kindly, desiring to soothe the patient, whose diseased fancies were evidently hurting both himself and his neighbor. "Ah, here comes my sister! Ann, let me speak to you a moment;" and so saying, he led her out of the room, and explained to her that Captain Gray was very ill and delirious, and that it would be necessary to separate him from Major Morton.

Ann Wendell at once reentered the room, took her seat at the bedside, and sat fanning the poor fellow, while her brother left them to attend to other duties. Mrs. Morton arrived soon after; and as Lagrange agreed with his subordinate that it would now be best to move her husband, the proper arrangements were soon completed.

As the major was being carried out of the room, he said, "Captain Gray, I hope you will soon get well; and meanwhile, whatever we can do for you is at your service."

"I sha'n't get well," returned Gray. "I am going to die, to die, and my death is on your head!"

Morton made no reply.

"Don't mind him," the young surgeon whispered quietly to Mrs. Morton, who had turned, with a startled air, — "don't mind him; he is raving."

"Poor fellow," she murmured softly.

"I don't blame him," cried Gray, in a high, shrill voice, "but he did it. And oh, my little one, my little one! Friendless, friendless!" and he sank back, faint and exhausted, upon the pillow, from which he had risen with an effort of frenzied strength.

"You won't forget to call to-night?" said Mrs. Morton to Wendell. "What a strange delusion! What a painful scene!" Then the nurses carried her husband out of the room and downstairs to the ambulance, while Ann Wendell, disturbed and pitiful, sat fan-

ning the fevered man who remained. As she looked at him, his face struck her painfully. It was thin and drawn, beaded with sweat, and deeply flushed.

"When will my child come?" he asked.

"To-morrow. I have had a telegram, and I will bring her here at once. Yes, I will bring her; now don't talk. We will take care of her until some of her relatives are heard from, or she can return to school, till you are well and exchanged."

"You promise me?"

"Yes, I promise," Ann replied, hardly knowing what to say.

"And that man, — he could n't help it! That's war, that's war! He shot me, you know. He says so. I saw him. You won't let them have my child, will you, — now, will you?"

Ann had a pretty clear idea that nothing was less likely than that the stately dame, who overawed her with easy graciousness, would desire to assume charge of the little waif.

"Make yourself easy. God will provide."

"Yes, yes, I know, of course; but you will — take care — yes — you will?"

"I will," said Ann, hardly clear as to what she was pledging herself to do, but feeling sure that she must say yes to whatever he asked, and that she was not given time to reflect as to what she ought to do.

"All right," moaned Gray. "Turn this pillow, please. Lord, how wretched I feel!"

Ann did as he desired. She had a strong feeling that she ought to say something to relieve him: "You must not say Major Morton shot you. How could you know that? You must have made him feel horribly. I would n't say it if I were you!"

"But," cried Gray, seizing her wrist, "I know it, and before you came he said it! He acknowledged he shot me!

What was that you said about to-morrow? To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow! Stop, excuse me, Mistress Wendell,—I am not at all clear in my head; but let him say what he likes, he shot me! Remember that, he shot me!”

Miss Wendell was deeply distressed. She could not appreciate the state of mental disturbance which possessed the man, and to her inexperience it seemed at once improbable and yet possible that he could have been sure of the hand which had smitten him. It all left her with one of those vague but lasting mental impressions which may wear out with time, or be deepened by future circumstance, and which are, as it were, memorial ghosts that trouble us despite our unbeliefs in their reality. For the present she put it aside; but in her simple life it was a great and strange event, never pleasant to think or talk of. She stayed with Gray till it was quite late, and then went home with her brother, promising to return the next afternoon, when she hoped to be able to bring the little girl.

The following day she busied herself, as usual, about the household and among the flowers in her little garden, until the hour came to meet the train, which was, little as she then guessed it, to bring into her life new cares and fresh anxieties. It was close to the late twilight of summer when she stood waiting at the station. Her life had been, as I have said, simple. Her nature and her creed alike taught her to be eternally willing to do for others acts of kindness; indeed, to be ever ready, for these had grown to be habitual, and excited in her mind no comment whatsoever; so that in this sense virtue was its own reward, in that it made each new act of virtue easier, and so kept calm a conscience which was only too apt with rebuke. She now stood silently watching the crowd of soldiers going to the front, of officers in varied uniforms, all the eager, hurried travel of ever anxious men and

women moving southward. At last she saw a conductor coming towards her, and guessed at once that the girl at his side was the child for whom she had come.

“I am Miss Wendell, and I am here to meet a child named Gray.”

“Yes,” the conductor replied, “that is all right. I was to turn her over to Miss Wendell. Here is the check for her trunk. Good-by, missy!” and so saying he dropped the child’s hand and walked away. The girl looked after him with a sense of desertion, and then turned and faced Ann Wendell, silent with the shy, speechless uneasiness of girlhood.

“You are Hester Gray?” said Miss Wendell.

“Yes, ma’am. Where is my father?”

“You shall see him soon, Come, my dear, you must be tired; we won’t talk now;” and so having arranged for her trunk to be sent to Germantown, Ann got into a street car with her charge, and set out for the hospital.

Ann was acutely observant of but one person in her small world,—the brother whose life had become one with her own; and she therefore troubled herself but little about the child at her side, save to say now and then a kind word, or to notice that the dress of brown holland, though clean and neat, showed signs of over use.

The girl was perhaps fifteen years old, but looked very childlike for her age. She had been sent four years before, when her mother died, to the school in New Jersey, where, save for one brief visit from her father before the war broke out, she had had the usual school life among a large number of girls, to whom was applied alike a common system, which admitted of no recognition of individualities. But this little existence, now sent adrift from its monotonous colony of fellow polyps to float away and develop under novel circumstances, was a very distinct and positive

individual being. She sat beside Ann Wendell, stealing quick glances at her, at her fellow-passengers, and at the houses and buildings they were passing; not reasoning about them, but simply making up the child's little treasury of automatically gathered memories, and feeling, without knowing that she felt it, the kindness and quiet incuriousness of the woman beside her. Then, seeing a man drop a letter into a postal box in the street, she suddenly remembered herself, and flushing said, —

"I have a letter to give. If father is too sick, I am to give it to some one."

"I will take it," said Ann, and the child presently extracted a letter, which the careful schoolmistress had pinned fast in her pocket. It was addressed to "Charles Gray, Esq." "I will take care of it, my little woman."

The child made some vague reflections on her being called a little woman, and the train of thought, brief as are always the speculations of childhood, ended at the door of the great brick hospital. Then they walked through the lounging crowd of invalids about the portal, past the sentinel, and up the stairs, until Ann knocked softly at the sick man's door. It was opened by a nurse, who said in a low voice that they were to wait a minute, until he sent for the doctor. While they lingered, Ann heard the deep, snoring respiration of the man within, and tightened her grasp on the child's hand, knowing only too well what the sound meant. A moment later Wendell appeared with the surgeon-in-charge. The two men said a few words apart, and then the elder took the child's hand, and sitting down on the staircase drew her towards him.

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Hester, — Hester Gray."

"How long since you saw your father?"

"Ever so long, sir. I don't remember."

"Well, you know when people are sick they do not look as they do when they are well, and your father, Hester, is very sick; so if he is too sick to know you are his own little girl, you must n't be afraid, will you?"

"No, sir, I will try not to be."

"And don't cry," he added, as he saw the large blue eyes filling. Then he took her tenderly by the hand, and saying cheerily, "Now come along; we will go and see papa," he led her into the room, followed by Ann and her brother. When Ann saw the dying man's face, she turned, and whispered to Wendell, —

"Oh, I would n't have done it at all! Why should she see him?"

Wendell made no answer. He was himself wondering why this tender little life should be forced into rude acquaintance with death. The surgeon knew better; knew full well, with the wisdom of many deaths, what a softened sweetness this grim memory would grow to have, in years to come, — what a blank in the life of love its absence might come to be.

Charles Gray was lost even now to the world of loves and hates. Gaunt with past suffering, his cheeks flushed with moving spaces of intense purplish-red, he lay on his back. His eyes, wide open, stared up at the ceiling between moveless lids, while the irregularly heaving chest and the dilating nostrils told of the closing struggle for the breath which is life. Ann wiped from his brow the sweat which marks the earning of death as of bread, — the sign of all great physical effort, — and said in a rising voice, —

"Here is Hester, Captain Gray! Captain Gray, this is Hester! Don't you know her? Your Hester."

He made no sign in reply. Nature had not waited for man to supply her anaesthetics, and the disturbed chemistries of failing life were flooding nerve and brain with potent sedatives.

"Too late!" murmured Wendell.

A slight convulsion passed over the features of the dying man. The child looked up in curious amazement. Her little life gave her no true key to the sorrow of the scene.

"Kiss him," said Ann; "speak to him, Hester. Perhaps he will know you."

The child touched his forehead, recoiled a second from the chill, sweating brow, and then kissed it again and again.

"Speak to him, Hester, — try," repeated Ann.

"Father — father!" cried the child.

"A little water," said the surgeon in chief, knowing that to swallow sometimes for a moment awakens the slumbering consciousness.

The dying man struggled with the spoonful of fluid, then swallowed it abruptly, and moved his lips.

"Does he say anything?" said Wendell.

Ann bent down, and again wiped his face. This time he murmured something, and Ann rose instantly, with a pale face.

"He does n't know any one," she said. "Come, my child, kiss him again, and we will go out for a while."

What Ann had heard were broken words, sent back to her alone through the closing doors which opened to one world and shut out another: "Shot — shot — he shot me!"

"Come," she repeated to the dazed and trembling girl, "the surgeons must be with him alone, dear."

Hester obeyed without a word, crying, she hardly knew why; for tears are the large resource of nature in most of the incidents that startle or perplex the emotional years of childhood; and to be truthful, there was more of terror than of grief in the scene for a child to whom years of absence and silence had made all memories of home and father somewhat hazy and indistinct.

"I will take her away with me at once," said Ann to Dr. Lagrange. "It will be no good for her to see him again."

"You will do the kindest thing for her, I think," he answered; and with this, hand in hand with the child, who pressed close to her side, Ann went out into the street, thoughtful and dismayed. She had seen hundreds of wounded men, in her constant hospital visits, but no one knew who had hurt them; so that in her eyes this single definite fact of individual war seemed like murder. The whole matter of war, indeed, was horrible to Ann. She somehow saw God in its larger results, but not in its tragedies. How could God mean one man to slay another! There, it is true, were the Amalekites and the Jebusites; but as to them, the command to destroy had been sufficiently distinct. Still, this present war was a just war, in Ann's eyes, and her brother had no doubts at all, which was sometimes a comfort to her, and would have been a larger one had Wendell shared her own religious creed, which he certainly did not, being vaguely inclined at times to a half acceptance of the mysticism of Swedenborg. His belief in the competency of his own intellect made it necessary for him to possess some views on matters of religious beliefs, but so far he had never got much beyond the easy goal of destructive criticism.

When the two doctors began to descend the stairs from the dying man's room, the elder said, "Mrs. Morton has written to me to say that she will be glad to meet any expense you may be put to about this child."

"She is a kind and generous woman, I should think," replied Wendell.

"Well, yes, in a cool, quiet way she is. I like her myself, and you will find, if you don't cross her views, that she will be a good friend. But that is her trouble. She respects none but manly, resolute men, and yet she dearly loves

her own way. Money is a very little thing to her, and to Morton also. What a rapid case of pyæmia! I wish one understood it better, or that somebody could take it up and work at it. We have plenty of material. Why could not you try your hand?"

"I have been thinking of it," said Wendell.

In fact, he was always planning some valuable research, but was never energetic enough to overcome the incessant obstacles which make research so difficult.

"We will talk it over," said Dr. La-grange. "What do you think of Jones, in Number Five? He seems to me a malingeringer, and a poor actor at that."

And so the talk went from the frequent tragedy of death to its causes, and thence to the hospital work and discipline; the scamps who were feigning illness; and who were well enough to go

to the front, who must be discharged, who be turned over to the provost marshal.

The contrasts in a doctor's life are always striking, and were never more so than in the splendid and terrible years of our great war, which added a long list of novel duties and a training foreign to his ordinary existence. These two men, coming from the every-day calamity of a death-bed, instantly set aside the emotions and impressions, which no repetition ever quite destroys for the most callous doctor, and began to discuss the scientific aspects of the disease with which they had been so vainly battling. They both felt more or less the sense of defeat which waits for the physician as he leaves the room of the dying, — a keener discomfort than the unthinking public can well imagine; but both were able to lose it in their interest in that which caused it.

Zarathustra, Bactria's king, next said,
"When in the sky's blue garden-bed
A lily-petaled star shall fold
A human shape, the gift foretold
 Shall blossom and be born :
Then shall the world-tides flow reversed,
New gods shall rise, the last be first,
And the best come from out the worst,
 As night gives birth to morn."

II.

So while the drowsed earth swooned and slept
Mute holy men their vigils kept,
By twelve and twelve: as light decayed,
They marked through evening's rosy shade
 The curled moon's coming horn,
All stars that fed in silent flock,
And each tossed meteor's back-blown lock.
So watched they from their wind-swept rock,
 Betwixt the night and morn.

Slow centuries passed ; at last there came
By night a dawn of silver flame,
Whose flower-like heart grew white and round
 With sound

Red-robed, red-sandaled, golden-clad,
 Came Gaspar, beardless as a lad :
 Through his fair hair's divided stream
 His red cheeks glowed as poppies gleam
 Through sheaves of yellow corn.
 Love's life in him was scarce fulfilled,
 Like as when daybreak shadows yield
 Night's iron lids lie half unsealed
 In colors of the morn.

Bronzed Balthasar, with beard thick-fed,
 Came last, in tunic royal red
 And brodered alb and yellow shoon.
 With him life's rose had touched its noon,
 And died and left the thorn, —
 Which proved by its sharp, thrilling heat
 That larger life is less complete
 Till the heart's bitter grows to sweet,
 As night melts into morn.

IV.

Said Melchior, "In blue silk I fold
 The rock's best fruit, red-hearted gold :
 So grant us, mighty Mother East.
 One who shall raise thy power decreased,
 And break Rome's pride and scorn,
 Till our red, wine-warm world hath sent
 Its breath through the cold West, and blent
 The Orient with the Occident
 In one wide sea of morn."

Said Gaspar, "I bring frankincense
 From Caraman's hills, whose thickets dense
 Hide the balm-bleeding bark which feeds
 The fuming shrine with fragrant seeds :
 So may this child, when born,
 Be Love's high Lord, and yield his love
 As incense, and draw from the Dove
 To crown his brows in sign thereof,
 Betwixt the night and morn."

Said Balthasar, "And I bring myrrh,
 In death and life man's minister ;
 Which braves decay as burial-balm,
 Or, mixed with wine, brings the deep calm
 Which power and love both scorn :
 Such be this child, — God's answering breath
 To the one prayer the whole world saith,
 'Oh, grant us myrrh for pain and death,
 Betwixt our night and morn.'"

V.

Twice fifty sennights o'er them bent
 The fierce blue weight of firmament.
 Through sea-like sands they still pursued
 The unsetting star, until it stood

Above where, travail-worn,
 A new-made mother smiled, whose head
 Lay near the stalled ox, as she fed
 Her babe from her warm heart, on bed
 Of straw, 'twixt night and morn.

As day new-sprung from drooping day,
 Near her in shricing light he lay,
 And made the darkness beautiful.
 Couched on low straw and flakes of wool
 From Bethlehem's lambs late-shorn,
 He seemed a star which clouds enfold,
 Swathed with soft fire and aureoled
 With sun-born beams of tender gold,
 The very star of morn.

At her son's feet the kingly Three,
 Laid, with bowed head and bended knee,
 Their gold and frankincense and myrrh,
 Nor tarried, — so the interpreter
 Of God's dream once did warn, —
 But hied them home ere the day broke;
 While without awe the neighbor folk
 Flocked to the door, and looked and spoke,
 Betwixt the night and morn.

VI.

A tall centurion first drew near,
 Brass-booted, on whose crest sat Fear.
 He bent low to the fragrant bed,
 With beard coal-black and cheek rust-red,
 And each palm hard as horn;
 Quot' *à l'empereur*! Now this *bon empereur* shakes,
 All that our Venus-Mother makes
 Betwixt the night and morn."

A shepherd spake: "Behold the Lamb,
 Who ere he reign as heaven's I AM
 Must undergo and overcome,
 As sheep before the shearers dumb,
 Unfriended, faint, forlorn.
 Him then as King the skies shall greet,
 And with strewn stars beneath his feet
 This Lamb shall couch in God's gold seat,
 And rule from night to morn."

A woman of the city came,
 Who said, "In me hope conquers shame.
 Four names in this child's line shall be
 As signs to all who love like me, —
 God pities where men scorn :
 Dame Rahab, Bathshebah, forsooth,
 Tamar, whose love outloved man's truth,
 And she cast out, sweet alien Ruth,
 Betwixt the night and morn."

VII.

Next Joseph, spouse of Mary, came, —
 Joseph Bar-Panther was his name, —
 Who said, "This babe, Lord God, is thine
 Only begotten Son divine,
 As thou didst me forewarn ;
 And I will stand beside his throne,
 And all the lands shall be his own
 Which the sun girds with burning zone,
 And leads from night to morn."

Said Zacharias, "Love and will
 With God make all things possible.
 Shall God be childless? God unwed?
 Nay; see God's first-born in this bed
 Which kings with gifts adorn.
 I would this babe might be at least
 As I, an incense-burning priest,
 Till all man's incense-fires have ceased,
 Betwixt the night and morn."

Whereat his wife Elisabeth :
 "My thoughts are on the myrrh, since death
 Shades my sere cheek, which, as a shore,
 Is wrought with wrinkles o'er and o'er.
 Now be this child new-born
 A prophet, like my prophet-boy, —
 A voice to shake down and destroy
 Throne, shrine, each carved and painted toy,
 Betwixt the night and morn."

But Mary, God's pure lily, smiled :
 "Lord, with thy manhood crown my child, —
 More man, more God; for they who shine
 Most human shall be most divine.
 Of those I think no scorn,
 King, prophet, priest, when worlds began;
 But higher than these my prayer and plan:
 Oh, make my child the Perfect Man,
 The Star 'twixt night and morn."

VOICES OF POWER.

To every one who considers the matter, it must be evident that the voices of power are numerous. The novelist, the essayist, the critic, the orator, the singer, the poet, the merchant, the financier, has each his organ. But there are some sources of influence which all acknowledge, partly because they are established, partly because they are prominent, partly because they are universally popular. One or two of these will here be touched on. There is a current impression that the days of pulpit influence are numbered; that preaching is out of date; that the Sunday orator has had his time, — a most important and influential time, it is admitted, but still a period that is ended, to be succeeded in the future by a new dispensation, in which the spoken word will be less and less indispensable to human needs. It is the fashion in some quarters to speak of pulpit oratory in terms of criticism, disrespect, and even of disbelief, as of outgrown machinery. We are told of the small number of churches as compared with the population of the cities, of the relatively thin attendance, of the listless audiences, of the lowered standard of refinement on the part of hearers, of the diminished spiritual force of speakers, of the declining tendency to confess authority in doctrinal affairs; and the intimation is freely given out — supported sometimes by argument, sometimes by facts, not seldom by sarcasm — that the whistling of idle wind and the creaking of officious pulleys have taken the place of the once trumpet-toned gospel.

For this belief there are good reasons, — better than can be expressed in the form of statistics. It is very true that other agencies have to a great extent supplanted the pulpit and taken away a large portion of its ancient office. The preacher is no longer the educated man

of the community, the instructor in science, philosophy, literature. He is not, of necessity, the best scholar, the most accomplished writer, the deepest thinker, the most persuasive speaker. He has no longer the whole advantage of academic training. In a period quite within the recollection of living men there were few books, no magazines or cheap papers. Public libraries were almost unknown, — wholly inaccessible to the multitude. There was scarcely any literature, or wide-spread knowledge. The clergyman's collection of printed volumes was mainly theological. He alone propounded questions, and gave answers to them. He alone was acquainted with prevalent thoughts. Learning was expensive, and hard to get outside of great universities, where the minister was educated. The day is not so very far distant in the past when it was a matter of personal distinction as well as of professional necessity to accumulate wisdom. Clergymen were thus educated to speak, — the only people who were well qualified to express an opinion, not on subjects of religion only, but on topics of society and politics as well. They were the oracles of the period, the educated and richly furnished minds, the possessors of the science and sagacity of their age. That period is ended. Books of every description are multiplied; magazines are cheap; newspapers are published by the myriad; people read as they run; information, knowledge, intellectual stimulus, may be had in large measure outside of churches, — more readily outside than inside.

Moreover, there is the institution of the popular lecturer. Here is a speaker who travels over the country, drawing audiences from all classes, dealing with secular themes, and mingling wit with wisdom according to ability. He does

not appeal to authority ; he does not resort to tradition. He aims at instruction ; but his chief object is entertainment, and the combination is found attractive to the common ear. The favorite lecturer is, in many instances, a preacher, who lays by the solemnity of the pulpit manner, and thus helps to undermine his profession while seeming to extend its influence : for the arts by which he attracts and holds his auditors are thoroughly popular ; he addresses the average intelligence, and he assumes as the ultimate criterion of excellence the common reason. When the lecturer is not a clergyman, he is a lay preacher ; and if he is an eloquent man, as he often is, his platform takes precedence of the pulpit, his words are listened to with delight, and his method gradually affects the treatment of religious themes, until the very essence of religious thought is qualified, and the sermon is deprived of its peculiar character. In a word, it ceases to be a sermon, and becomes an address.

There is a substantial difference between the two modes of speech. It must not be forgotten that, under one or another form, the preacher assumes the fact of divine revelation either as truth directly imparted, or as a spiritual instinct, or as a philosophy of intuition that pledges the recipient to certain cardinal beliefs of the soul. But criticism throws doubt on the existence of outward communications of knowledge, philosophy discredits intuitive presentiments, and skepticism cavils at the notion of an implanted instinct. The age resents dictation, in an era of magazines and newspapers and journals and reports, of conventions, meetings, and discussions. When men come face to face with each other, and talk things over on rational principles ; requiring knowledge ; demanding that problems shall be considered on their merits, that speech shall be frank and precise, that mystery shall be discarded, and dogmatism con-

demned, and preaching set at naught, and feeling subordinated to argument, there is impatience of pretension, restiveness under authority, a disposition to break away from tradition. The preacher relies on formulated ideas ; he claims to speak the absolute truth, to bring a message from the Holy Spirit. The assumption is now somewhat attenuated, but it is very old. The Hebrew prophet, who better than any other corresponds to the modern preacher, arrogated to himself the right to speak in the name of Jehovah. He was the Lord's representative. He disclaimed all ability of his own, made himself of no reputation, claimed no private wisdom or virtue, called himself a servant, and was accepted accordingly. Jesus gave voice to the best anticipations of his race. The promise made to Abraham was the message that dropped graciously from his lips. The proclamation of the kingdom of heaven was the ancient announcement of the Messianic reign. It was not he who founded the heavenly dispensation on any authority of his own. He spoke for his Father. Paul planted his feet on the rock of the old covenant. The Church of Rome regarded the Pope as the Lord's vicegerent, the source of all spiritual illumination, from whom power descended to the inferior priesthood. In the Protestant churches the preacher was the leading figure, and whenever he felt the presence of a holier spirit behind him than had visited his predecessors, a fresh inspiration from the incarnate Word, his heart was aflame with the Holy Ghost. The modern preacher goes through certain prescribed courses of study in a "school of the prophets." He takes his diploma from the constituted authorities. He is ordained by the solemn laying on of hands. He is set apart for a peculiar work. He is consecrated a servant or minister of the Highest. Henceforth he speaks words that are put into his mouth. He does not argue ; he an-

nounces, declares, affirms. There are certain truths he takes for granted, certain things he knows without experiment. If he chooses to utter his thought on any secular subject, he does not put himself exactly on a level with common reasoners. One will hardly take up a pamphlet written by a clergyman without encountering this peculiarity. The man is a dogmatist on principle. He cannot be anything else. Dogmatism belongs to the profession. It is fortunate for him if it does not eat into his nature.

The skepticism of this generation is of a character to bear directly on the existence of the pulpit. It is rather a matter of temperament than of judgment. It affects conduct more than opinion, being not so much a settled form of reasoned unbelief as a practical disinclination to turn the thoughts in an ecclesiastical direction. The element of "common sense" is larger in it than the element of knowledge. It touches the more cultivated and the more intellectually occupied classes. Literary men, as a rule, do not go to church. They prefer to stay at home, and read or write; naturally finding more pleasure in books that engage them than in sermons that do not. The men of science employ the quiet Sunday hours in making researches in their several departments. The time is especially favorable to the nicer experiments of the new physiology. The philosophical student pursues his studies, uninterrupted by duties or by visitors. When classrooms are closed and offices are shut, then is his hour for close examination. Then he can be alone, can read his favorite authors, can enlarge his mind. It is his day of recreation and of rest.

Again, the comic disposition of an age fond of entertainment, amusement, laughter, disliking grave thoughts and averse to meditation, is not attracted to pulpit discussions. The words "duty," "immortality," "death," "responsibil-

ity," are unwelcome to popular ears. Say what one will, the minister's themes are necessarily serious. He speaks in the name of religion. He represents the soul. His speech drops down from the higher atmosphere of spiritual thought. He has nothing for sportive hearers. It is not his business to tickle idle ears. He is not a jester, a buffoon, a clown, or a merry-Andrew. He is unwilling to make people laugh; he rarely induces them to smile. It is his office to open the fountain of tears in their hearts, to stir their consciences, to awaken their souls, to rouse their sympathies. He speaks of brotherhood, charity, accountability; the wisdom of restraining passion, and curbing desire, and keeping the higher life in view. There are things that look unseemly in the presence of the eternal law, and such things he must condemn. There is a mirthfulness, innocent — nay, positively wholesome — elsewhere, that sinks into silence when the awful, invisible Form comes out of the shadow. That form the preacher never can forget. He would be untrue to himself if he lost remembrance of it for a moment. Whatever theme he deals with, the low murmur of the everlasting flood is ever in his ears, and resounds through his language, imparting a deep solemnity to his utterance. He may be tempted to indulge his humor or wit, if he has any, but he yields as to a temptation, regretfully, half remorsefully, fearing lest something may be taken from the edge of his appeal. Even when his theme is neither theological nor technically religious, he is true to his calling as a minister of righteousness. The liberal preacher, so called, is no less austere than his Calvinistic neighbor; rather more so, if anything, as feeling the importance of correcting a certain latitude of speculation which his "orthodox" friend is not aware of.

But if all this be true, — and true in a great measure it may well be, — why

is it, one may ask, that the pulpit has not fallen more completely into disrepute? Why is the institution supported? Why are preachers listened to? Why do crowds gather every Sunday to hear what earnest, believing men have to say? For it is a fact that preaching has not yet sunk into utter discredit. The churches are not deserted. On the contrary, I am inclined to think that, all things being taken into account, more people in proportion "go to meeting" — go intelligently, earnestly, sympathetically, expectantly — than ever went before. My impression is that there is more live mind in the churches to-day than there ever was. Buildings are larger, congregations are more numerous, the word is listened to more eagerly. If an able man has anything to say from the pulpit, an audience is ready for him; and the more authoritatively he speaks, the better they like it. The ancient faith is alive. The old way of presenting it is not obsolete. Skepticism does not appear to have penetrated the heart of the multitude. As the world grows larger, the number increases of those who frequent the sanctuary, as well as of those who stay away.

To say nothing of the occasions which come to all alike, — hours of sorrow, of disappointment, of defeat, — that everybody meets and must surmount; of the craving to hear a word of solace, encouragement, instruction, to enlarge the horizon of experience, to obtain a wider prospect of life; to say nothing of death, that awful, mysterious certainty, so universal in its sway, so uncertain in its issues, or of conscience, whose voice is heard in every breast, the themes of the pulpit possess an inexhaustible fascination for the majority of mankind. The preacher's cardinal topics are irresistibly interesting. There are grave questions which nobody can answer, yet which everybody asks, — questions that the preacher alone pretends to deal with, that none but a thinker attempts to

grasp, but that force themselves on the unthinking mind. To know what answers have been given is a good deal; to be sure that there is no final answer is something. The most light-hearted, even frivolous people, at some moments in their lives, are brought face to face with problems so awful that only earnest minds should confront them, and they, for the most part, are consecrated professionally to the task. The preacher has been educated to consider such problems; he spends his life in endeavors to solve them; he has arrived at a certain degree of conviction; he has won popular confidence by the devotedness of his ministry and the elevation of his life. He is usually noble, simple-hearted, honest, true of intention, single of purpose, disinterested, and sympathetic. He lives in contemplation. He is an idealist. If he is a man of traditions, the traditions he holds by are humane; they embody the treasured wisdom of the race. Those who resort to him are pretty sure to get all that is known. The purely sensational preacher is rare in any community. There are not many men in the pulpit, if there are any, who study immediate effect more than truth. There may, here and there, be one man of remarkable humor, who is tempted occasionally to present ideas in a mirthful light; but this is incidental to his temperament, not radical in his ministration. His aim is heavenward, though he may frequently provoke a smile. Theodore Parker used to say that if he were to give expression to all the funny thoughts that occurred to him, his hall would resound with laughter. Fanciful images thronged his mind; yet nobody doubted Parker's earnestness of purpose, or questioned the absolute sincerity of his nature. Most people imagined that he was somewhat uncompromising, even grim. A prevailing passion for truth is all that can be asked for. Great genius, the gift of insight, of divination, of prophecy, of eloquent

speech, are not to be expected. The saintly disposition is given to few. But the power of personal character is not uncommon, simplicity of intention, purity of mind. Character is very different from genius, accomplishment, or talent in particular directions. It is the force of the unseen world flowing through the soul. There is much in the fact that the minister belongs to no class of men ; that he is neither aristocrat nor democrat, rich nor poor, old nor young ; that he is simply human ; that he meets all men on the same terms ; that all doors are open to him ; that all domestic secrets are disclosed. The family physician is the only person who has anything like the same universality of influence, anything approaching an equal range of sympathy. No other man in society pretends to it.

When to this is added the quality of personality so generally felt in the preacher, who takes into himself the burden of so much experience, the importance of the pulpit is not surprising. The pulpit should be a mount of vision. A living soul utters oracles there. One hears a voice, sees a form, gazes on an expressive countenance. The lecturer has a portion of the same advantage, but he is not charged with so mysterious a theme, nor does he touch people at so many points. In fact, he does not reach the same people year after year, as the preacher does, and he never addresses the spiritual mind. The audience brings ears, seldom hearts, to the lyceum. It comes in the mood of admiration, not in the mood of worship. Mr. Emerson made the platform an altar, drawing down fire from heaven upon sticks of wood ; but he was alone. The most persuasive lecturer does well if now and then he can ascend from low themes to lofty contemplations. The personality of the lecturer may be called *magnetic*, in the absence of a better word. The personality of the genuine preacher is born of the spirit, and is largely made

up of the elements of hope, fear, love, aspiration, devotion.

The truth is that faith in the supernatural is not dead ; faith in the invisible will never die. The ancient religious instincts of men will change their mode of expression, but they will retain their energy. The scientific method does not threaten them with extinction. The democratic principle does not endanger their authority, and the man who can arouse them is sure of a hearing. Every great epoch has been inaugurated by the pulpit, has been heralded by the preacher. The Hebrew ages were ; the Christian age was. The Church of Rome sent out its preaching orders to revive a declining belief ; the Protestant reform depended on the pulpit for its extension. Luther's force was, in great measure paranetical ; so was Calvin's. In England, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, there was a line of orators with their message from the Lord. The Puritan era came in with preaching. The modern pulpit is broader, more elastic, more practical, less theological, less speculative, less doctrinal, less severely logical, but its old spirit of moral operation is preserved. It still appeals to revelation, still falls back on inspiration, still assumes the immediate presence of Deity, — an immanent God, perhaps, but a living God, — with all the old reality and all the old vividness of conception. The radical pulpit simply transfers the divine influence to other fields ; it never dreams of abolishing the idea of it. Atheistical it cannot be ; pantheistical it may be ; theistical, in some form, it commonly is.

The conditions of a powerful pulpit to-day are essentially the same as formerly : devotion, sincerity, open-mindedness, translucency of soul. The pulpit must contain consecrated men, who live for the highest thought, the noblest life, the purest sympathies ; who are out of the world, do not seek its prizes, do not court its applause ; who are not secta-

rians, not churchmen, not polemics, — men who lay by their individuality, their pride, their self-sufficiency; who are no hypocrites or pretenders; who do not strut, vapor, put on airs of superiority, or practice affectations of any kind, but who stand fairly on the border line, where humanity blends with divinity, — men of glowing enthusiasm, of invincible hopefulness, of perfect goodwill, friends and servants of mankind. Such are not rare, and they are becoming less uncommon with every generation. It will be generally allowed that the great need in all communities and at all times is of men of this stamp. The culture of the moral nature is still the chief concern. The prevalence of knowledge renders compulsory a finer interpretation of nature, history, experience. We depend on the pulpit to supply this perennial demand. We depend on the pulpit to furnish the conditions of its maintenance. The habit of fault-finding because it does not satisfy them is an evidence of the expectation that exists yet in the world of thinkers. That people are discontented, that they complain, that they stay away from church, may be a good sign. The pulpit should be based on the attribute of intellectual power. The occupant of it should be held to a high standard. It is our duty to insist that the Sunday shall not be wasted, given up to quacks, drivellers, buffoons. My quarrel with the community is that it is too acquiescent; criticises too little; is too easily satisfied; accepts mediocrity of learning, talent, devotion; abuses too mildly; ridicules too gently. The people who say the hardest things are, unfortunately, people who do not begin with aspiration. Religious men are the first to detect imposture. The pulpit can be trusted to purge itself from intruders. A distinguished preacher once said, "When I wish to throw stones at the church windows, I shall go outside." It was well remarked, for to throw stones is a hostile and rath-

er a lawless proceeding. It is true, all the same, that the real improvement of the pulpit comes from the inside, from the growth of serious opinion among earnest men, who see what the age and the soul require. The correspondence between John Ruskin and certain clergymen of the Church of England, published two or three years ago, throws much light on the prevailing tendency towards a more spiritual understanding of the pulpit's office; the short preface by Dr. Matteson displaying admirably the temper of the leading ecclesiastics. As, in the case of a battle, the hard fighting is done by the ordinary soldiery, whose disciplined valor carries the day, so, in this warfare of religion, the ordinary labor is performed by obscure men, whose names are never spoken, and whose consecrated lives attest their fidelity to the highest interests of man. The officers bear the brunt of the criticism, but they do not fill the ranks.

The best and the worst has been said about the pulpit, yet it is not probable that any agency will ever take its place. Its very imperfections — and in the nature of things it cannot be all it aims to become — act as a constant spur to its improvement. Other ministrations, honorable and capable as they may be, do not propose to themselves the same objects, of course cannot produce the same results. The newspaper press, for instance, reaches a greater number of people, serves a greater number of wants, touches vastly more points of interest, deals with more immediate concerns, strives after a more comprehensive enlightenment; but its whole design is different. It has another ideal, which it endeavors to reach, but which in proportion as it is attained is seen to be essentially distinct from that of the preacher. The time has gone by when praise of the newspaper press is called for, or is timely. Blame of it is out of place. An attempt to understand the secret of its power is alone wise. That its domain is

immense, its sway almost boundless, its stride prodigious, must be evident to all who have eyes to see. In 1776, but little more than a hundred years ago, there were thirty-seven papers of all grades in the United States. Of these, nine were in Pennsylvania, seven in Massachusetts, four in New York. All of them, with a single exception, were weeklies, and this one was a semi-weekly. There was no daily paper in the country. Five years ago there were eight thousand papers of all orders, of which New York had the largest number, Pennsylvania the next in quantity, while Massachusetts ranked seventh or eighth. Now the dailies are all but numberless. A century since, there was a paper for one in thirty thousand people. Five years since, there was one for five thousand people. In 1876, there were in this country eight thousand one hundred and twenty-nine periodicals of every rank, with a total circulation of something over a billion. The population of the country was, at the same time, a little over thirty-eight million. There certainly is room enough for the growth of the press. It is not likely soon to overpass the pulpit. We sometimes hear people talk as if there were danger of an inundation from newspapers; but can any such event be anticipated? There is more ground for the opinion that we have not newspapers enough for the needs of the people. Less than fifteen years ago, there may have been started, on an average, six new papers a day, yet the actual increase in five years previous to 1876 was only about two thousand. The others had died, or been consolidated, or shrunk from view. The large controlling papers, on which the smaller papers feed, are very few. The metropolitan press is comparatively small. Most papers owe a great deal to the scissors, to the art of making extracts from the great journals; therefore, unless the towns are to become cities, and small journals great ones, — an event at

present beyond conjecture, — the power of the newspaper press must have its numerical limitation.

The primary object of the newspaper is to convey enlightenment to the multitude. In the beginning it professed simply to supply intelligence regarding current incidents of importance. When the world was small the paper was small. When intercourse was difficult and infrequent, papers were of necessity local in their scope, limited in their circulation, restricted in their horizon. The *Wide, Wide World* was a child's look over a fence. With the expansion of the universe, new scenes were brought to view; and with increasing facilities of communication, fresh curiosity was awakened. The demand for information extended. Now the great newspaper gets news from every part of the planet. In every chief centre, in every great city, there must be correspondents, charged with the duty of reporting deeds and transactions. If an event of public interest occurs in Egypt, India, Rome, Constantinople, Mexico, or wherever else, special commissioners are sent out, keen observers, trained writers, careful chroniclers of history, to transmit intelligence in regard to everything that passes beneath the eye. The cost of all this is something fabulous. The amount of energy, of enterprise, of disciplined skill, required is fairly beyond computation. The brain-work of the editor in chief — of the subordinates, too, for that matter — must be prodigious, and it is unceasing.

Then the external facts must be explained, accounted for, and interpreted. Their meaning is to be disclosed, their tendency indicated, their consequence foreshadowed. Hence the prominence of the editorial column, the necessity of comment by experienced minds who have made the subjects a study. The best statisticians, critics, historians, financiers, scholars, must be employed to reduce to reason the crude material of

phenomena. This addition is of comparatively recent origin. Sixty years ago there were no editorial contributions. It is an acute Bostonian, as high-minded as he was sagacious, who has the credit of this innovation. He was himself a singularly able man, of great penetration and enlightened public spirit; but he secured the service of the most competent men in Massachusetts, for his purpose. His editorials acquired fame all over the country; they were copied in other papers, and laid the foundation of the system that has become habitual as well as adequate and conscientious.

Conscientious, it is repeated. For behind every fact lies a moral no less than an intellectual cause. The antecedents are often exceedingly subtle. Phenomena are subject to law; they implicate conscience; they are connected with the inner history of mankind. These relations must be indicated: hence the press preaches. The editor is, in a certain sense, a preacher; he must tell about the right and wrong of movements. There is an ethics of the press. To meet this requirement, men exercised in the knowledge of moral questions are employed. Many clergymen write for the papers. Pulpits are subsidized. Of course, the moralizing is more or less conventional. It appeals to the general conscience. It rarely soars above its occasion, or leaves the beaten track of conviction. The paper assumes the average moral sentiment of the community, — the highest average sentiment, certainly, — and is compelled to be, in substance, commonplace. It cannot diverge far from accepted principle, for by so doing it would be unfaithful to its leading purpose, which is to enlighten the minds of its contemporaries, not directly to elevate their consciences. It takes existing laws of duty for granted, follows the road of tradition, and, however fresh and forcible it may be in expression, abides by conceded examples. Now

and then an editor ventures on original theses, indulges in speculative lucubrations, or propounds ethical theories beyond his calling. But this is felt to be out of his province, and is set down to the account of some private eccentricity. The task of uplifting the souls of men is committed to other hands, and if entrusted to him alone would hardly be fulfilled. To him belongs the office of the interpreter, not that of the prophet. Unquestionably, his influence may be great in extending the sphere of the pulpit, in holding the preacher to the level of his vocation, in distributing moral forces, but his power to originate them is small.

This is the most important limitation of the press, and herein it differs from the pulpit, which holds its occupant to the highest mark of ideal aspiration. The more completely he loses himself in heavenly contemplations, the better men are satisfied. The limitations in question may be explained by the fact that the newspaper press is a great business, and must obey the rules of business. Its expenses are enormous. The salaries, rents, costs of correspondence, of editorial writing, of news agencies, reporters, and the rest are incessant as they are absorbing of money. It requires a large outlay to start a daily paper, and to maintain it when started. And this must be made good, and more than made good; otherwise the result is failure. Here and there, to be sure, a paper is begun and continued for a time, longer or shorter, in some particular interest that commands the support of a special individual or company, but this does not count. The press, as a rule, is a venture, conducted on the principle of every pecuniary investment. It offers to the capitalist a fair return for the money he has put into the shares, and if no such return is forthcoming, the investment is not a good one. There are papers that represent more than a million of dollars. If this sum is de-

rived from subscriptions, as it seldom or never is, the public taste must be primarily consulted. If it is derived from advertisements, the business community must be accommodated. The advertisements depend on the circulation; the circulation results from the popular approval. Thus, at last, the public sentiment is made the test of excellence. It is impossible to see how this dilemma can be escaped. There may be papers that live for a while without advertising, — sectarian organs, Sunday-school journals, instituted for denominational purposes, — but they are small and insignificant. And these seek advertisements, though not often with success, inasmuch as their constituency is not large, and is formed of people who are already attached to the cause advocated. Here is an unavoidable peril, not merely financial, but moral; for the public mind nowhere is remarkably high-toned. Remunerative advertisements must be invited; must be, if possible, secured. How far policy may be stretched to meet the exigency will rest on the conscience of the editor or editors. At all events, policy must be invoked. Most papers advertise their circulation, of course with a motive, which appears on the face of the proceeding. Deference to a subscription list is sometimes increased by this means. A falling off of circulation will be injurious. The management may regret this necessity of pleasing a fickle public, may rebel against it, may suggest, teach, remonstrate, inculcate, enjoin; but can circumstances be controlled? Even when the multitude becomes infatuated, possessed, maddened by some strange prejudice, some unwarrantable persuasion, must not the conductors of the paper be careful how they run counter to the tide? No paper that loves its own existence can afford to defy the world. No paper dares be so independent that it will put itself in opposition to all opinion. It is dependent on its very independence. If its patrons maintain

it, all is well. But its patrons must maintain it. If the editor sets at naught their judgment, he as certainly drives his vessel on a rock as does the head of an ordinary enterprise.

Here is the distinction between an ideal and a practical profession. The ideal profession stands upon principle; the practical profession stands upon policy. Every calling, as soon as it leaves principle for policy, incurs the danger of moral depreciation. The pulpit does so even more fatally than the press, because its aims are higher. Under the old system of ecclesiastical supremacy, the preacher was upheld by the church. The community was directed by the priesthood. The power of spiritual authority was universally acknowledged. The minister was therefore independent of social influence. He was strong in the support of his superiors, who silently backed his word. Men might like what he said, or they might dissent from it; they were compelled to listen, because the speaker was countenanced by celestial inspiration. In the days of Catholic supremacy, just before the Reformation, a class of preachers was sent out to revive the drooping faith of the believers. Their moral audacity was amazing. They went everywhere with their encouragement and rebuke. They stood before monarchs, princes, gentlemen, ladies. The Pope himself came under their censure, for greater than any earthly dominion was the deathless spirit he represented. In the early days of Protestant rule, the voice of the Holy Ghost in the soul was louder than any human clamor. The period of Puritan energy was also the period of implicit confidence in the monitions of the superterrestrial nature. In these days of naturalism, under the democratic system, the prevailing faith in a revealed will gives the pulpit courage. The wish of the majority sometimes overbears the speech of the timid man. He must consult the press before he utters his con-

viction on any matter of divided sentiment. We have all known instances where conscience clashed against expediency, where the multitude rose up and overturned the authority of the pulpit, and the minister was obliged to depart from his place. The pew rents dwindled, and a new administration was thought more likely to "edify." This event frequently happened in the years that preceded the civil war; but a purely spiritual exigency may arise which brings the common sense of the hearers into collision with the soul of the prophet, and then the consequence is equally disastrous. The preacher who regards his calling as a business, as the novelist has often described him, is lost. He preaches what the congregation likes to hear. He prophesies smooth things, because such only are attractive, such only draw the people who pay. Hence devices for gaining audiences; sensational sermons; loud declamations; the facility with which men persuade themselves that they believe what they have discarded; the habit of thinking one thing in the study, and saying another on Sunday. The office thus becomes a bargaining shop, and it lapses at once into spiritual degeneracy.

This danger the press is exposed to continually and inevitably. How far it eludes the danger it is not for me to say. The editorial conscience can alone answer that question. A curious concomitant of this deference to polite opinion is the tone of infallibility the press assumes. It is obliged to speak with authority in order to keep the confidence of its supporters. It must abide by its assertion; otherwise it weakens its grasp on its adherents. Consistency is its jewel, even if it be consistency in misjudgment and mistake. To retract is perilous; to correct an error is to confess it; to give prominence to a recantation is humbling. To forgive is always difficult; to ask forgiveness requires almost supernatural virtue. None but no-

ble minds can do that. He who grants looks down on a suppliant; he who asks looks up to a judge. He who admits no judge more exalted than personal inclination or popular approval will not often take the attitude of humiliation. It is done sometimes, not often, still less habitually; for it is a hard thing for a paper with a hundred thousand readers who pin their faith to its columns to take back its own asseveration. Fidelity to its main purpose forbids its making concessions which might impair its force.

Another source of limitation in the newspaper press is the necessity of paying attention to local politics. This is not a fault, nor even a misfortune. It may, indeed, imply a most excellent quality; for in a democratic country politics ought to be a leading concern of the people, and the task of informing the general mind about it, of scrutinizing candidates, testing questions, and estimating issues, is of primary importance. Great discussions are continually agitated. The merits as well as the demerits of causes are exhibited, the proportions of phenomena are ascertained, and in the course of debate absolute principles are brought into view. All this is admirable as bearing on the higher education of the community at large. Every considerable paper is, fortunately, obliged to have political sympathies; every leading paper must undertake political advocacy. The sympathies grow from year to year more generous; the advocacy becomes from year to year most just and noble. That the public mind is enlightened by the uninterrupted agitation, the general conscience purified, the standard of equity raised, the level of truth elevated, is heartily conceded; nay, is gratefully acknowledged. That this is in great measure due to the efforts of journalists cannot be doubted. At the same time, it would be miraculous if the habit of confining attention to the details of party

management did not weaken the faculty of ideal contemplation, and render difficult, to say the least, the duty of considering everlasting ideas. This task devolves on other shoulders, not of necessity more willing or able, but suited to another kind of burden.

The press is a great power for distributing intelligence of all kinds. It is a vast popular educator, in science, the useful arts, taste for literature, music, painting, sculpture, in all that belongs to human existence in this world. A critic, a keen observer, a man of singular intelligence, himself a distinguished preacher, once said to me that he never read a paper that he did not come across something he wished to cut out and preserve; and he was prevented from doing so only by the number of such paragraphs. This too is the experience of other men, as I can bear cheerful testimony. This power of the press is increasing continually, and is becoming more and more beneficent. To every one who can look back half a century, it must be evident that in quality as well as in quantity the improvement is immense. That there is room for more will be admitted by none so eagerly as by editors themselves, who are tireless in their endeavors to raise their calling to the rank they perceive it should hold. The real friend of his kind must rejoice in the signs of such advance, for they prove that one of the chief agents of civilization is about its work.

The mission of the stage is no less lofty and peculiar than that of the pulpit or the press. Though its office is primarily to entertain, it aims at doing this in a way more refined and elegant as time goes on, thus promoting the æsthetic education of society. The epoch of Puritan protest against the theatre is gone by. Amusement is no longer associated with vice. The sources of turpitude have been, once and for all, removed from buildings devoted to dramatic art. Clergymen need no longer defend the

stage. The best actors move freely in the choicest circles. Even orthodox preachers show, by their attendance at places of theatrical entertainment in foreign cities, that their objections are not founded on principle, but rather on local convenience, and that they would gladly introduce a more generous form of culture at home. The deeper religious objection, that the actor's profession is essentially unreal, illusory, artificial, false, hypocritical, perhaps, inasmuch as he must pretend to be somebody else; must simulate a kindness, a state, a virtue, not his own; must wear borrowed clothes, and put on a mask, and seem to be noble when he is at heart base, is gradually disappearing under finer influences, at the common demand for higher conception, for more consummate skill, for nicer delineation of character, for a delicate quality of dress and decoration which a generation ago were unknown. Coarseness is scarcely tolerated in our days; rudeness is severely criticised. The arts of expression are cultivated because they are insisted on.

The passion for the drama, it is on all sides confessed, has its seat in human nature. The church admitted this long ago, in the miracle plays, by which received doctrines were commended to the uneducated classes. The church must admit it again in the new shape prescribed by the modern spirit, welcoming its gay coadjutor to a share in the task of educating society. For the actors themselves—the foremost of them—are doing what they can to render their profession acceptable to the worthiest men and women. They work hard; they study incessantly; they consult the best standards of feeling. If they are ingenious in producing meretricious effects by the use of paint, cosmetic, and costume, it is simply because the public inclination runs in that direction, not because they themselves love ornament or the resort to tricks. As fast as they are permitted they will ele-

vate the standard of taste. Their business is to make moral sentiment attractive; not to promulgate absolute ethics, not to diffuse information, but to make such morality as exists appreciated, and to recommend it by all the means at their command. The appetite for high tragedy is less and less importunate. Bold, melodramatic effects are seldom produced. Violent ethical contrasts are avoided. Strong painting of moral peculiarities is no longer in vogue. The finer shadings of life are indicated, — a sign of healthy realism in thought and emotion. The desire for comedy is chastened by a very considerable refinement in the character of comedy itself, which is taken out of the region of buffoonery and burlesque, and carried up into the domain of wholesome merriment.

It is beginning to be suspected, in fact, that the actor, and not society, is the principal victim of the profession. He is the sufferer from insincere conditions, if there is any. He must labor at night, when other people enjoy themselves; and his labor is especially exhausting to the nervous energy, so that he must sleep through the sunniest hours of the day. He is cut off seriously from social intercourse, even in the period of his fame; and until his fame is acquired he has no chance to go into the world. The chief interests of mankind — business and politics — have but little part in his life. The movements of social reform pass him by. He dwells habitually in a world of his own, a world apart from his fellow creatures. He belongs to a caste. His notions of behavior are suggested by his environment. His ideas of virtue are apt to be characterized by the peculiarities of a remote and fanciful ideal. The moral persuasions of a distinct order are visibly impressed on his mind. Both his virtues and his vices are incident to a calling that shuts him up in a species of isolation from his kind. His temptations are his own;

his victories, too, are his own. Other men have stronger supports, and deserve sterner judgment for errors. In my own experience, both the men and the women merit more honor than is meted out to them.

There have been times when the stage was made to minister directly to the political, social, and moral guidance of mankind; when it was wielded as a force by kings and courts; when its writers regarded it as the object of their lives to satirize folly in the interest of wisdom. In a word, the playwright was a prophet. But, as a rule, the office of the actor is to entertain. This is no mean function. A sorely tasked clergyman of Boston used to frequent, when he visited New York, a certain theatre, well known then, where he was sure to be shaken out of his cares by side-splitting laughter, and sent home a new man. The actor, as it befell, was no model of private virtue, but he performed this vast service for his fellow men. Better offices are rendered now, but they are the same in kind. To diminish in some degree the pressure of toil is a great blessing. Unhappily, they who least need to have the pressure lightened, the leisurely, pleasure-seeking classes, are the chief supporters of the theatre. But the most cultivated people, the most responsible members of the community, will become the patrons of it in proportion as its office is better appreciated. Still, the multitude require, more than the few, this solace of entertainment, for they have not so many resources in their homes and their daily life. They are the people who need to be amused. They bear the heaviest burdens of existence. The rich or educated classes can do without amusement, on ordinary occasions, or can obtain it through other channels. During the days of terror in Paris that marked the French Revolution, in 1793, between twenty and thirty theatres gathered crowds every evening, the actors and

actresses exerting themselves to keep quiet the agonized spirits of the metropolis. In the darkest hours of our civil war, when the ministers were sustaining drooping hearts by holding before them the precepts of eternal justice; when the daily papers published bulletins of dismay, and tried to put the most cheerful interpretation on disaster, the theatres of New York were thronged as they never had been before by men and women who wished to escape from painful thoughts. To some the mirthfulness appeared unseemly, but they who saw deeper beheld with thankfulness this provision for relieving the tension of an overcharged nervous system. Laughter follows close on tears.

This point cannot be too strongly stated. It would be a real misfortune were the actor to undertake the duty of the preacher; for then he would not carry the multitude with him, and the presentation of moral ideas would be sentimental, if not extravagant. For the actor to play the reformer would be a serious mistake, because he would inevitably be betrayed into fustian or silly pedantry. He would disgust many, and amuse none. All attempts to "purify the stage" by making it an adjunct of religion disclose a singular ignorance of the true mission of both. A play written for philosophers would not interest merchants, manufacturers, or artisans. Acting that might please saints could not be acceptable to sinners, as the majority of men are. The stage must represent the society it entertains. The player must be popular. Society, indeed, would be the gainer if actors and actresses would study to accommodate themselves better than they appear to do to the most refined moral sense of the community; if they would accept in good faith their duty as educators of their generation. The customary dependence on the hair-dresser, the milliner, the dealer in cosmetics, the

costumer, is not encouraging to moral excellence. The adaptation of French plays, with their inevitable meretriciousness, to say nothing of their daintily concealed lubricity, is not a sign of elevated taste. But this may be a passing fashion. The increasing popularity of American plays argues a nobler future, a more complete adaptation to the ideas of a young, aspiring people.

The actor is an artist. He belongs to the great brotherhood of the masters of perfect form, and he must not confound electric lights with beauty, or make paint a substitute for principles. The introduction of personal charms as a guarantee of histrionic talent, or a passport to histrionic success, as if it were enough to be beautiful, is fatal to lofty attainment, either in morality or in art, and should be frowned at instead of being indulged, as it is by a too generous profession.

That the stage has a very dignified career before it cannot be doubted; that it will rise above its difficulties must not be questioned; that it holds in its possession a mighty power for good will be gladly believed by enlightened minds. Its function is intellectual, and therefore boundless in possibility. There is simply no end to its capabilities. Though its office is to entertain, it is also its office to cultivate, to refine, to elevate, quite as distinctly as the work of the press is to impart a complete information, or as the task of the pulpit is to inspire the human soul. These are the three sources of power. All other agencies are but variations on the themes they propose. As time goes on, the peculiar differences in their design will probably be disclosed more and more. They will come to respect one another as fellow workers, and to rejoice each in the other's success; all jealousy and envy being laid aside, as between real artists who are endeavoring to promote the well being of humankind.

O. B. Frothingham.

A ROMAN SINGER.

XV.

As it often happens that, in affairs of importance, the minor events which lead to the ultimate result seem to occur rapidly, and almost to stumble over each other in their haste, it came to pass that on the very evening after I had got Nino's letter I was sent for by the *con-tessina*.

When the man came to call me, I was sitting in my room, from force of habit, though the long delay had made the possibility of the meeting seem shadowy. I was hoping that Nino might arrive in time to go in my place, for I knew that he would not be many hours behind his letter. He would assuredly travel as fast as he could, and if he had understood my directions he was not likely to go astray. But in spite of my hopes the summons came too soon, and I was obliged to go myself.

Picture to yourselves how I looked and how I felt: a sober old professor, as I am, stealing out in the night, all wrapped in a cloak as dark and shabby as any conspirator's; armed with a good knife in case of accidents; with beating heart, and doubting whether I could use my weapon if needful; and guided to the place of tryst by the confidential servant of a beautiful and unhappy maiden. I have often laughed since then at the figure I must have cut, but I did not laugh at the time. It was a very serious affair.

We skirted the base of the huge rock on which the castle is built, and reached the small, low door without meeting any one. It was a moonlit night, — the Paschal moon was nearly at the full, — and the whiteness made each separate iron rivet in the door stand out distinct, thrown into relief by its own small shadow on the seamed oak. My guide pro-

duced a ponderous key, which screamed hoarsely in the lock under the pressure of his two hands, as he made it turn in the rusty wards. The noise frightened me, but the man laughed, and said they could not hear where they sat, far up in the vaulted chamber, telling long stories over their wine. We entered, and I had to mount a little way up the dark steps to give him room to close the door behind us, by which we were left in total darkness. I confess I was very nervous and frightened until he lighted a taper which he had brought and made enough light to show the way. The stairs were winding and steep, but perfectly dry, and when he had passed me I followed him, feeling that at all events the door behind was closed, and there was some one between me and any danger ahead.

The man paused in front of me, and when I had rounded the corner of the winding steps I saw that a brighter light than ours shone from a small doorway opening directly upon the stair. In another moment I was in the presence of Hedwig von Lira. The man retired, and left us.

She stood, dressed in black, against the rough stone; the strong light of a gorgeous gilt lamp that was placed on the floor streamed upward on her white face. Her eyes caught the brightness, and seemed to burn like deep, dark gems, though they appeared so blue in the day. She looked like a person tortured past endurance, so that the pain of the soul has taken shape, and the agony of the heart has assumed substance. Tears shed had hollowed the marble cheeks, and the stronger suffering that cannot weep had chiseled out great shadows beneath her brows. Her thin clasped hands seemed wringing each other into strange shapes of woe; and though she

stood erect as a slender pillar against the black rock, it was rather from the courage of despair than because she was straight and tall by her own nature.

I bent low before her, awed by the extremity of suffering I saw.

"Are you Signor Grandi?" she asked, in a low and trembling voice.

"Most humbly at your service, Signora Contessina," I answered. She put out her hand to me, and then drew it back quickly, with a timid, nervous look as I moved to take it.

"I never saw you," she said, "but I feel as though you *must* be a friend" — She paused.

"Indeed, signorina, I am here for that reason," said I, trying to speak stoutly, and so to inspire her with some courage. "Tell me how I can best serve you; and though I am not young and strong like Nino Cardegna, my boy, I am not so old but that I can do whatsoever you command."

"Then, in God's name, save me from this" — But again the sentence died upon her lips, and she glanced anxiously at the door. I reflected that if any one came we should be caught like mice in a trap, and I made as though I would look out upon the stairs. But she stopped me.

"I am foolishly frightened," she said. "That man is faithful, and will keep watch." I thought it time to discover her wishes.

"Signorina," said I, "you ask me to save you. You do not say from what. I can at least tell you that Nino Cardegna will be here in a day or two" — At this sudden news she gave a little cry, and the blood rushed to her cheeks, in strange contrast with their deathly whiteness. She seemed on the point of speaking, but checked herself, and her eyes, that had looked me through and through a moment before, drooped modestly under my glance.

"Is it possible?" she said at last, in a changed voice. "Yes, if he comes, I

think the Signor Cardegna will help me."

"Madam," I said, very courteously, for I guessed her embarrassment, "I can assure you that my boy is ready to give you his life in return for the kindness he received at your hands in Rome." She looked up, smiling through her tears, for the sudden happiness had moistened the drooping lids.

"You are very kind, Signor Grandi. Signor Cardegna is, I believe, a good friend of mine. You say he will be here?"

"I received a letter from him to-day, dated in Rome, in which he tells me that he will start immediately. He may be here to-morrow morning," I answered. Hedwig had regained her composure, perhaps because she was reassured by my manner of speaking about Nino. I, however, was anxious to hear from her own lips some confirmation of my suspicions concerning the baron. "I have no doubt," I continued, presently, "that, with your consent, my boy will be able to deliver you from this prison" — I used the word at a venture. Had Hedwig suffered less, and been less cruelly tormented, she would have rebuked me for the expression. But I recalled her to her position, and her self-control gave way at once.

"Oh, you are right to call it a prison!" she cried. "It is as much a prison as this chamber hewed out of the rock, where so many a wretch has languished hopelessly; a prison from which I am daily taken out into the sweet sun, to breathe and be kept alive, and to taste how joyful a thing liberty must be! And every day I am brought back, and told that I may be free if I will consent. Consent! God of mercy!" she moaned, in a sudden tempest of passionate despair. "Consent ever to belong, body — and soul — to be touched, polluted, desecrated, by that inhuman monster; sold to him, to a creature without pity, whose heart is a toad, a venomous creep-

ing thing, — sold to him for this life, and to the vengeance of God hereafter; bartered, traded, and told that I am so vile and lost that the very price I am offered is an honor to me, being so much more than my value." She came toward me as she spoke, and the passionate, unshed tears that were in her seemed to choke her, so that her voice was hoarse.

"And for what — for what?" she cried wildly, seizing my arm and looking fiercely into my eyes. "For what, I say? Because I gave him a poor rose; because I let him see me once; because I loved his sweet voice; because — because — I love him, and will love him, and do love him, though I die!"

The girl was in a frenzy of passion and love and hate all together, and did not count her words. The white heat of her tormented soul blazed from her pale face and illuminated every feature, though she was turned from the light, and she shook my arm in her grasp so that it pained me. The marble was burned in the fire, and must consume itself to ashes. The white and calm statue was become a pillar of flame in the life-and-death struggle for love. I strove to speak, but could not, for fear and wonder tied my tongue. And indeed she gave me short time to think.

"I tell you I love him, as he loves me," she continued, her voice trembling upon the rising cadence, "with all my whole being. Tell him so. Tell him he must save me, and that only he can: that for his sake I am tortured, and scorned, and disgraced, and sold; my body thrown to dogs, and worse than dogs; my soul given over to devils that tempt me to kill and be free, — by my own father, for his sake. Tell him that these hands he kissed are wasted with wringing small pains from each other, but the greater pain drives them to do worse. Tell him, good sir, — you are kind and love him, but not as I do, — tell him that this golden hair of mine has streaks of white in these terrible

two months; that these eyes he loved are worn with weeping. Tell him" —

But her voice failed her, and she staggered against the wall, hiding her face in her hands. A trembling breath, a struggle, a great wild sob: the long-sealed tears were free, and flowed fast over her hands.

"Oh, no, no," she moaned, "you must not tell him that." Then choking down her agony she turned to me: "You will not — you cannot tell him of this? I am weak, ill, but I will bear everything for — for him." The great effort exhausted her, and I think that if I had not caught her she would have fallen, and she would have hurt herself very much on the stone floor. But she is young, and I am not very strong, and could not have held her up. So I knelt, letting her weight come on my shoulder.

The fair head rested pathetically against my old coat, and I tried to wipe away her tears with her long, golden hair; for I had not any handkerchief. But very soon I could not see to do it. I was crying myself, for the pity of it all, and my tears trickled down and fell on her thin hands. And so I kneeled, and she half lay and half sat upon the floor, with her head resting on my shoulder. I was glad then to be old, for I felt that I had a right to comfort her.

Presently she looked up into my face, and saw that I was weeping. She did not speak, but found her little lace handkerchief, and pressed it to my eyes, — first to one, and then to the other; and the action brought a faint maidenly flush to her cheeks through all her own sorrow. A daughter could not have done it more kindly.

"My child," I said at last, "be sure that your secret is safe with me. But there is one coming with whom it will be safer."

"You are so good," she said, and her head sank once more, and nestled against my breast, so that I could just see the bright tresses through my gray beard.

But in a moment she looked up again, and made as though she would rise ; and then I helped her, and we both stood on our feet.

Poor, beautiful, tormented Hedwig ! I can remember it, and call up the whole picture to my mind. She still leaned on my arm, and looked up to me, her loosened hair all falling back upon her shoulders ; and the wonderful lines of her delicate face seemed made ethereal and angelic by her sufferings.

"My dear," I said at last, smoothing her golden hair with my hand, as I thought her mother would do, if she had a mother, — "my dear, your interview with my boy may be a short one, and you may not have an opportunity to meet at all for days. If it does not pain you too much, will you tell me just what your troubles are, here ? I can then tell him, so that you can save the time when you are together." She gazed into my eyes for some seconds, as though to prove me, whether I were a true man.

"I think you are right," she answered, taking courage. "I will tell you in two words. My father treats me as though I had committed some unpardonable crime, which I do not at all understand. He says my reputation is ruined. Surely, that is not true ?" She asked the question so innocently and simply that I smiled.

"No, my dear, it is not true," I replied.

"I am sure I cannot understand it," she continued ; "but he says so, and insists that my only course is to accept what he calls the advantageous offer which has suddenly presented itself. He insists very roughly." She shuddered slightly. "He gives me no peace. It appears that this creature wrote to ask my father for my hand, when we left Rome, two months ago. The letter was forwarded, and my father began at once to tell me that I must make up my mind to the marriage. At first I used

to be very angry ; but seeing we were alone, I finally determined to seem indifferent, and not to answer him when he talked about it. Then he thought my spirit was broken, and he sent for Baron Benoni, who arrived a fortnight ago. Do you know him, Signor Grandi ? You came to see him, so I suppose you do." The same look of hatred and loathing came to her face that I had noticed when Benoni and I met her in the hall.

"Yes, I know him. He is a traitor, a villain," I said earnestly.

"Yes, and more than that. But he is a great banker in Russia" —

"A banker ?" I asked, in some astonishment.

"Did you not know it ? Yes ; he is very rich, and has a great firm, if that is the name for it. But he wanders incessantly, and his partners take care of his affairs. My father says that I shall marry him, or end my days here."

"Unless you end his for him !" I cried indignantly.

"Hush !" said she, and trembled violently. "He is my father, you know," she added, with sudden earnestness.

"But you cannot consent" — I began.

"Consent !" she interrupted, with a bitter laugh. "I will die rather than consent."

"I mean, you cannot consent to be shut up in this valley forever."

"If need be, I will," she said, in a low voice.

"There is no need," I whispered.

"You do not know my father. He is a man of iron," she answered sorrowfully.

"You do not know my boy. He is a man of his word," I replied.

We were both silent, for we both knew very well what our words meant. From such a situation there could be but one escape.

"I think you ought to go now," she said at last. "If I were missed it would

all be over. But I am sorry to let you go, you are so kind. How can you let me know" — She stopped, with a blush, and stooped to raise the lamp from the floor.

"Can you not meet here to-morrow night, when they are asleep?" I suggested, knowing what her question would have been.

"I will send the same man to you to-morrow evening, and let you know what is possible," she said. "And now I will show you the way out of my house," she added, with the first faint shadow of a smile. With the slight gilt lamp in her hand, she went out of the little rock chamber, listened a moment, and began to descend the steps.

"But the key?" I asked, following her light footsteps with my heavier tread.

"It is in the door," she answered, and went on.

When we reached the bottom, we found it as she had said. The servant had left the key on the inside, and with some difficulty I turned the bolts. We stood for one moment in the narrow space, where the lowest step was set close against the door. Her eyes flashed strangely in the lamplight.

"How easy it would be!" I said, understanding her glance. She nodded, and pushed me gently out into the street; and I closed the door, and leaned against it as she locked it.

"Good-night," she said from the other side, and I put my mouth to the key-hole. "Good-night. Courage!" I answered. I could hear her lightly mounting the stone steps. It seemed wonderful to me that she should not be afraid to go back alone. But love makes people brave.

The moon had risen higher during the time I had been within, and I strolled round the base of the rock, lighting a cigar as I went. The terrible adventure I had dreaded was now over, and I felt myself again. In truth, it was a curious thing to happen to a man of my

years and my habits; but the things I had heard had so much absorbed my attention that, while the interview lasted, I had forgotten the strange manner of the meeting. I was horrified at the extent of the girl's misery, more felt than understood from her brief description and passionate outbreaks. There is no mistaking the strength of a suffering that wastes and consumes the mortal part of us as wax melts at the fire.

And Benoni — the villain! He had written to ask Hedwig in marriage before he came to see me in Rome. There was something fiendish in his almost inviting me to see his triumph, and I cursed him as I kicked the loose stones in the road with my heavy shoes. So he was a banker, as well as a musician and a wanderer. Who would have thought it?

"One thing is clear," I said to myself, as I went to bed: "unless something is done immediately, that poor girl will consume herself and die." And all that night her poor thin face and staring eyes were in my dreams; so that I woke up several times, thinking I was trying to comfort her, and could not. But toward dawn I felt sure that Nino was coming, and that all would be well.

I was chatting with my old landlady the next morning, and smoking to pass the time, when there was suddenly a commotion in the street. That is to say, some one was arriving, and all the little children turned out in a body to run after the stranger, while the old women came to their doors with their knitting, and squinted under the bright sunlight to see what was the matter.

It was Nino, of course — my own boy, riding on a stout mule, with a countryman by his side upon another. He was dressed in plain gray clothes, and wore high boots. His great felt hat drooped half across his face, and hid his eyes from me; but there was no mistaking the stern, square jaw and the close, even lips. I ran toward him, and called

him by name. In a moment he was off his beast, and we embraced tenderly.

"Have you seen her?" were the first words he spoke. I nodded, and hurried him into the house where I lived, fearful lest some mischance should bring the party from the castle riding by. He sent his man with the mules to the inn, and when we were at last alone together he threw himself into a chair, and took off his hat.

Nino too was changed in the two months that had passed. He had traveled far, had sung lustily, and had been applauded to the skies; and he had seen the great world. But there was more than all that in his face. There were lines of care and of thought that well became his masculine features. There was a something in his look that told of a set purpose, and there was a light in his dark eyes that spoke a world of warning to any one who might dare to thwart him. But he seemed thinner, and his cheeks were as white as the paper I write on.

Some men are born masters, and never once relax the authority they exercise on those around them. Nino has always commanded me, as he seems to command everybody else, in the fewest words possible. But he is so true and honest and brave that all who know him love him; and that is more than can be said for most artists. As he sat in his chair, hesitating what question to ask first, or waiting for me to speak, I thought that if Hedwig von Lira had searched the whole world for a man able to deliver her from her cruel father and from her hated lover she could have chosen no better champion than Nino Cardegna, the singer. Of course you all say that I am infatuated with the boy, and that I helped him to do a reckless thing, simply because I was blinded by my fondness. But I maintain, and shall ever hold, that Nino did right in this matter, and I am telling my story merely in order that honest men may judge.

He sat by the window, and the sun poured through the panes upon his curling hair, his traveling dress, and his dusty boots. The woman of the house brought in some wine and water; but he only sipped the water, and would not touch the wine.

"You are a dear, kind father to me," he said, putting out his hand from where he sat, "and before we talk I must tell you how much I thank you." Simple words, as they look on paper; but another man could not have said so much in an hour, as his voice and look told me.

XVI.

"Nino mio," I began, "I saw the contessina last night. She is in a very dramatic and desperate situation. But she greets you, and looks to you to save her from her troubles." Nino's face was calm, but his voice trembled a little as he answered:—

"Tell me quickly, please, what the troubles are."

"Softly—I will tell you all about it. You must know that your friend Benoni is a traitor to you, and is here. Do not look astonished. He has made up his mind to marry the contessina, and she says she will die rather than take him, which is quite right of her." At the latter piece of news, Nino sprang from his chair.

"You do not seriously mean that her father is trying to make her marry Benoni?" he cried.

"It is infamous, my dear boy; but it is true."

"Infamous! I should think you could find a stronger word. How did you learn this?" I detailed the circumstances of our meeting on the previous night. While I talked, Nino listened with intense interest, and his face changed its look from anger to pity, and from pity to horror. When I had finished, he was silent.

"You can see for yourself," I said, "that the case is urgent."

"I will take her away," said Nino, at last. "It will be very unpleasant for the count. He would have been wiser to allow her to have her own way."

"Do nothing rash, Nino mio. Consider a little what the consequences would be if you were caught in the act of violently carrying off the daughter of a man as powerful as Von Lira."

"Bah! You talk of his power as though we lived under the Colonnese and the Orsini, instead of under a free monarchy. If I am once married to her, what have I to fear? Do you think the count would go to law about his daughter's reputation? Or do you suppose he would try to murder me?"

"I would do both, in his place," I answered. "But perhaps you are right, and he will yield when he sees that he is outwitted. Think again, and suppose that the contessina herself objects to such a step."

"That is a different matter. She shall do nothing save by her own free will. You do not imagine I would try to take her away unless she were willing?" He sat down again beside me, and affectionately laid one hand on my shoulder.

"Women, Nino, are women," I remarked.

"Unless they are angels," he assented.

"Keep the angels for Paradise, and beware of taking them into consideration in this working-day world. I have often told you, my boy, that I am older than you."

"As if I doubted that!" he laughed.

"Very well. I know something about women. A hundred women will tell you that they are ready to flee with you; but not more than one in the hundred will really leave everything and follow you to the end of the world, when the moment comes for running away. They always make a fuss at the last, and say

it is too dangerous, and you may be caught. That is the way of them. You will be quite ready with a ladder of ropes, like one of Boccaccio's men, and a roll of banknotes for the journey, and smelling-salts, and a cushion for the puppy dog, and a separate conveyance for the maid, just according to the directions she has given you; then, at the very last, she will perhaps say that she is afraid of hurting her father's feelings by leaving him without any warning. Be careful, Nino!"

"As for that," he answered sullenly enough, "if she will not, she will not; and I would not attempt to persuade her against her inclination. But unless you have very much exaggerated what you saw in her face, she will be ready at five minutes' notice. It must be very like hell, up there in that castle, I should think."

"Messer Diavolo, who rules over the house, will not let his prey escape him so easily as you think."

"Her father?" he asked.

"No; Benoni. There is no creature so relentless as an old man in pursuit of a young woman."

"I am not afraid of Benoni."

"You need not be afraid of her father," said I, laughing. "He is lame, and cannot run after you." I do not know why it is that we Romans laugh at lame people; we are sorry for them, of course, as we are for other cripples.

"There is something more than fear in the matter," said Nino seriously. "It is a great thing to have upon one's soul."

"What?" I asked.

"To take a daughter away from her father without his consent, — or at least without consulting him. I would not like to do it."

"Do you mean to ask the old gentleman's consent before eloping with his daughter? You are a little donkey, Nino, upon my word."

"Donkey, or anything else you like, but I will act like a galantuomo. I

will see the count, and ask him once more whether he is willing to let his daughter marry me. If not, so much the worse; he will be warned."

"Look here, Nino," I said, astonished at the idea. "I have taught you a little logic. Suppose you meant to steal a horse, instead of a woman. Would you go to the owner of the horse, with your hat in your hand, and say, 'I trust your worship will not be offended if I steal this horse, which seems to be a good animal and pleases me;' and then would you expect him to allow you to steal his horse?"

"Sor Cornelio, the case is not the same. Women have a right to be free, and to marry whom they please; but horses are slaves. However, as I am not a thief, I would certainly ask the man for the horse; and if he refused it, and I conceived that I had a right to have it, I would take it by force, and not by stealth."

"It appears to me that if you meant to get possession of what was not yours you might as well get it in the easiest possible way," I objected. "But we need not argue the case. There is a much better reason why you should not consult the count."

"I do not believe it," said Nino stubbornly.

"Nevertheless, it is so. The Contessina di Lira is desperately unhappy, and if nothing is done she may die. Young women have died of broken hearts before now. You have no right to endanger her life by risking failure. Answer me that, if you can, and I will grant you are a cunning sophist, but not a good lover."

"There is reason in what you say now," he answered. "I had not thought of that desperateness of the case, which you speak of. You have seen her." He buried his face in his hand, and seemed to be thinking.

"Yes, I have seen her, and I wish you had been in my place. You would

think differently about asking her father's leave to rescue her." From having been anxious to prevent anything rash, it seemed that I was now urging him into the very jaws of danger. I think that Hedwig's face was before me, as it had been in reality on the previous evening. "As Curione said to Cæsar, delay is injurious to any one who is fully prepared for action. I remember also to have read somewhere that such waste of time in diplomacy and palavering is the favorite resource of feeble and timid minds, who regard the use of dilatory and ambiguous measures as an evidence of the most admirable and consummate prudence."

"Oh, you need not use so much learning with me," said Nino. "I assure you that I will be neither dilatory nor ambiguous. In fact, I will go at once, without even dusting my boots, and I will say, Give me your daughter, if you can; and if you cannot, I will still hope to marry her. He will probably say 'No,' and then I will carry her off. It appears to me that is simple enough."

"Take my advice, Nino. Carry her off first, and ask permission afterwards. It is much better. The real master up there is Benoni, I fancy, and not the count. Benoni is a gentleman who will give you much trouble. If you go now to see Hedwig's father, Benoni will be present at the interview." Nino was silent, and sat stretching his legs before him, his head on his breast. "Benoni," I continued, "has made up his mind to succeed. He has probably taken this fancy into his head out of pure wickedness. Perhaps he is bored, and really wants a wife. But I believe he is a man who delights in cruelty and would as lief break the contessina's heart by getting rid of you as by marrying her." I saw that he was not listening.

"I have an idea," he said at last. "You are not very wise, Messer Cornelio, and you counsel me to be prudent and to be rash in the same breath."

"You make very pretty compliments, Sor Nino," I answered tartly. He put out his hand deprecatingly.

"You are as wise as any man can be who is not in love," he said, looking at me with his great eyes. "But love is the best counselor."

"What is your idea?" I asked, somewhat pacified.

"You say they ride together every day. Yes — very good. The contessina will not ride to-day; partly because she will be worn out with fatigue from last night's interview, and partly because she will make an effort to discover whether I have arrived to-day or not. You can count on that."

"I imagine so."

"Very well," he continued; "in that case, one of two things will happen: either the count will go out alone, or they will all stay at home."

"Why will Benoni not go out with the count?"

"Because Benoni will hope to see Hedwig alone, if he stays at home, and the count will be very glad to give him the opportunity."

"I think you are right, Nino. You are not so stupid as I thought."

"In war," continued the boy, "a general gains a great advantage by separating his adversary's forces. If the count goes out alone, I will present myself to him in the road, and tell him what I want."

"Now you are foolish again. You should, on the contrary, enter the house when the count is away, and take the signorina with you then and there. Before he could return you would be miles on the road to Rome."

"In the first place, I tell you once and for all, Sor Cornelio," he said slowly, "that such an action would be dishonorable, and I will not do anything of the kind. Moreover, you forget that, if I followed your advice, I should find Benoni at home, — the very man from whom you think I have everything to

fear. No; I must give the count one fair chance." I was silent, for I saw he was determined, and yet I would not let him think I was satisfied.

The idea of losing an advantage by giving an enemy any sort of warning before the attack seemed to me novel in the extreme; but I comprehended that Nino saw in his scheme a satisfaction to his conscience, and smelled in it a musty odor of forgotten knight-errantry that he had probably learned to love in his theatrical experiences. I had certainly not expected that Nino Cardegna, the peasant child, would turn out to be the pink of chivalry and the mirror of honor. But I could not help admiring his courage, and wondering if it would not play him false at the perilous moment. I did not half know him then, though he had been with me for so many years. But I was very anxious to ascertain from him what he meant to do, for I feared that his bold action would make trouble, and I had visions of the count and Benoni together taking sudden and summary vengeance on myself.

"Nino," I said, "I have made great sacrifices to help you in finding these people," — I would not tell him I had sold my vineyard to make preparations for a longer journey, though he has since found it out, — "but if you are going to do anything rash I will get on my little ass, and ride a few miles from the village, until it is over." Nino laughed aloud.

"My dear professor," he said, "do not be afraid. I will give you plenty of time to get out of the way. Meanwhile, the contessina is certain to send the confidential servant of whom you speak, to give me instructions. If I am not here, you ought to be, in order to receive the message. Now listen to me."

I prepared to be attentive and to hear his scheme. I was by no means expecting the plan he proposed.

"The count may take it into his head to ride at a different hour, if he rides

alone," he began. "I will therefore have my mule saddled now, and will station my man — a countryman from Subiaco and good for any devilry — in some place where he can watch the entrance to the house, or the castle, or whatever you call this place. So soon as he sees the count come out he will call me. As a man can ride in only one of two directions in this valley, I shall have no trouble, whatever in meeting the old gentleman, even if I cannot overtake him with my mule."

"Have you any arms, Nino?"

"No. I do not want weapons to face an old man in broad daylight; and he is too much of a soldier to attack me if I am defenceless. If the servant comes after I am gone, you must remember every detail of what he says, and you must also arrange a little matter with him. Here is money, as much as will keep any Roman servant quiet. The man will be rich before we have done with him. I will write a letter, which he must deliver; but he must also know what he has to do."

"At twelve o'clock to-night the contessina must positively be at the door of the staircase by which you entered yesterday. *Positively* — do you understand? She will then choose for herself between what she is suffering now and flight with me. If she chooses to fly, my mules and my countryman will be ready. The servant who admits me had better make the best of his way to Rome, with the money he has got. There will be difficulties in the way of getting the contessina to the staircase, especially as the count will be in a towering passion with me, and will not sleep much. But he will not have the smallest idea that I shall act so suddenly, and he will fancy that when once his daughter is safe within the walls for the night she will not think of escaping. I do not believe he even knows of the existence of this staircase. At all events, it appears, from your success in bribing

the first man you met, that the servants are devoted to her interests and their own, and not at all to those of her father."

"I cannot conceive, Nino," said I, "why you do not put this bold plan into execution without seeing the count first, and making the whole thing so dangerous. If he takes alarm in the night, he will catch you fast enough on his good horses, before you are at Trevi."

"I am determined to act as I propose," said Nino, "because it is a thousand times more honorable, and because I am certain that the contessina would not have me act otherwise. She will also see for herself that flight is best; for I am sure the count will make a scene of some kind when he comes home from meeting me. If she knows she can escape to-night she will not suffer from what he has to say; but she will understand that without the prospect of freedom she would suffer very much."

"Where did you learn to understand women, my boy?" I asked.

"I do not understand women in general," he answered, "but I understand very well the only woman who exists for me personally. I know that she is the soul of honor, and that at the same time she has enough common sense to perceive the circumstances of her situation."

"But how will you make sure of not being overtaken?" I objected, making a last feeble stand against his plan.

"That is simple enough. My countryman from Subiaco knows every inch of these hills. He says that the pass above Fillettino is impracticable for any animals save men, mules, and donkeys. A horse would roll down at every turn. My mules are the best of their kind, and there are none like them here. By sunrise I shall be over the Serra and well on the way to Ceprano, or whatever place I may choose for joining the railroad."

"And I? Will you leave me here to be murdered by that Prussian devil?" I asked, in some alarm.

"Why, no, padre mio. If you like, you can start for Rome at sunset, or as soon as I return from meeting the count; or you can get on your donkey and go up the pass, where we shall overtake you. Nobody will harm you, in your disguise, and your donkey is even more sure-footed than my mules. It will be a bright night, too, for the moon is full."

"Well, well, Nino," said I at last, "I suppose you will have your own way, as you always do in the world. And if it must be so, I will go up the pass alone, for I am not afraid at all. It would be against all the proprieties that you should be riding through a wild country alone at night with the young lady you intend to marry; and if I go with you there will be nothing to be said, for I am a very proper person, and hold a responsible position in Rome. But for charity's sake, do not undertake anything of this kind again" —

"Again?" exclaimed Nino, in surprise. "Do you expect me to spend my life in getting married, — not to say in eloping?"

"Well, I trust that you will have enough of it this time."

"I cannot conceive that when a man has once married the woman he loves he should ever look at another," said Nino gravely.

"You are a most blessed fellow," I exclaimed.

Nino found my writing materials, which consisted of a bad steel pen, some coarse ruled paper, and a wretched little saucer of ink, and began writing an epistle to the contessina. I watched him as he wrote, and I smoked a little to pass the time. As I looked at him, I came to the conclusion that to-day, at least, he was handsome. His thick hair curled about his head, and his white skin was as pale and clear as milk. I thought

that his complexion had grown less dark than it used to be, perhaps from being so much in the theatre at night. That takes the dark blood out of the cheeks. But any woman would have looked twice at him. Besides, there was, as there is now, a certain marvelous neatness and spotlessness about his dress; but for his dusty boots, you would not have guessed he had been traveling. Poor Nino! When he had not a penny in the world but what he earned by copying music, he used to spend it all with the washerwoman, so that Mariuccia was often horrified, and I reproved him for the extravagance.

At last he finished writing, and put his letter into the only envelope there was left. He gave it to me, and said he would go out and order his mules to be ready.

"I may be gone all day," he said, "and I may return in a few hours. I cannot tell. In any case, wait for me, and give the letter and all the instructions to the man, if he comes." Then he thanked me once more very affectionately, and having embraced me he went out.

I watched from the window, and he looked up and waved his hand. I remember it very distinctly — just how he looked. His face was paler than ever, his lips were close set, though they smiled, and his eyes were sad. He is an incomprehensible boy — he always was.

I was left alone, with plenty of time for meditation, and I assure you my reflections were not pleasant. O love, love, what madness you drive us into, by day and night! Surely it is better to be a sober professor of philosophy than to be in love, ever so wildly, or sorrowfully, or happily. I do not wonder that a parcel of idiots have tried to prove that Dante loved philosophy and called it Beatrice. He would have been a sober professor, if that were true, and a happier man. But I am sure it is not true, for I was once in love myself.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE VAGABONDS AND CRIMINALS OF INDIA.

THE study of the vagabonds and criminals of India demonstrates with special force the purely arbitrary nature of the moral standards which men have set up for themselves in different parts of the world. When, in the West, Buckle first made the statement that, given a certain proportion of Frenchmen, Englishmen, or Germans, the average number of suicides, murders, and larcenies committed by them could be accurately calculated, it was feared that his statistical treatment would undermine sound morality. Yet the Hindus have so little doubted that there must always be a fixed ratio of crime and vice that they have strengthened the natural certainty by the influence of their religion and ethics. A few years ago British officials were startled on finding that the census returns of a certain Hindu province included the names of thieves, murderers, sorcerers, poisoners, and beggars; but that these returns were given in all seriousness was later confirmed by similar reports from other provinces. The truth is that in India crime and vagrancy, like fighting and farming, are regular professions, and the men who follow them have laws, a religion, and a language all their own, and are united by ties more binding than any which have held together mediæval guilds or modern trades-unions. Were this merely the result of their efforts to consolidate their forces, it would not be so remarkable. Men who have lived by illegitimate means have, the world over, drawn together for mutual aid. But the *esprit du corps* which gave power to strolling beggars and vagrants in the Middle Ages, to Robin Hood and his "tough-belted" outlaws, to Spanish and Italian banditti, and which to-day stimulates the criminal classes of Europe and America, has always been maintained

in direct disregard to established laws, while that which exists among Hindu vagabonds results from strict adherence to them. In one instance there is a rebellion against, in the other compliance with, social commands. It would be impossible to understand this exceptional phase of immorality without knowing something of the caste system which has been the cause of it.

Whether the four great castes of Brāhmins or priests, Kshatriyas or warriors, Vaisyas or merchants, and Sudras or servants were formed because of the legend relating the manner of their origin from the head, arms, thighs, and feet, respectively, of Brāhma, or whether this was an after-invention, intended to give divine sanction to an existing state of affairs, it is difficult to decide. But however that may be, it is certain that this division was made in an early age, probably even before the end of the Vedic period, and that its consequent religious and social requirements have been of such primal importance that, despite reformers and missionaries, invaders and conquerors, they have been faithfully observed unto the present time. The Brāhman, who has outlived Chaldean and Assyrian, Persian and Egyptian civilizations, and survived Mohammedan, Mogul, and Christian rule, is to the European traveler of to-day what the Pope of Rome will be to Macaulay's famous New Zealander. In almost every country, class distinctions have been continually modified as men with higher culture became more liberal. But in India any change or modification has been prevented by the fact that Hindus of all stations of life have for long centuries been taught that their highest spiritual and temporal duty is to marry within their own castes, and to follow throughout their lives the pro-

fessions to which they are born. That such artificial barriers were at times overthrown is a matter of course. *Cela va sans dire*. The very statutes upon this subject, recorded in the Code of Manu and the Institutes of Vishnu, presuppose the crimes against which they guard. Hindus were but mortal, and, notwithstanding the law and its penalties, there were intermarriages. But, like the mulatto, who cannot be ranked with his Caucasian or his African parent, the offspring of these *mésalliances* could not be included in the social genus of either their father or their mother. The increasing complications of civilized life gave rise to new forms of work; yet the man who deserted for them the trade of his forefathers was isolated from his family and former associates. The problems thus raised were solved by the creation of a multiplicity of lower castes. But just as the ethnologist occasionally finds individuals of abnormal physical formation, beyond the limits of classification, so there were some beings who, because of their vile trade, or still viler birth, seemed to the Hindus moral monstrosities, for whom there was no place in their social scheme. Strong as was the hatred of Greek for barbarian, or of Jew for Gentile, it was exceeded by that of the Hindu for Mlekkas or non-Aryans. He could not ignore the aboriginal inhabitants of the country which he had conquered, and whom he had not been able to wholly exterminate, but he looked upon them as creatures too low to be used as slaves or servants, or even as beasts of burden. They were, in his estimation, no better than unclean animals, from whose contaminating contact and presence it was necessary to shield legitimate members of society. For all social purposes it was the same as if they did not exist. They were not permitted to belong to any caste, and the law and the religion of the land knew them not. There was thus, in the midst of a people whose

obligations of every kind were defined with unparalleled exactness, a large population of men and women to whom all rights and duties were denied. To their numbers were added those political and religious offenders among men of caste for whom death of the body was deemed too merciful a punishment, and the sons and daughters born of what was considered the infamous union of a Brähman with a Sudra. The large proportion of this degraded class were therefore literally out-castes.

Driven forth from human habitations, it was truly the wilderness that yielded food for them and their children. Outcasts — or pariahs, as they are usually called — were not merely banished from towns and villages, but were forbidden to join together to form any of their own. Because their use of fire and water would have sullied the purity of those elements, they were forced to eat uncooked meat and vegetables, and they could drink no water save that to be found in marshes, or in holes made in the ground by the hoofs of animals. Since they communicated their impurity to everything they touched, the work of their hands was as much shunned by their social superiors as they were themselves. And furthermore, as legally they were not recognized to be in existence, there was for them no redress if whatever little property they possessed was confiscated; while the murder of one of them by a man of pure caste was considered by him no greater crime than the stepping on an insect is by a European. The refined cruelty with which they were treated is almost beyond the comprehension of races who, whatever may be their practice, believe that all human beings are equal in the sight of God; and it seems still more monstrous when contrasted with the kindness of the "mild Hindu" to his domestic animals. On the one hand, the Sacred Books of India teach that "scratching the back of a cow destroys all guilt, and

giving her to eat procures exaltation in heaven ;” but again we are told that “he who associates with an outcast is outcasted himself a year. And so is he who rides in the same carriage with him, or who eats in his company, or who sits on the same bench, or who lies on the same couch with him.”

So much of the world's work in the past could not have been accomplished, had it not been for the extreme forms of servitude and slavery, that these seem like necessary evils. But there is no vindication for a social system which has encouraged a degradation lower and more bitter than Babylonian captivity, Spartan helotism, or European serfdom ; which has reduced men and women to poverty and wretchedness beyond belief ; and which, by preventing their working with or for others, has actually forced them into crime and knavery.

At first pariahs must have rebelled against this pitiless injustice. Perhaps, as has been suggested, it was caste tyranny which, in still earlier times, led Aryans to seek a new home in Europe, and which gave the impetus to that other large immigration supposed to have been made from the southern part of India into Africa. It is certain that once an inspired poet sought, like the prophets of Israel, to rouse his fellow-sufferers to action. This was Tiruvalluvā, the “divine pariah,” probably a disgraced Brāhman, who bitterly resented his wrongs. “Thy time is come. Therefore, awake, O thou man of the jungle !” he called to the pariahs, in poetry as impassioned as that of Jeremiah or Isaiah. His was but a voice in the wilderness. What was needed was a Moses, to show the way out of it. Other outcasts, seeking to reinstate themselves by quiet and stealth, crept back gradually to cities and villages. But their movements were observed, and the condition upon which they were allowed to remain was that they should become brick-makers, — earth, by its inherent virtue, purify-

ing itself from their touch ; while for wages they were to receive nothing but their food ; and they were required to make their home in the outskirts of the town, in worse than Ghetto retirement. Uninterrupted hard work under a burning sun, supported by a diet of raw vegetables, principally onions, had at least one advantage, — it hastened their death ; and this was the only way in which their misery could be alleviated. But they clung to life with a tenacity which increased in proportion to its evils, and few consented to better themselves socially by the sacrifice of physical health. Many who had scarcely advanced beyond the savage state relapsed into it ; hiding themselves in the jungle, and avoiding all communication with other men. The majority, to whom this was too distasteful, embraced a nomadic existence, and procured their actual necessities sometimes by fair means, sometimes by foul ; in all such matters being ruled by circumstances. These latter were the ancestors of the present vagabonds and criminals, and the roaming they then began has proved as ceaseless as that of the Wandering Jew. The hope of escape became less and less with every generation, and they finally resigned themselves to their fate. Custom can reconcile man to what is disagreeable, and, like the aged prisoner who was broken-hearted at leaving the prison which in his youth he had entered with loathing, pariahs finished by prizing the social isolation which at first had been so bitter to them. So soon as they showed themselves as unwilling to lead a settled life and to follow legitimate trades as the Brāhmans were that they should do so, the strictness of the laws against them was very much relaxed. Men of caste were not so particular in keeping them at a fixed distance, and even condescended to be amused, and in minor ways assisted by them.

A system which stifled hopes, ambitions, and aspirations made the repent-

ance and self-improvement of sinners and ne'er-do-weels utterly impossible. Outcasts, instead of being cut down like grass and withering as the green herb, grew both in strength and numbers. To-day they constitute one third of the native population of India. They have exhausted all the resources of life in tents and by the wayside, and have perfected themselves in lawlessness. Every nomadic calling and custom which has ever been known in any part of the world has its counterpart in India. Indeed, that country is so preëminently the headquarters of gypsydom that one wonders how there ever could have arisen any doubt as to the origin of the European Romanys. There is not a family or tribe of Hindu outcasts which has not one or two traits in common with the gypsy, while, as Mr. Leland has pointed out, in the Röm or Träblu we have the pure, thoroughbred Romanyn, in name and in language as well as in character. There are really endless shades of difference in the habits and pursuits of pariahs. Among them, as among the "travelers" of Europe and America, there are musicians and actors, horse-dealers and bear-leaders, tinkers and smiths, fortune-tellers and basket-makers, jugglers and acrobats, beggars and tramps. With them all, even when they are apparently honest, there lingers a subtle if inexplicable hint of villainy and duplicity, or, "as among the Greeks of old with Mercury amid the singing of leafy brooks, there is a tinkling of at least petty larceny." And as suggestion may become certainty, or as tinkling often grows louder than song, so vagabondage is unfortunately too frequently cast into the background by crime, and pariahs devote themselves wholly to murder and theft. Their choice of occupation has been at times regulated by their innate tastes and tendencies: for there is a natural diversity in the instincts of such men as Döms and Nāts, who are usually actors

and musicians, and of Māngs, who are the most good-for-nothing of all beggarly loafers; or of such as Bhils and Jāts, whose fierceness makes them good warriors, and of Korvarus, whose name has become proverbial for stupidity. But as a rule, just as chance has led birds by the water-side to feed on fish and those in field and forest to subsist on grain and worms, so circumstances have compelled some outcasts to murder and rob in order to secure the necessities of life, but have allowed others to gain the same end by tight-rope dancing and the turning of somersaults. For very much the same reasons, while many are as restless as if cursed with the curse of Cain, there are others who wander only at certain seasons, and still others who confine their depredations and vagrancy to one particular locality. The English police draw a very distinct line between the non-wandering criminal and non-criminal wandering tribes, but they themselves do not invariably observe this distinction. For, if the former found a good opportunity to commit crime in some far distant province, they would not hesitate to journey thither; and if a chicken strayed into the tents or a purse fell at the feet of the latter, they would have no objections to appropriate it.

The variety of races included in this large class has been further increased by the fact that during comparatively recent years members of high castes have allied themselves with the wanderers, attracted to them by the freedom of their lives. Brāhmans have shared the fortunes of highwaymen. Rajputs and Sudras have abandoned kingdoms and villages for huts and tents. But as men of every nationality, when they accept the laws and customs of the United States, become identified with native-born citizens, these voluntary outcasts have so adapted themselves to vagabondage that, for all intents and purposes, they are not to be distinguished from gen-

vine pariahs. While it would require volumes to enumerate their divisions and subdivisions and to record their experiences in the past, it is possible even in a short article to treat of them as a class, since all, however much they may differ in minor particulars, agree in their conception of life's chief object and duties. All, from highest to lowest, make the physical maintenance and survival of the individual the mainspring of activity. However different may be the means employed by them, their aim is always the same. If the definition of "conduct" is the adjustment of acts to ends, then their actions may be dignified by that name. For in order to accomplish their object, — that is, in order to fully satisfy their bodily appetites, — they have established for themselves religious commandments which they scrupulously obey, and a social code to which they strictly adhere.

Irreconcilable as crime and religion seem, they have often gone hand in hand. The Virgin Mary has had few more faithful followers than mediæval outlaws and Italian brigands; but the prayers of robbers and highwaymen to the Refuge of the Afflicted are quite as incongruous as are those of a Louis XI. to the Mother of Mercy. The piety of Hindu ruffians and rogues is at least more consistent. One of the principal deities of the Hindu Pantheon is *Dēva*, or *Kālī*, or *Bhawāni*, the *Sakti*, or female part of *Siva*, who is the goddess of destruction. Human sacrifices are to her what prayer and meditation are to *Brāhma*, and streams of human blood what libations of clarified butter are to her fellow deities. More terrible than *Baal* or *Moloch*, she revels in death's-heads and skeletons, and exults in carnage. Virtuous men and women have no gift wherewith to propitiate her, but assassins cater to her divine appetite, and theft is to her as a sweet-smelling incense. Were her worshipers philosophers, they could plead an altruistic mo-

tive for their murders; for the blood of one man will quench her horrible thirst for a thousand years, and the blood of three men for a hundred thousand. As it is, they believe in sincerity that their vilest atrocities are ordained by heaven, and that they are rewarded for the perpetration of them by the immediate protection of deity; a belief which would be simply impossible to criminals in Christian countries. The doctrines and laws based upon such a worship convert crime into a religious duty. It was in vain that towards the beginning of their struggles *Tirūvalluvā* endeavored to elevate the moral nature of pariahs by assuring them that virtue is the only true wealth, and that pleasure consists in the mastery of the passions. He might as well have recommended flying as the most perfect way of getting from one place to another, or mewling as the most intelligible manner of communicating their thoughts; for they would have found it quite as easy to mew or to fly away into space as to be virtuous or self-controlled. But when orders were given them as to the how and the whence necessities were to be procured, they recognized a practical element therein, and obeyed them to the very letter. The thieves of India to-day have religious precepts which define the privileges and limits of their trade, and are as sacred to them as the commandments of Moses are to Jews and Christians. These they believe to have been revealed, together with their slang, by the god *Kartikeya*, who, according to Captain Burton, is a mixture of Mars and Mercury. Murderers too have heaven-sanctioned mandates, which set forth the orthodox manners in which murder can be committed, and which men are and which are not its legitimate victims. Never has there been such a straining at gnats and swallowing of camels! Men who morally are so blind that wrong seems to them right scruple at the slightest deviation from laws which

are valueless. The Soonaria, who is an inveterate pickpocket and petty pilferer, vows to his goddess never to become a highwayman or burglar. He may steal *ad libitum* during the daytime, but should he do so between the hours of sunset and sunrise he would be guilty of mortal sin. It was because of their religious principles that the Thugs, before their extermination by the English, never robbed without first committing murder, never allowed one of a captured party to escape, and always spared pariahs and women. The neglect of his ablutions is no greater crime for a Brāhman than the violation of these decrees is for pious criminals. The downfall of the Thugs is attributed to their relaxation in religious discipline. A certain gang of Phansigars is said never to have prospered because on one occasion they murdered a woman.

Bhawāni worshipers are sincerely earnest in their piety. They never undertake an expedition, no matter how insignificant, without first appealing to her for help; and they have a number of minor rites and ceremonies by which they endeavor at all times to please and honor her. The Lungotee Pardhis, who are desperate burglars, are so devout that the women of the tribe never wear silver anklets, because the statue of the goddess, placed in every tent as its presiding genius, is made of that metal; they cannot wear red apparel, because she is always represented resting on a ground of that color; they cannot sleep in cots, since she reclines on one; and, for fear of offending her, shoes are never, under any circumstances, carried within their tents. The Bowries, who infest the central provinces, make pilgrimages from enormous distances, at great personal inconvenience, to Kerolee, where there is a shrine of Dēva, supposed to possess special merit and sanctity. As in Catholic countries children are dressed in blue and white in honor of the Virgin, so the Thugs used white and yellow

nooses because these were colors consecrated to Dēva. The Thugs had good reason to reverence the goddess, for, according to a favorite legend, there was a time when she herself was their immediate accomplice. In her insatiable hunger for human food, she devoured all the men they murdered on their expeditions, thus lessening the circumstantial evidence against them. But she made one condition, as all supernatural beings, from the spirit that denies down to the wicked witch of fairy lore, have a way of doing in their contracts with mankind; she forbade them ever to look at her while she was at her repast. Once, a novice in Thuggee — for there must always be a Peeping Tom of Coventry — disobeyed her injunction, and turned and gazed at her just as the feet of the last victim were disappearing down the divine throat. In her fierce wrath, she declared that thenceforward she would withhold her active aid, but, that she might not altogether lose such valuable servants, she taught them how they could cut up and bury the bodies of the slain without leaving a trace. Then she gave them a rib for a knife, the hem of her garment for a noose, and one of her teeth for a pickaxe. It was because of its heavenly origin that this pickaxe, thrown into a well at night for purposes of concealment, would rise in the morning at the first word of command from the Thug who had it in charge.

Superstitious to a degree known only in India, unprincipled men, who live by deeds of daring, quail before unreal dangers. Let but a hare or a snake cross his path, or an owl screech in the distance; let but one of his party kill a tiger, or a dog run off with the head of a sacrificed sheep, and there is not a robber or highwayman hardy enough to pursue his enterprise, even if petitions and sacrifices have already been offered in due form to Bhawāni. But the chirping of a lizard, the cawing of a crow from a tree to the left side, the appear-

ance of a tiger, or the call of a partridge on the right, will restore his confidence, making his success seem sure. The classical robber of the Hindu drama hastens cheerfully to his work if he passes a rat-hole.

While the first outcasts robbed and murdered and begged from necessity, their descendants to-day do so in order to fulfill what they consider to be a social obligation. With the blindness of the heroes of Greek tragedy, they, in an early period, bound themselves irrevocably to their fate by adopting distinctions of caste similar to and inexorable as those which had wrought their wretchedness. There are castes even among outcasts. Pariahs are, in consequence, as jealous of their impurity as Brāhmanas are of their purity. The privileges and restrictions of their own making are more serious impediments in the way of their improvement than the enmity of the "twice-born," or Hindu aristocracy. Their vital principle of belief is that the most unpardonable of all offenses is for an outcast to desert the tribe in which he is born, or abandon the profession of his fathers. In their social starvation, they themselves reject the meat and drink that could save them. Intermarriages are as strictly avoided by professional criminals and vagrants as if the laws of Manu had been made for them. A Hindu Thug, in the palmy days of Thuggee, would have died rather than marry one of his daughters or sisters to a brother murderer who professed the creed of Mohammed. The Māngs, whose poverty and squalor are unrivaled, would indignantly refuse a Brāhman who might offer himself in marriage. Among these people, a Lazarus, while he might eagerly seize the crumbs from a Dives' table, would scruple sitting at it with him. The Chenchwars carry their contempt for all castes and tribes but their own to such an extent that they declare they live in the jungle for the sake of health, be-

cause there the smell of other men cannot reach them.

The criminal's estimation of the crime peculiar to his family is a serious realization of Falstaff's ideas as to the moral value of his purloining of purses: "Why, Hal, it is my vocation! 'Tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation!" When a Thug strangler was asked whether he never felt remorse after killing innocent people, he answered in perfect good faith, "Does any man feel compunction in following his trade, and are not all our trades assigned us by Providence?" Conscientious scruples might as well be expected of a spider feasting on the flies in its nets, or of a tiger devouring its human victims. Nor are the pariah's feelings on the subject merely negative. The most confirmed criminal and the most good-for-nothing vagabond alike take real pride in their wickedness and vileness. Men of the caste of Calaris, when interrogated as to their trade, with thorough self-satisfaction proclaim themselves robbers. The greatest compliment which a Thug could receive was praise of his skill as single-handed strangler. The very word *Thug* signifies deceiver. Phansigar, Ari Tulucar, Tanti Callern, Warlu Wahudlu, as stranglers have been called in different parts of India, refer to their use of a noose. Thieves and beggars, like the Artful Dodger, would scorn all other but their own employments. This distorted conception of duty cannot be wondered at, since even the Bhagavad-Gita, a book which contains the highest moral wisdom of the Hindus, teaches that it is

"Better to do the duty of one's caste,
Though bad and ill performed and fraught with
ill,
Than undertake the business of another,
However good it be."

Indeed, so much stress is laid upon this doctrine that no occasion is lost of impressing its necessity upon the people. "Verily," it is asserted in the drama of *Sakuntala*, "the occupation in which a

man is born, though it be in bad repute, must not be abandoned." At least in this one respect outcasts are in thorough accord with the men who despise them.

Their laws have been obeyed to the very letter throughout many generations, and hence pariahs have acquired great proficiency in their hereditary callings, but have become absolutely indifferent to their mental and moral welfare. Free from conflicting aims, they have been able to direct their entire energy into one channel. Indian acrobats and jugglers learn to turn and tumble and master the art of legerdemain with an ease that would be the envy of Western Houdins or Ravels. No national theatre or college of musicians is needed in a country where men have greater natural talent for acting than even Italians, or are devoted to music from infancy, as Slavonian bards are to poetry. It is not surprising that the pariah fortune-teller continues to gull the Gorgio in the streets of Bombay and the courts of Cairo, as well as in the green lanes of England and wild prairies of America, since shrewd observance and an intuitive knowledge of the follies of humanity have, with the peaked corners of her eyes, been heirlooms in her family for untold ages. Neither is it strange that beggars are adepts in every device and stratagem practiced by the brotherhood throughout the world, since their ancestors for many centuries have made alms-asking the study of their lives. But it is as thieves and murderers that they shine forth stars of the first magnitude. "To be imperfect being their essence," in the words of De Quincey, "the very greatness of their imperfection becomes their perfection." Grimm's master thief might take a lesson, and profit thereby, from Bowries and Soonarias. Well might De Quincey's Toad-in-the-hole and amateur murderers give a dinner in honor of the Thugs, for the latter were the most skilled professionals in the art of murder who have ever existed. The

work of Hindu assassins and robbers is never marred by the shortcomings and oversights of bungling apprentices. As the painter looks to his brushes and canvas before he begins his picture, so these artists give due attention to all minor accessories before proceeding to their main work. If it be to their advantage to assume a disguise, or affect qualities foreign to their nature, they do so with a heroism worthy of a better cause. Thugs, when on their murdering expeditions, were so courteous and friendly in manner that travelers falling in with them begged to be allowed the privilege of joining their parties, and threw themselves on their protection as they journeyed through lonely places. Highwaymen, who have found it to their advantage to maintain a respectable exterior, live, when not on active duty, in large, fine houses, and cultivate their fields. Budhuck Bowries, true wolves in sheep's clothing, pass themselves off as religious mendicants, and are so familiar with the necessary prayers and customs that none but a real Gossei or Byragee can detect the imposture. Other tribes of Bowries, for ostensible occupation, repair millstones; and in this manner they make their way by day into houses that they intend to rob by night, and acquaint themselves with the habits of the household. Peddling, fortune-telling, and all kindred small trades, which are to the lower classes what the eye of the Ancient Mariner was to the wedding-guest, serve as convenient passports into premises which otherwise they would never be allowed to enter.

From philosophers who believe that a man must

"contend to the uttermost

For his life's set prize, be it what it will,"

these evil-doers deserve praise for their perseverance and energy. But beyond this nothing can be said in their favor. Hindu highwaymen and robbers are utterly without the love of adventure and keen pleasure in physical strength

which led the fearless northern Berserkers over wide seas, laughing at the tempest as they went, into far distant lands, in quest of plunder. Much can be forgiven men who, like Regner Lodbrok, in the very arms of death, chant with exultation of the days when they smote with swords. But sympathy is never awakened for Thug-like caitiffs, who, instead of facing foes in fair fight, fall upon them as a tiger springs upon its prey. One admires the chivalric bravery of outlaws typified by Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloude-slé who, unaided, defied all the men of merry Carlisle; or by Robin Hood, who gave Guy of Gisborne proof of his unerring skill as marksman before he would contend with him in single combat. Men of this stamp are fit heroes of romance. But one feels nothing but contempt towards professional murderers, for whom the chances in their own favor must be three to one before they venture upon an attack, and who will smile, Judas-fashion, in a man's face even as they give his death-signal.

Like the student who devotes himself to one study, but neglects general culture, these men have won their success in iniquity and in petty professions at the expense of all the finer feelings and nobler qualities of which human nature is capable. If, on the one hand, they manifest a marked proficiency, on the other there is a total deficiency. Entirely concerned with the gaining of their daily bread, for all other purposes they have no guide but impulse and expediency. Eat thou, and be filled! has hitherto been their one law. Hence they have never realized that they owe a duty to their fellow-men as well as to themselves. They know nothing of that higher moral dictate which exacts that the aims of the individual must not interfere with those of the community; that one man's good must not be another man's ill. For them there is no struggle in deciding between physical pleasure

and moral duty. Their standard of right and wrong being their own bodily well-being, whatever contributes to it seems to them good; whatever interferes with it, bad. According to their lights, self-sacrifice is vicious; brutish selfishness is virtuous. They test the merit of their pursuits by their profitable results, and consequently attach the same value to assassination and fortune-telling, theft and bear-leading, provided by these means they obtain the wherewithal to satisfy their hunger and quench their thirst. "Since vices with them are profitable, it is the virtuous man who is the sinner." Because they have no sense of morality, their actions cannot be fairly judged by our standards. They neither intend to bid defiance to the law, as is the case with ordinary criminals in the West, nor do they hope, with Nihilists and Socialists, to sanctify means by the end they have in view. They are not *immoral*, but *unmoral*. And because their deficiencies are the result of degeneracy, and not of primitive imperfection, there is less chance for their development than for that of savages. They are moral as well as social outcasts.

Their curious moral insensibility is strikingly shown in the fables current among them. Strange as it may seem, pariahs have a literature of their own. The popular tales of India originated with them, and are the expression of that laughter at their betters which lightens the burden of servitude, and their satire is gayly reëchoed in the farces and burlesques of Dōm composition. They have at least one poet, Tirūvalluvā, whose inspiration, however, was derived from Brāhman rather than from pariah ideals. Interesting as their stories, plays, and poetry are, forming really a study by themselves, it is only in their fables that they deal directly with ethical questions, and hence these alone are appropriate to the present subject. The fables of all nations are in-

tended to convey a moral lesson, usually of a homely, practical nature, calculated to suit the lower and ignorant classes, who would be much less impressed by the lofty doctrines of a Zeno, a Marcus Aurelius, or a Thomas à Kempis. They recommend virtue and depreciate vice, not for themselves, but because man will and must gain by practicing the one and avoiding the other. If a dog, in crossing a stream, loses the bone from its mouth by snapping at its reflection in the water; or if a crow, succumbing to the insinuating compliments of a fox, drops its piece of cheese by opening its mouth to display its vocal powers, the lesson to be learned is that greediness, covetousness, and vanity are passions the gratification of which will, in the long run, produce pain much greater in proportion than the immediate pleasure derived from them. Be good, not for goodness' sake, but because it is to your advantage to be so! The fables of the pariahs are like these inasmuch as their basis is pure utilitarianism, but differ from them in upholding the expediency of evil. Be selfish, cruel, and ungrateful, for generosity, kindness, and gratitude may contribute to the pleasure of your fellows, but will leave you decidedly in the lurch! This is the teaching of outcasts. As the pariah himself is an anomaly in civilization, so is his fable a curiosity in the literature of ethics. The following is a fair illustration of the *naïveté* with which he avows self-interest to be with him the first of all considerations: —

THE CROW AND THE MANGOUS.

A pariah had spread nets in the jungle, in hopes to catch therein a bird for his midday meal. A crow, who was hovering in the air in wait for prey spied a piece of cocoanut in the grass.

"Here," he cried, "is an appetizing fruit, which has fallen upon the ground expressly for my benefit!" He flew down to secure it, but scarcely had he

touched it when he was caught fast in the pariah's net. In vain did he seek to escape. The snare held him fast, and the black wanderer discovered that he was a prisoner. Then he broke out into loud cries and wails of supplication to his brother crows. But they only mocked him, as they flew above his head, and told him that the first time he would prove of use in the world would be when his body furnished them with a hearty meal.

"Deliver me," cried the captive to some rats, who sat looking on, "and I will make with you an eternal alliance!" "We know better," they answered in chorus. "Before long the pariah will give you a taste of his heavy stick, and then we will have one enemy the less!" and with a squeal of triumph they disappeared in their holes.

"Appa! Appa!" wailed the crow. "Will no one help me?" "Cut the net with your beak," suggested a lizard, who was passing by. "I could not possibly do anything for you. Only yesterday you devoured another of my kinsmen."

"Why," remarked a mangous, who had been looking on with great interest, "do you appeal only to animals who know well enough that you would devour them, were you free? He who lets you out will be a great fool." "You help me to escape," pleaded the crow in plaintive tones. "We have the same enemies, and together we can wage war upon all rats and snakes. There is force in numbers." "I will," said the mangous, convinced by his reasoning; "but on one condition: I have always wanted to make a pilgrimage to the banks of the Ganges; you must carry me thither on your wings." The crow, enchanted with this plan, accepted his new friend's condition at once, and the mangous began to gnaw at the threads that bound him. So soon as the bird was free, he took his companion on his back, and flew up into the air. But when he had reached a

great height, he shook his feathers so hard that the wretched mangous was thrown upon the rocks beneath, where he broke his back. The crow then pounced upon him, and began to tear him to pieces. "Is this your promise?" said the poor victim as he writhed in his death agony. "Why do you complain?" laughed the bird. "Did you not yourself declare that he who would set me free would be a fool?"

Never count upon the gratitude of a famished stomach.

Moral: If you hear a man call you from the bottom of a pit, throw a stone on his head; for if you aid him to get out, it will be he who will kill you.

As the crow laughed at the mangous, so would the pariah make merry over the idea of a good Samaritan, for he judges all men by himself. The same spirit of self-preservation and advancement at any cost is the inspiration of all the fables, and cunning is preferred to strength. The fox, and not the lion, is the favorite type. In one story, a jackal, who cannot make way with a goat by main force, entices it from its flock by promises of superior pasturage, and then, when out of reach of the goat-herd, kills and eats it; and this is a reminder to thieves that "that which cannot be obtained by force must be won by stratagem. He who profits by the work and snares of others will never be in need of food." In another, two travelers dispute as to their respective rapidity of movement, and, determining to test their powers then and there, call upon a pariah, whom they see in the distance, to be umpire. He, as soon as they are well started, seizes the luggage, which they had left under a tree, and departs with a speed of which neither disputant can boast. And from this tale the man who lives by his wits learns that "one must always profit by the quarrels of others, and derive benefit from them." Virtue is declared to be

nothing but the covering of vice, — the most virtuous man being in reality the cleverest hypocrite, — and friendship is measured by its usefulness. And so they go on, forming one uninterrupted eulogy of duplicity, hypocrisy, stratagem, and double dealing of every kind; totally ignoring the existence of such qualities as honesty and charity, equity and courage.

The fact is that pariahs have been obliged to look so closely at physical death that they no longer start at moral shadows. They are more like the ideal man of the Helvetius and D'Holbach school of philosophers than any genuine child of the forest. Once they have eaten and been filled, they are wholly without cares and anxieties, hopes and regrets. When not engaged in the active pursuit of their profession they are absolutely free, having rid themselves of all such hindrances as ambitions, conventionalities, and responsibilities. They are as comfortable in their tents and huts as Rajahs are in their palaces, and because they own no land all places are alike their homes; with them, *Voir c'est avoir*. They can feed on carrion with as much relish as on the daintiest dishes; and, careless of the morrow, will squander in one night's spree the proceeds of a season's work. Their social and family relations are regulated not by any instinctive affection or sense of duty, but solely by caprice. As a rule, they are kind, friendly, and faithful to each other; but are quite as ready to be cruel, indifferent, and treacherous, if it suits them to be so. An Othello would be an impossibility among men who gladly purchase a life of laziness for themselves at the price of their wives' infidelity. A hen has greater maternal instinct than pariah women, who at times will leave their young children alone in places where they are almost sure to supply a meal for stray wolves; and at others, when the police attempt to search their tents for stolen goods, take

their infants by the heels and swing them round their heads, threatening to continue doing so unless the intruders depart. Filial feeling, when it becomes burdensome, disappears from their midst as quickly as the mirage in the desert fades away before the weary traveler. Some of the most forlorn outcasts in the jungle carry the old and infirm members of their tribe far into the wilderness, and there, while life is still in them, deliver them to the tender mercies of beasts and birds of prey. "Ho! ho!" the eldest son of the poor victim sings, in the words of a hymn composed for the occasion; "let us rid ourselves of this old carcass. Ho! ho! the jackals will have a fine feast, but the worms will fast."

The strongest emotion, perhaps, of which pariahs are capable, outside of their interest in their bread studies, is the wanderer's love for the free life of the roads.

"Vie errante
Est chose enivrante,"

Béranger's Bohémiens sing, and there are no men who have so keenly felt this intoxication as Hindu outcasts. It is with them a passion more akin to the attachment of the tiger to the jungle, or of the gull to the sea, than to the patriotism of Scot or Swiss. Probably in the days when the influence of philosophy and learning brought to the pariah class by disgraced Brahmans was still alive, there were philosophers of the Hayraddin Maugrabin type to explain this emotion as an intense realization of liberty. An exulting joy in freedom breathes through some of the old Roman ballads.

"Free is the bird in the air,
And the fish where the river flows;
Free is the deer in the forest,
And the gypsy wherever he goes:
Hurrah!
And the gypsy wherever he goes,"

is the refrain of an Austrian gypsy song. But the modern Hindu wanderers no more question their liking for a life of roaming than the tiger or the gull analyzes the instinct which leads one to the jungle, the other to the foam of the sea. They are happy in their tents, in stormy weather as in sunshine, without knowing or caring why. But their happiness is dearly bought. It is only by their ignorance that they escape that increase of sorrow which comes with an increase of knowledge.

Man might be content, Mephistopheles affirms, were it not for the heavenly light of reason lent him from on high. Pariahs long since extinguished within them its faintest gleam, and therefore find it easy to be satisfied with their lot. Their satisfaction has in one way been a blessing, since it has enabled them to bear burdens which would have crushed the spirit of stronger men. But it is also their curse. One of the most powerful factors in the world's progress has been and is man's discontent with existing circumstances. Were it not for the liberal party in politics, there would be no reform. It is the rebellious restlessness of the people breaking out in civil wars which secures for them greater liberty. Because of their deadening system of caste, Hindus accept their fate as inevitable, and do not question the possibility of its amelioration or change. Once the vagabond and criminal classes ask themselves if they are happy, and if they might not become happier, then, but not till then, there will be communists in India. Hell must be harrowed before the heights of heaven can be scaled. Until these outcasts have tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and have felt in its full bitterness the degradation of their social position, they will remain the human animals they now are.

Elizabeth Robins.

NEWPORT.

XVIII.

THE NIGHT-VOYAGE.

WHEN Oliphant arrived at New York, the widespread rush and murmur of the city's activity repeated, in its different way, the buffeting and general troubled noise of the waves at Newport. He had escaped their haunting effect, only to find himself standing on the edge of a second, but human, ocean; and a leap into one seemed much the same as a leap into the other. He did not know where he was going, what he was to do henceforth: he had no purpose. To merge himself in this chafing tide of humanity, not knowing what was to be his future, struck him as little more than another mode of suicide, similar in its result to that of losing himself in the currents of the sea.

Putting up at the Van Voort House, he accompanied Roger and Mary in the final ceremony of laying Effie in Woodlawn Cemetery; then he went to his hotel and did nothing. The next day he made inquiries regarding a passage to Europe, and secured the refusal of a berth. Immediately afterwards he began planning a trip to California. In short, he was aimless. I don't know that it was his fault, especially. The present century, which overflows with the most pronounced aims of all sorts, probably harbors more people who find it impossible to have an aim than any century heretofore.

On the third day, he received a letter from Justin, detailing some roundabout approaches which had been made by Mrs. Chauncey Ware towards a reconciliation, together with incidental items of Newport news. Mrs. Ware had allowed semi-official information to be conveyed to Justin that she would rec-

ognize his marriage with Vivian if he would abandon the musical profession, and enter a certain banking-house where she could procure him a reasonably good position, with prospects of a partnership. Justin had said in reply, somewhat truculently, that his marriage was recognized by the church, and to some extent by mankind, and that he did not think he would make a very good banker; but that, if his mother-in-law would treat him with the courtesy he was prepared to offer her, he thought they could agree admirably. It appeared, furthermore, that Count Fitz-Stuart was believed to have ratified a treaty with Mrs. Farley Blazer, by which he consented to cede himself to Miss Ruth, in consideration of sundry state obligations, which the count had incurred, being assumed by Mrs. Blazer; and that the engagement of Lord Hawkstane and Miss Tilly Blazer had been announced.

With regard to the latter piece of gossip, Oliphant, who read Justin's communication in Roger's office on Exchange Place, observed, "The milk and water have coalesced at last. I don't know which dilutes the other the most."

Justin's allusions to his own affairs, however, set Oliphant thinking as to how he could help the boy; more particularly since Justin had remarked in his letter, "I have entered on a harder struggle than I foresaw, but I am not afraid."

He went to his lawyer, the very next morning. "I'm about to go away from New York," he said, "for an extended absence. There are some little things that ought to be arranged; and I think, to provide against accidents, I'd better make a new will."

The making of the will did not take long, but in it there was a provision for Justin. Oliphant did not expect that to

be of any immediate use ; but he wanted to lead up to an arrangement which he now proceeded to effect, whereby certain regular payments were to be made to Justin, in such a way that he could not avoid accepting them, ostensibly to aid the continuance of his musical studies.

He also inquired of the lawyer about Raish, whose case he found had been set to come up before Judge Hixon, in the course of a month or so. "There won't be the ghost of a chance for him, I hear," said the legal adviser. "Great pity — not so much on his account, but for his excellent family connections. His relatives will feel it severely."

On returning to the Van Voort, he made up his mind to take the California trip : somehow, though he believed that he never should think of Octavia again without a repulsion that fell little short of animosity, he could not bring himself to leave the country while she was in it. And having come to his conclusion, he wrote and posted a letter to Justin, announcing his speedy departure ; giving him also a general sketch of what had happened at his last visit to High Lawn.

The next afternoon's mail-delivery brought him the few lines that had been wrung from Octavia, the day before, by her silent self-reproaches. If this mis-sive had come a few hours later, it would have failed to reach him, because, growing restless, he had determined to start that night for California. As it was, he read it, folded it up, and put it in his pocket with a slight sigh, and a recurrent pang of the first wretchedness which Octavia's refusal had inflicted upon him. He took it as one more evidence of the irony which had controlled his whole career, that she should not have come to her present state of mind until she had wrought irreparable havoc with him. Of what use was her repentance to him, now ?

Before beginning to pack, he read the letter a second time, preparatory to burning it. But, as he read, a sudden and wild

thrill of renewed hope coursed through him. Octavia's words developed, as he thought, a double meaning. "I was wrong in my treatment of you. . . . Uncertain whether you will return here, and even if you did so we should not be likely to meet, I suppose." . . . Might not these phrases be a roundabout way of saying that she had erred in not accepting his love, and wished that he *would* return and see her ? He could not reason about it ; he only felt ; and his recent conviction that Octavia had inspired in him a resentment amounting to hatred did not seem worth even passing notice. California became an impossibility ; vanished, in short. It was imperative to get to Newport. Too late for the afternoon train, he telephoned for a state-room on the boat. Every room was engaged ; but this only stimulated his eagerness to go. There was not much time remaining, and hastily packing up his things he took a coupé, drove down through the city to the wharves, and went on board the steamer, with the intention of staying up all night, or dozing in the big saloon.

Before the start, he met, in the crowd of many hundreds that was drifting about the loudly upholstered cabins, clogging the stairs, and packing itself away on the open decks, Perry Thorburn. "How did you come here ?" exclaimed Oliphant.

"I had to run on for a day, on business," Perry explained, with a smile which only half concealed some unpleasant thought. He had really come to look into his affairs, and to perfect a scheme for making up as well as he could the losses his father had inflicted upon him. "The old man's on board, too. Got a room, have you ?" he continued. "Awfully crowded to-night."

"No," said Oliphant ; "but I'm in a hurry. I was just thinking I might have taken the late train and got off at Providence. The boat's cooler, though."

Perry offered him one of the berths in his state-room, as he and his father were separate; but Oliphant declined it, rather liking the idea of being alone and of passing a sleepless night in reverie upon his revived hopes.

Everything seemed strangely beautiful and joyous to him. As the boat swept around the Battery with easy, omnipotent motion, and steamed up East River, passing miles and miles of masonry on either side, lined by clustering ships whose spars and rigging rose in slim black lines against the background of dense brick or light sky, like the characters of some unknown language inscribed there, the scene stirred and elated him by its might of human interest. It soothed him, too. He knew what misery and squalor swarmed upon those river banks, and what anxious hearts beat in myriads behind the long front of populous buildings; but he felt that there was a dignity in the human struggle, which was intensified by the desperation of it, and redeemed much of the pettiness and evil. He had had his struggles, also, and could sympathize; besides, his present happiness filled him with a livelier sense of human brotherhood than he had felt for a long time.

The mellow light of a peaceful sunset that was approaching suffused with delicious radiance the smoky heaps of dull-toned architecture, and glimmered softly on the gray-green waters through which the steamer was plowing. The city melted away like a dream; the Long Island shore crept off towards the outer ocean; the green banks of Connecticut, with rounded promontories and dim inlets, rolled by. The number of passengers on the decks diminished; the brass band, which had been blaring with a specious brilliancy at the after end of the saloon, ceased playing: Oliphant began to enjoy comparative solitude. Perry joined him for a while, and they went to supper with old Thorburn. Afterwards Oliphant and Perry smoked a

cigar or two on the after-deck. Finally the widower was left entirely alone, and went forward to the upper deck at the bow.

It was night now. The stars were shining in great multitude and beauty; the golden points or crimson spots like fading coals, that marked the position of lighthouses on either coast, came out at irregular intervals, registering the progress of the voyage, then sank back into invisibility. The great steamer proceeded on her way with throb and beat and shudder; with her four decks — orlop, cabin, hurricane, main; with her double cordon of state-rooms arranged like a system of cells; with her masses of costly merchandise, her heterogeneous crowd of costly passengers, her colored lanterns that glowed above her like luminous insects of large size, hovering in the air and accompanying her movement. There was no stir of life upon her at this hour; and Oliphant, sitting close to the cabin wall, well wrapped up against the night chill, looked ahead over the dimly gleaming Sound, and meditated. He was very confident of his coming happiness; all his doubts were over; there was a bounding exultation in his blood. The frustrations and disappointments that had beset him all his life seemed to be at an end; he was sure that he was about to enter upon that period of contentment and enjoyable activity for the hope of which we all live. How absurd his passing thought of suicide, a few days before, must have seemed to him then!

The steamer went on: the broad, foamy wake behind her seemed to weave itself into a record of the forsaken past, and every pulsation of the engines was to Oliphant like the expectant beat of his own heart, moving towards a bright future. A thin shrouding of mist was drawn over the stars, after a while, which was occasionally dispersed, and then returned to dim the prospect. The steamer began blowing signals now and

then from her pipes. Presently, signals in a similar tone were heard somewhere in advance; a vessel of the same line was approaching. The two damp and screaming voices seemed to establish an understanding, as the red and gold and green of the other boat's lights came into sight through the fog, like the gleaming eyes of a monster. She was steering to the right. Nevertheless, suddenly she changed her direction, swerved quickly around, and came swiftly towards the New York boat, head on.

There was a quick, excited ringing of engine-room bells; there was more blowing of whistles; but nothing served to avert the catastrophe. The Newport boat loomed up clearly in the fog, for an instant; and then there came a violent shock, followed by the ripping and tearing and groaning of rended wood. The New York boat's engines stopped; she was fatally wounded by the other, and floated helpless on the tide.

At once an indescribable tumult arose among her passengers. The saloon lights went out. Innumerable people burst from the state-rooms like resurrected bodies, and ran madly hither and thither in their white garments, silent or with loud shrieks. The rush of scalding steam, escaping from the engine-room with a deep roar of release, partially muffled these cowardly cries, and strangled many of the flying figures; but the noise and tumult on board were strangely in contrast with the silence of the night that surrounded and shut in all this trouble like a vast and stilly tomb.

A few found life-preservers; others seized upon chairs, or doors, which they or some one else had wrenched off, no one knows how; and many who could swim leaped overboard without anything to aid them in floating. Everything that occurred, all the things that were done, occupied so short a space of time that the results did not seem to proceed from any conscious action. Countless heads of people, swimming, struggling,

or drowning, were sprinkled in black dots on the water.

The steamer had lurched somewhat, but did not appear to be sinking. Immediately upon the collision, Oliphant had clambered up to the topmost deck, and had gone aft that way. Perry Thorburn, who, in the midst of a frantic, pushing throng on the open canopied deck just below, was looking vainly for his father, saw Oliphant leaning down and peering over from above. He shouted to him and pointed towards the water, and Oliphant nodded. Still, some minutes elapsed before he leaped: with many others who could not swim, he preferred to take the last chances on the doomed vessel. In a minute or two, however, after Perry had thrown himself from the rail, a twisted lance of flame burst from the boat's side: fire had broken out on board.

Perry was a good swimmer, and had struck out towards the other steamer, which, after recoiling from the shock, had sheered off, and was now getting out boats. But he paused very soon, treading water and turning to look again for his father. A quantity of broken timbers, boxes, and other buoyant objects were already drifting about in the water, and he found it advisable to get hold of one of these and rest a while. When the fire leaped forth, he pushed still nearer the wreck. The flames increased, and lit up the broad, liquid surface around him: it was then that he saw the bulky form of his father sliding down a rope, which he had evidently tied to a post and flung into the water. Perry began making his way in that direction. Old Thorburn had not much skill in swimming, but he succeeded in getting a little way out. He kept casting about for some artificial aid. Near him was a woman, with a small child in her arms, who, almost by a marvel, had got hold of a long bench, and was sustaining herself by it. Thorburn came up with her and caught at the wood, apparently much fatigued. The

bench was not large enough to keep them both up: the woman expostulated.

Thorburn was wild with the danger of his situation. There was to him, no doubt, something unsurpassably outrageous in the idea that he, the owner of the steamer, with all his wealth, his power in Wall Street and among the railroads, his vast plans and teeming resources, should not only sustain an actual heavy financial loss by the accident, but should be put in peril of his life, struggling there in the salt tide like a common individual of the general public, or as if he were of no more account than a drowning rat. Small wonder if his heavy mouth grew fierce and his indignant eyes more belligerent than usual.

He began to pound the woman's hands unmercifully, in order to make her loose her hold.

Perry, who was still a good distance away, shouted to his father, sharply: "Don't do that, dad! Stop, I say! I'm coming." At the same time he was exerting every muscle to propel himself and his piece of flotsam to the spot.

It was virtual murder that was being attempted before his eyes, and the person who sought to destroy another's life was his own father! This Perry perceived clearly; and the sight of the deed and the thought of its awful significance were more abhorrent to him than any danger of engulfment and drowning that threatened himself. Words spoken by a man in the water are necessarily somewhat gasping and uncertain in utterance; and whether it was from this cause, or the plashing of the waves around him, or the increasing hum of the flames on the boat, or the conflict of cries from other throats, old Thorburn seemed not to hear his son's appeal. He continued to beat the helpless woman, encumbered by her child, and to tear her hands away from her accidental raft.

So unequal a contest could not last long. It was apparently but a few seconds before the unknown woman yield-

ed, and dropped away from the frail support. But at that supreme juncture, with the fate of suffocation and death closing upon her, the heart of the woman was unselfish: it gave what might prove to be its final beating, its last impulse, to an effort on behalf of her still more helpless baby, who, benumbed by the unwonted situation, was not even conscious of the deadly peril. She lifted her child into the air as high as she could with one arm, while with the other she vaguely and instinctively sought to delay her sinking.

Just then Perry, who was drawing nearer, saw another dark mass approaching her, only a few feet away. It was a man, clinging to a broken timber. The man signaled the woman with a cry: "Here!" She heard him, and with a last desperate turn and bewildered floundering through the thick water she succeeded in grasping the means of rescue that he offered. That, also, was very slight; insufficient for the floating of two persons. But the man who had called to her scarcely waited to test it before he abandoned it entirely.

For an instant he lifted his face heavenward, as if gazing at the stars, which now beamed mildly down upon the fearful and glaring spectacle of the steamer in conflagration and her scattered victims; for the scurrying mists had disappeared. Ay, thus he fronted those stars, which Count Fitz-Stuart had wearily dismissed as being "so old," and Raish had adopted as figuring the glowing butts of cigars he had smoked. Then he cast himself off, and disappeared beneath the low-crested waves.

While the face was turned upward, however, the broadening wall of fire from the steamer's side had shed upon it a vivid illumination, and Perry had been able to recognize the man.

It was Oliphant.

"Oliphant, old boy!" he screamed with hoarse desperation. "Wait! Where are you?"

Where? Where indeed? no answer came to Perry's shout. It was impossible to determine at the moment whether Oliphant rose again, or not; for, despite the ghastly distinctness of the scene, everything that happened was rapid, confused, bewildering, and almost unreal. The surface of the Sound seemed to have grown smoother, as if subdued by a terror of what was taking place. Perry swam close to the stranger woman, and began assisting her. Boats had begun to pick up some of the survivors. He could not bear to approach or even look at his murderous old father, who still puffed, fumed, and splashed, in his efforts to advance by means of the half-submerged bench. The flames poured roaring upward from the steamer, in deep volumes, wide belts, thick coils, volatile spirals, — ruddy, crimson, or like melted gold, — and the bones of the mighty structure were heard to crack as if she had been in the grasp of a fiery anaconda. Their terrific splendor was reflected in the flood so intensely, so universally, that Perry seemed to himself to be swimming through a burning lake of Hell.

Again came the question, where was Oliphant? Perry could not abandon the belief that, somehow or other, his friend had been rescued; yet the picture of that face looking starward was stamped upon his mind; he saw it subsiding into the vague, relentless wash of the waves. He imagined the stalwart but helpless figure of that quiet, manly man going down, down, down into the silent, unknown depths; and he could feel, very nearly as if it were his own experience, the strangling sensation, the struggle against suffocation, the final dreamy resignation which, he had heard, accompany death by drowning.

Meanwhile, high over the weltering gleams, over the black eastward smoke of the burning bulk, and the quivering mirror of water that tremulously gave back a glow of red, the stars hung

poised in eternal flight — calm, restful, yet distributed over the sky as capriciously as if they had just been lodged, in their places by some haphazard volley from an exploded world.

XIX.

LOVE AT LAST.

Dana Sweetser, whose great cares and responsibilities had aided in making the ravages of time more apparent upon his countenance, was engaged, on the morning that followed the steamboat disaster, in an elaborate toilet. He had mourned at length over some colored socks which his laundress had just returned in a bleached condition, owing to some vicious compound used in the washing, and was reflecting upon the disappointments of life, as he softened with powdered magnesia the over-rubicund tint which a liberal diet had begun to bestow upon his nose, when his valet burst into the room with a rumor of what had happened. Two or three general telegrams had been received, which, among other details, announced that Mr. Thorburn had been lost. Dana was terribly broken down by this information: even his interest in his personal appearance was pathetically subdued; and as soon as he could put himself decently together, he sallied forth to gain further particulars.

The report in regard to Thorburn proved to be wrong; for both he and Perry were among the saved. There had been a great sacrifice of life, but, considering the nature of the calamity, a surprisingly large number of people had been rescued. When the New York papers arrived, after-noon, with fuller accounts than had yet been received, the circumstance of one man attempting to force a mother and child away from their only means of safety was related, among various other startling and curious par-

ticulars which the survivors had given to correspondents, and roused general execrations; but Thorburn, being unknown to the mother — who had also reached the shore alive — was not identified as the wretch. He was in Newport by the time the papers came, and was met by a great many telegrams and sundry effusive callers, congratulating him on his personal good fortune.

Perry remained at Watch Hill, the nearest inhabited point on the coast, whither the rescued had been conveyed, and where many bodies of the drowned either floated in or were brought ashore. He was looking for some trace of Oliphant. . . .

Late in the afternoon he entered Newport, completely exhausted, and drove in a hired carriage slowly up Pelham Street, unwilling to go to his father's house, and bent upon engaging some bachelor quarters which he knew had been vacated a few days before. It was a lovely afternoon: the declining sun sent long, reddish rays between the old white houses, soft beams that caught the light dust and gave it a tint as delicate as peach-bloom, or smote the outstretched branches of trees, and woke them to strange ardor of coloring, set off by the cool green in shadow and the first dull brown of changing foliage. A scanty drift of fallen leaves was blown occasionally along the sidewalks by the September wind, with a dry, rattling whisper. The sunbeams twinkled, too, upon the turning wheel-spokes that were plying on the avenue. . . . Perry reached the Park. A pink-coated fox-hunter crossed the head of the street, with his nag at a walk, holding his hunting-crop languidly, and exhibiting himself in a light of meritorious and manly fatigue: he was doing the heroic, for the benefit of that sybaritic society which rolled by him so suavely in the comfort of its stylish turnouts. Newport was still itself: smiling, serene, light-hearted; rejoicing in the gentle gratification of being al-

most English. But the sight did not soothe Perry: it sickened him. Life at Newport, which a few days before had seemed so proud, so splendid and fair, became suddenly in his eyes a pretentious patchwork, a thing of gorgeous shreds and tatters, gay as a fool's motley, and covering only a mass of petty or flippant traits of character, bound together by a restless desire for superficial pleasure. He had just been brought face to face with the most fearful realities; he had witnessed an act of perfect self-sacrifice; and now, as he came from that experience, with a burden of unspeakable sorrow on his heart, this world of ostentatious levity was a positive offense to him.

He obtained the rooms he wanted, sent for his own servant, and some clothes from his father's house, and then despatched messengers to ascertain where he could see Josephine; lying down, meanwhile, to rest.

During the two days since she had written to Oliphant, Octavia's mood had been brightening. The fine warm ivory of her cheeks took on a delicate tinge of rose; her vivacity, always fresh and in force, was exquisitely, unconsciously, varied by a tremor of feeling, a more genial ardor of sympathy with every one and with everything that was going on, which made it doubly enchanting. She did not dare to hope much; she scarcely reflected at all; the claims of the past upon her and the question of loyalty to Gifford's memory retained no hold. She confessed nothing except that she was possessed by a sweet prescience that soon she should be at peace with Oliphant and united to him. On the night when he set out upon his journey to Newport, she went to a large ball given by the Spanish minister — one of the last and most iridescent phases of the expiring season. The entertainment was dazzling in the highest degree. An immense tent had been connected with the minister's house, ex-

tending over a large stretch of lawn; and in the interior, walled with an odorous wilderness of extravagant plants in flower, the dancing took place, on a floor of perfect smoothness, made for the occasion. The weather was warm, and both in order to cool the place and for the sake of decoration, a grotto of ice had been contrived at the farther end, through which changing lights of blue and green and yellow fire were thrown at intervals, transforming the glittering blocks to a fluorescent mass. The whole house was spectacular in the richness and glow of its appointments, its illuminations, its floral adornment; and the dense assembly that circulated through it flashed and shone with a fabulous magnificence of beautiful costumes and sparkling jewels. Octavia took her place in the scene as a natural part of it, and held her own with ease. She drew quietly to herself the best of attention; she danced frequently, with the greatest enjoyment; and those who had seen most of her noticed the uncommon buoyancy of her talk and bearing.

Yet, when the hour came for going away, she herself was surprised at the subtle depression that weighed upon her. The ice-grotto had begun to melt, and was on the point of collapse; the chemical lights had faded; and at just about that time, the last satiated flames that had consumed the steamer on the Sound were throwing their exhausted ribbons of fire into the melting air.

In her room, Octavia remained awake for a while, to hear the approach of the boat; but its ominous though welcome roll of thunder from the booming paddles did not come to her ears. The failure made her somewhat uneasy, yet at last she fell asleep, without being able to explain it, and slept on until near noon. When she woke, she had a conviction that Oliphant would appear before nightfall. She prepared herself for that meeting, with the half-shy yet tender and minute care that a woman

uses — in a tribute almost devout to the lover's ideal of her — when she is on the eve of seeing the man she holds dearest. Not a detail of her personal appearance was decided upon, without reference to this great anticipation.

But alas, Oliphant did not come. On looking at her paper, which for a moment did not seem to her worth reading on a day that she believed was to be so joyously memorable, Octavia's fluttering expectations received an abrupt check; and soon, although she had heard not a syllable from Oliphant and no hint of him was given in the report of the disaster, her suspense became unbearable.

"Do you know," she asked Vivian, whom she immediately went to see, "whether Mr. Oliphant was on board?"

"Mr. Oliphant! What put that into your head?" the bride exclaimed. "Of course not. He's gone to Califor-

Octavia was bewildered, and to be pained by an unforeseen anxiety lest he had not received her letter. She told Vivian of her writing; and then Vivian was puzzled, too. It was resolved between them that Craig should try, by telegraphing, to ascertain whether such a person as Eugene Oliphant had been among the passengers.

The answer came to him at length, in the night.

That same evening also, Perry saw Josephine. She was sitting again in Newport; but as it was two or three hours before he could reach his fatigue, he did not arrive at the house until nine. When she met him, he was so pale, so haggard, so worn, that she started back in affright.

"What is it?" she cried. "I heard of the accident, after your messenger came. Was your father really lost?"

"No," said Perry, his voice choking. "If you can come out, I will tell you."

Josephine threw a light wrap over her shoulders, and they emerged into the grounds, which were near those of Octavia's villa. Without a word he

walked down towards the water, and she followed him. They could see the bay dancing softly, mystically, in the light of the new moon, while the boundary-trees in front of them blotted the silvery radiance with a pattern of black, twisted trunks, sharply and uncouthly distinct. Then Perry paused.

"It was not my father," he said. "It was Oliphant who was lost."

A cry of horror and of suffering escaped from Josephine's lips. She leaned forward, and hid her face upon her arm, against one of the trees. For the first instant, her emotion seemed to Perry only what he might have expected; but it lasted so long that he began to question. With a rush, then, the truth came to his mind.

"You loved that man!" he exclaimed.

She lifted her head, at this, and met his intense, jealous scrutiny without wavering. There was a riddle in her eyes, still, as there always had been, and doubtless always would be; and in this semi-obscurity of the night it was more than ever hopeless to attempt solving that riddle. Her face was very white, he could see; yet he could almost have doubted whether the voice which answered him came from the softly moving lip or from the shadows that surrounded it.

"Yes," it whispered. "I loved him."

Something like an imprecation rose to Perry's lips. He only groaned: "I wish I could have died in his place!"

"You must n't say that," Josephine returned, with strange calmness, though speaking hardly above her breath. "You have no right to wish it."

"Why?" he demanded, bitterly.

"Because it was fate. You must accept what fate brings."

"Ah, if it had brought me *you*!" he began, in a passionate way. "But no! You never could have married me; and even if things were different,

I could hardly offer myself to you now." He went on rapidly, pouring out an account of the catastrophe and his father's brutal conduct. "After that," he said, "how should I hope to win a woman like you? The son of such a father! I suppose I have the same traits in me, somewhere."

"But you're not like him," Josephine returned, coming suddenly to his defense, against himself. "If you were you would n't condemn him."

"Then you think there's some chance for me?" he asked, giving way to a slight laugh of scorn. It was succeeded by a burst of earnest entreaty. "Oh, Josephine," he cried, "is there any hope, any possibility, that I may win you by and by? I will be content with any love you can give, if you think you might be happier with me than without me. Only let me know if I may keep this hope before my mind!"

"I cannot speak of it now," she said, in her mysterious tone, that was neither cold nor warm, but neutral, and shuddering a little. "It may be *our* fate—but not now; not now." After a silence she asked, "Is this what you came here to say?"

"No," he assured her. "I want you to help me in a difficult task. This news must be broken to Octavia."

He then explained to her that he had found upon Oliphant, tightly folded in a letter case within a covered pocket, the note Octavia had sent him. It was somewhat water-soaked, but legible still, and Perry had been able to guess from it something of the events which had inspired it.

Josephine consented to go with him to High Lawn, and he waited outside the door, while she went in to see Octavia.

"It is all over, Octavia," she said, quietly, as the widow entered to greet her. "You and I have been separated lately; but there is no need of it any more."

Octavia came up and caught her arm, with a quick, apprehensive demand for her meaning. Briefly and tenderly, as well as she could, Josephine imparted everything.

Octavia took the blurred letter, and glanced at it for an instant; then sank into a chair, gazing wanly at the woman who stood motionless opposite her. She shrank, and seemed to wither visibly.

"O God, O God!" she cried. "I have killed him. And how I am punished! That it should be my letter brought back to me, and that you, Josephine, should be the one to bring it!"

A heart-broken moan buried anything further that she might have been moved to say, and the tears streamed from beneath her eyelids.

Oliphant was interred at Woodlawn, beside little Effie; and Octavia, without vehemence, but resolutely, and setting aside every conventional consideration, took her share in all the final dispositions. With Justin she went to place the flowers around him in his coffin, and looked once more upon her hapless lover. His face was not like that of a dead man; it was that of one who had been awakened and told that he might depart from imprisonment. True, the sinister and perhaps ironical change which comes over the countenances of those who are to open their lips no more on earth had fallen upon it. But through the baffling dumbness of its slightly pinched lines — that been silence that seemed to

final consciousness in his mind must have been one of absolute, magnanimous love; not for her, nor for any one individual, but a sentiment so large and ideal that it made the laying down of his life for a woman he had never seen before, and for her little child, a pleasure surpassing any other. Whether that woman was valuable in herself or not, she came before him in that tragic hour as a type of motherhood, she presented to him an image of life in its most sacred form; and the love in his heart went out towards it with perfect purity and power.

Such were the broken meditations that came to Octavia, while she arranged the flowers. She performed the task without flinching; yet a few irrepressible tears fell softly upon her hands, and the hands trembled slightly, like leaves wet with dew, just stirring in the breath of daybreak.

A year later, Octavia was again at Newport for a few days, soon after the season began. The place was still beautiful to her, and she remembered her old enthusiasm for it; but the spectacle of its life no longer held any charm. And yet how short a time since she had been a part of it! Was it out of that vanity and frivolity that her own folly had arisen, which led her to jest maliciously with Oliphant's love?

Once while she was there, she saw Tom and Perry Thorburn driving

write, though, she is laughing again at their pretty sparkle."

So, in the quick round of life, the widow's tears had become the moment's plaything of a child, and a rainbow coloring flashed from them.

The last day that Octavia spent in Newport, she went out on foot, and walked over the bleak downs where Oliphant had wandered on that dreary day of his defeat. She arrived at the great house near the cave; but the place was closed and empty now, and she could go down to the rocks without intrusion. For a long while she sat lost in thought upon the lonely little ledge on which, when she last visited it, Oliphant had sat with her. It was very silent there; the waters hardly murmured in the cave: no one was near. What an immense solitude surrounded her! And how much greater was the solitude of her own heart! Yet she felt a presence attending her: the soft breeze, that crept up to her and tenderly played with a tress or two of straying hair upon her forehead, was like Oliphant's hand caressing her. The slumbering ocean, too, which had absorbed his life, seemed conscious of him.

But had he not once loved another woman, and she another man? Which was the true love? She could not un-

ravel the knot; but at least she knew that, whatever the limitations of one heart or of individual devotion, the great ideal passion survived through all these changes. Oliphant had brought something of rare worth into her life; had given her a higher conception of love. To this extent she shared in it, that it had touched her in passing, and that she now knew its quality. Though she had failed to grasp and keep it, the power and the fragrance remained with her still, like the lingering, lifting odor of the sea blown in at random through an artificial atmosphere.

Love had come, and love had gone. How strange that it had not stayed with Oliphant, who so well deserved to have it! How strange that he should have chosen to follow her, instead of Josephine; and that Josephine's passion for him should have been so blindly frustrated! Octavia herself was also left alone. And yet, though love had thus come and gone, it was somehow here at last.

Octavia rose from the ledge to walk back: she was about to leave Newport forever. As she stood for a moment there, her small, fine figure was relieved against the gray bastion of rock like a silhouette.

She was clad wholly in black — black never more to be abandoned.

George Parsons Lathrop.

EN PROVINCE.

VI.

THE COUNTRY OF ARLES.

I.

ON my way from Nîmes to Arles, I spent three hours at Tarascon; chiefly for the love of Alphonse Daudet, who has written nothing more genial than the *Aventures Prodigieuses de Tartarin*, and the story of the "siege" of the bright, dead little town (a mythic siege by the Prussians) in the *Contes du Lundi*. In the introduction which, for the new edition of his works, he has lately supplied to *Tartarin*, the author of this extravagant but kindly satire gives some account of the displeasure with which he has been visited by the ticklish Tarasconnais. Daudet relates that in his attempt to shed a humorous light upon some of the more erratic phases of the Provençal character he selected Tarascon at a venture; not because the temperament of its natives is more vainglorious than that of their neighbors, or their rebellion against the "despotism of fact" more marked, but simply because he had to name a particular Provençal city. *Tartarin* is a hunter of lions and charmer of women, a true "*produit du midi*," as Daudet says, who has the most fantastic and fabulous adventures. He is a minimized Don Quixote, with much less dignity, but with equal good faith, and the story of his exploits is a little masterpiece of the light comical. The Tarasconnais, however, declined to take the joke, and opened the vials of their wrath upon the mocking child of Nîmes, who would have been better employed, they doubtless thought, in showing up the infirmities of his own family. I am bound to add that when I passed through Tarascon they did not appear to be in the

least out of humor. Nothing could have been brighter, softer, more suggestive of amiable indifference, than the picture it presented to my mind. It lies quietly beside the Rhone, looking across at Beaucaire, which seems very distant and independent, and tacitly consenting to let the castle of the good King René of Anjou, which projects very boldly into the river, pass for its most interesting feature. The other features are, primarily, a sort of vivid sleepiness in the aspect of the place, as if the September noon (it had lingered on into October) lasted longer there than elsewhere; certain low arcades, which make the streets look gray, and exhibit empty vistas; and a very curious and beautiful walk beside the Rhone, denominated the *Chaussée*, — a long and narrow causeway, densely shaded by two rows of magnificent old trees, planted in its embankment, and rendered doubly effective, at the moment I passed over it, by a little train of collegians, who had been taken out for mild exercise by a pair of young priests. Lastly, one may say that a striking element of Tarascon, as of any town that lies on the Rhone, is simply the Rhone itself: the big brown flood, of uncertain temper, which has never taken time to forget that it is a child of the mountain and the glacier, and that such an origin carries with it great privileges. Later, at Avignon, I observed it in the exercise of these privileges, chief among which was "that of frightening the good people of the old papal city half out of their wits."

The château of King René serves to-day as the prison of a district, and the traveler who wishes to look into it must obtain his permission at the *Mairie* of Tarascon. If he has had a certain experience of French manners, his application will be accompanied with the

forms of a considerable obsequiosity, and in this case his request will be granted as civilly as it has been made. The castle has more of the air of a severely feudal fortress than I should suppose the period of its construction (the first half of the fifteenth century) would have warranted; being tremendously bare and perpendicular, and constructed for comfort only in the sense that it was arranged for defense. It is a square and simple mass, composed of small yellow stones, and perched on a pedestal of rock which easily commands the river. The building has the usual circular towers at the corners, and a heavy cornice at the top, and immense stretches of sun-scorched wall, relieved at wide intervals by small windows, heavily cross-barred. It has above all an extreme steepness of aspect; I cannot express it otherwise. The walls are as sheer and inhospitable as precipices. The castle has kept its large moat, which is now a hollow filled with wild plants. To this tall fortress the good René retired in the middle of the fifteenth century, finding it apparently the most substantial thing left him in a dominion which had included Naples and Sicily, Lorraine and Anjou. He had been a much-tried monarch and the sport of a various fortune, fighting half his life for thrones he did n't care for, and exalted only to be quickly cast down. Provence was the country of his affection, and the memory of his troubles did not prevent him from holding a joyous court at Tarascon and at Aix. He finished the castle at Tarascon, which had been begun earlier in the century,—finished it, I suppose, for consistency's sake, in the manner in which it had originally been designed rather than in accordance with the artistic tastes that formed the consolation of his old age. He was a painter, a writer, a dramatist, a modern dilettante, addicted to private theatricals. There is something very attractive in the image that he has imprinted on the

page of history. He was both clever and kind, and many reverses and much suffering had not embittered him nor quenched his faculty of enjoyment. He was fond of his sweet Provence, and his sweet Provence has been grateful; it has woven a light tissue of legend around the memory of the good King René.

I strolled over his dusky habitation—it must have taken all his good-humor to light it up—at the heels of the custodian, who showed me the usual number of castle properties: a deep, well-like court, a collection of winding staircases and vaulted chambers, the embrasures of whose windows and the recesses of whose doorways reveal a tremendous thickness of wall. These things constitute the general identity of old castles, and when one has wandered through a good many, with due discretion of step and protrusion of head, one ceases very much to distinguish and remember, and contents one's self with consigning them to the honorable limbo of the romantic. I must add that this reflection did not in the least deter me from crossing the bridge which connects Tarascon with Beaucaire, in order to examine the old fortress whose ruins adorn the latter city. It stands on a foundation of rock much higher than that of Tarascon, and looks over with a melancholy expression at its better-conditioned brother. Its position is magnificent, and its outline very gallant. I was well rewarded for my pilgrimage; for if the castle of Beaucaire is only a fragment, the whole place, with its position and its views, is an ineffaceable picture. It was the stronghold of the Montmorencys, and its last tenant was that rash Duke François, whom Richelieu, seizing every occasion to trample on a great noble, caused to be beheaded at Toulouse, where we saw, in the Capitol, the butcher's knife with which the cardinal pruned the crown of France of its thorns. The castle, after the death of this victim, was virtually demolished. Its site, which

Nature to-day has taken again to herself, has an extraordinary charm. The mass of rock that it formerly covered rises high above the town, and is as precipitous as the side of the Rhone. A tall, rusty iron gate admits you from a quiet corner of Beaucaire to a wild, tangled garden, covering the side of the hill — for the whole place forms the public promenade of the townsfolk — a garden without flowers, with little steep, rough paths that wind under a plantation of small, scrubby stone-pines. Above this is the grassy platform of the castle, inclosed on one side only (toward the river) by a large fragment of wall and a very massive dungeon. There are benches placed in the lee of the wall, and others on the edge of the platform, where one may enjoy a view, beyond the river, of certain peeled and scorched undulations. A sweet desolation, an everlasting peace, seemed to hang in the air. A very old man, a fragment, like the castle itself, emerged from some crumbling corner to do me the honors — a very gentle, obsequious, tottering, toothless, grateful old man. He beguiled me into an ascent of the solitary tower, from which you may look down on the big sallow river and glance at diminished Tarascon, and the barefaced, bald-headed hills behind it. It may appear that I insist too much upon the nudity of the Provençal horizon — too much, considering that I have spoken of the prospect from the heights of Beaucaire as lovely. But it is an exquisite bareness; it seems to exist for the purpose of allowing us to follow the delicate lines of the hills, and touch with the eyes, as it were, the smallest inflections of the landscape. It makes the whole thing seem wonderfully bright and pure.

Beaucaire used to be the scene of a famous fair, the great fair of the south of France. It has gone the way of most fairs, even in France, where these delightful exhibitions hold their own much better than might be supposed.

It is still held in the month of July; but the bourgeois of Tarascon send to the Magasin du Louvre for their smart dresses, and the principal glory of the scene is its long tradition. Even now, however, it ought to be the prettiest of all fairs, for it takes place in a charming wood which lies just beneath the castle, beside the Rhone. The booths, the barracks, the platforms of the mountebanks, the bright-colored crowd, diffused through this midsummer shade, and spotted here and there with the rich Provençal sunshine, must be of the most pictorial effect. It is highly probable, too, that it offers a large collection of pretty faces; for even in the few hours that I spent at Tarascon I discovered symptoms of the purity of feature for which the women of the *pays d'Arles* are renowned. The Arlesian head-dress was visible in the streets, and this delightful coiffure is so associated with a charming facial oval, a dark, mild eye, a straight Greek nose, and a mouth worthy of all the rest that it conveys a presumption of beauty which gives the wearer time either to escape or to please you. I have read somewhere, however, that Tarascon is supposed to produce handsome men, as Arles is known to deal in handsome women. It may be that I should have found the Tarasconnais a race of Apollos, if I had encountered enough specimens to justify an induction. But there were very few males in the streets, and the place presented no appearance of activity. Here and there the black coif of an old woman or of a young girl was framed by a low doorway; but for the rest, as I have said, Tarascon was mostly involved in a siesta. There was not a creature in the little church of Saint Martha, which I made a point of visiting before I returned to the station, and which, with its fine Romanesque sideportal and its pointed and crocketed Gothic spire, is as curious as it need be, in view of its tradition. It stands in a

quiet corner where the grass grows between the small cobble-stones, and you pass beneath a deep archway to reach it. The tradition relates that Saint Martha tamed with her own hands, and attached to her girdle, a dreadful dragon, who was known as the Tarasque, and is reported to have given his name to the city on whose site (amid the rocks which form the base of the château) he had his cavern. The dragon, perhaps, is the symbol of a ravening paganism, dispelled by the eloquence of a sweet evangelist. The bones of the interesting saint, at all events, were found, in the eleventh century, in a cave beneath the spot on which her altar now stands. I know not what had become of the bones of the dragon.

II.

There are two shabby old inns at Arles, which compete closely for your custom. I mean by this that if you elect to go to the Hôtel du Forum, the Hôtel du Nord, which is placed exactly beside it (at right angles) watches your arrival with ill-concealed disapproval; and if you take the chances of its neighbor, the Hôtel du Forum seems to glare at you invidiously from all its windows and doors. I forget which of these establishments I selected; whichever it was, I wished very much that it had been the other. The two stand together on the Place des Hommes, a little public square of Arles, which somehow quite misses its effect. As a city, indeed, Arles quite misses its effect in every way; and if it is a charming place, as I think it is, I can hardly tell the reason why. The straight-nosed Arlésiennes account for it in some degree; and the remainder may be charged to the ruins of the Arena and the Theatre. Beyond this, I remember with affection the ill-proportioned little Place des Hommes; not at all monumental, and given over to puddles and to shabby cafés. I recall with tenderness the tortuous and fea-

tureless streets, which looked like the streets of a village, and were paved with villainous little sharp stones, making all exercise penitential. Consecrated by association is even a tiresome walk that I took the evening I arrived, with the purpose of obtaining a view of the Rhone. I had been to Arles before, years ago, and it seemed to me that I remembered finding on the banks of the stream some sort of picture. I think that on the evening of which I speak there was a watery moon, which, it seemed to me, would light up the past as well as the present. But I found no picture, and I scarcely found the Rhone at all. I lost my way, and there was not a creature in the streets to whom I could appeal. Nothing could be more provincial than the situation of Arles at ten o'clock at night. At last I arrived at a kind of embankment, where I could see the great mud-colored stream slipping along in the soundless darkness. It had come on to rain, I know not what had happened to the moon, and the whole place was anything but gay. It was not what I had looked for; what I had looked for was in the irrecoverable past. I groped my way back to the inn over the infernal *cailloux*, feeling as if I had been playing policeman for half an hour. I remember now that this hotel was the one (whichever that may be) which has the fragment of a Gallo-Roman portico inserted into one of its angles. I had chosen it for the sake of this exceptional ornament. It was damp and dark, and the floors felt gritty to the feet; it was an establishment at which the dreadful *gras-double* might have appeared at the table d'hôte, as it had done at Narbonne. Nevertheless, I was glad to get back to it; and nevertheless, too — and this is the moral of my simple anecdote — my pointless little walk (I don't speak of the pavement) suffuses itself, as I look back upon it, with a romantic tone. And in relation to the inn, I suppose I had better mention

that I am well aware of the inconsistency of a person who dislikes the modern caravansary, and yet grumbles when he finds an hotel of the superannuated sort. One ought to choose, it would seem, and make the best of either alternative. The two old taverns at Arles are quite unimproved: such as they must have been in the infancy of the modern world, when Stendhal passed that way, and the lumbering diligence deposited him in the Place des Hommes, such in every detail they are to-day. *Vieilles auberges de France*, one ought to enjoy their gritty floors and greasy window-panes. Let it be put on record, therefore, that I have been, I won't say less comfortable, but at least less happy, at better inns.

To be really historic, I should have mentioned that before going to look for the Rhone I had spent part of the evening on the opposite side of the little place, and that I indulged in this recreation for two definite reasons. One of these was that I had an opportunity of conversing at a café with an intelligent young Englishman, whom I had met in the afternoon at Tarascon, and more remotely, in other years, in London; the other was that there sat enthroned behind the counter a splendid mature Arlésienne, whom my companion and I agreed that it was a rare privilege to contemplate. There is no rule of good manners or morals which makes it improper, at a café, to fix one's eyes upon the *dame de comptoir*; the lady is, in the nature of things, more or less on exhibition. We were therefore free to admire without restriction the handsomest person I had ever seen give change for a five-franc piece. She was a large quiet woman, who would never see forty again; of an intensely feminine type, yet wonderfully rich and robust, and full of a certain physical nobleness. Though she was not really old, she was antique, and she was very grave, even a little sad. She had the dignity of a Roman empress, and she handled coppers

as if they had been stamped with the head of Cæsar. I have seen washerwomen in the Trastevere who were perhaps as handsome as she: but even the head-dress of the Roman contadina contributes less to the dignity of the person born to wear it than the sweet and stately Arlesian cap, which sits at once aloft and on the back of the head; which is accompanied with a wide black bow covering a considerable part of the crown; and which, finally, accommodates itself indescribably well to the manner in which the tresses of the front are pushed behind the ears.

This admirable dispenser of lumps of sugar has distracted me a little; for I am still not sufficiently historical. Before going to the café I had dined, and before dining I had found time to go and look at the Arena. Then it was that I discovered that Arles has no general physiognomy, and, except the delightful little church of St. Trophimus, no architecture, and that the rugosities of its dirty lanes affect the feet like knife-blades. It was not then, on the other hand, that I saw the Arena best. The second day of my stay at Arles I devoted to a pilgrimage to the strange old hill-town of Les Baux, the mediæval Pompeii, of which I shall give myself the pleasure of speaking. The evening of that day, however (my friend and I returned in time for a late dinner), I wandered among the Roman remains of the place by the light of a magnificent moon, and gathered an impression which has lost little of its silvery glow. The moon of the evening before had been aqueous and erratic; but if, on the present occasion, it was guilty of any irregularity, the worst it did was only to linger beyond its time in the heavens, in order to let us look at things comfortably. The effect was admirable; it brought back the impression of the way, in Rome itself, on evenings like that, the moonshine rests upon broken shafts and slabs of antique pavement. As we sat in the Theatre, look-

ing at the two lone columns that survive — part of the decoration of the back of the stage — and at the fragments of ruin around them, we might have been in the Roman forum. The Arena at Arles, with its great magnitude, is less complete than that of Nîmes; it has suffered even more the assaults of time and of the children of time, and it has been less repaired. The seats are almost wholly wanting; but the external walls, minus the topmost tier of arches, are massively, ruggedly, complete; and the vaulted corridors seem as solid as the day they were built. The whole thing is superbly vast, and as monumental, for a place of light amusement — what is called in America a “variety-show” — as it entered only into the Roman mind to make such establishments. The *podium* is much higher than at Nîmes, and many of the great white slabs that faced it have been recovered and put into their places. The proconsular box has been more or less reconstructed, and the great converging passages of approach to it are still majestically distinct; so that, as I sat there in the moon-charmed stillness, leaning my elbows on the battered parapet of the ring, it was not impossible to listen to the murmurs and shudders, the thick voice of the circus, that died away fifteen hundred years ago.

The Theatre has a voice as well, but it lingers on the ear of time with a different music. The Roman theatre at Arles seemed to me one of the most charming and touching ruins I had ever beheld; I took a particular fancy to it. It is less than a skeleton — the Arena may be called a skeleton; for it consists only of half a dozen bones. The traces of the row of columns which formed the scene — the permanent back-scene — remain; two marble pillars — I just mentioned them — are upright, with a fragment of their entablature. Before them is the vacant space which was filled by the stage, with the line of the

proscenium distinct, marked by a deep groove, impressed upon slabs of stone, which looks as if the bottom of a high screen had been intended to fit into it. The semicircle formed by the seats — half a cup — rises opposite; some of the rows are distinctly marked. The floor from the bottom of the stage, in the shape of an arc of which the chord is formed by the line of the orchestra, is covered by slabs of colored marble — red, yellow, and green — which, though terribly battered and cracked to-day, give one an idea of the elegance of the interior. Everything shows that it was on a great scale: the large sweep of its inclosing walls, the massive corridors that passed behind the auditorium, and of which we can still perfectly take the measure. The way in which every seat commanded the stage is a lesson to the architects of our epoch, as also the immense size of the place is a proof of extraordinary power of voice on the part of the Roman actors. It was after we had spent half an hour in the moonshine at the Arena that we came on to this more ghostly and more exquisite ruin. The principal entrance was locked, but we effected a mild *escalade*, scaled a low parapet, and descended into the place behind the scenes. It was as light as day, and the solitude was complete. The two slim columns, as we sat on the broken benches, stood there like a pair of silent actors. What I called touching, just now, was the thought that here the human voice, the utterance of a great language, had been supreme. The air was full of intonations and cadences; not of the echo of smashing blows, of riven armor, of howling victims and roaring beasts. The spot is, in short, one of the sweetest legacies of the ancient world; and there seems no profanation in the fact that by day it is open to the good people of Arles, who use it to pass, by no means in great numbers, from one part of the town to the other; treading the old marble floor,

and brushing, if need be, the empty benches. This familiarity does not kill the place again ; it makes it, on the contrary, live a little — makes the present and the past touch each other.

III.

The third lion of Arles has nothing to do with the ancient world, but only with the old one. The church of Saint Trophimus, whose wonderful Romanesque porch is the principal ornament of the principal *place* — a *place* otherwise distinguished by the presence of a slim and tapering obelisk in the middle, as well as by that of the Hôtel de Ville and the museum — the interesting church of Saint Trophimus swears a little, as the French say, with the peculiar character of Arles. It is very remarkable, but I would rather it were in another place. Arles is delightfully pagan, and Saint Trophimus, with its apostolic sculptures, is rather a false note. These sculptures are equally remarkable for their primitive vigor and for the perfect preservation in which they have come down to us. The deep recess of a round-arched porch of the twelfth century is covered with quaint figures, that have not lost a nose or a finger. An angular, Byzantine-looking Christ sits in a diamond-shaped frame at the summit of the arch, surrounded by little angels, by great apostles, by winged beasts, by a hundred sacred symbols and grotesque ornaments. It is a dense embroidery of sculpture, black with time, but as uninjured as if it had been kept under glass. One good mark for the French Revolution ! Of the interior of the church, which has a nave of the twelfth century, and a choir three hundred years more recent, I chiefly remember the odd feature that the Romanesque aisles are so narrow that you literally — or almost — squeeze through them. You do so with some eagerness, for your natural purpose is to pass out to the cloister. This cloister, as distinguished and as perfect as

the porch, has a great deal of charm. Its four sides, which are not of the same period (the earliest and best are of the twelfth century), have an elaborate arcade, supported on delicate pairs of columns, the capitals of which show an extraordinary variety of device and ornament. At the corners of the quadrangle these columns take the form of curious human figures. The whole thing is a gem of lightness and preservation, and is often cited for its beauty ; but — if it does n't sound too profane — I prefer, especially at Arles, the ruins of the Roman theatre. The antique element is too precious to be mingled with anything less rare. This truth was very present to my mind during a ramble of a couple of hours that I took just before leaving the place ; and the glowing beauty of the morning gave the last touch to the impression. I spent half an hour at the Museum ; then I took another look at the Roman theatre ; after which I walked a little out of the town to the Aliscamps, the old Elysian Fields, the meagre remnant of the old pagan place of sepulture, which was afterwards used by the Christians, but has been for ages deserted, and now consists only of a melancholy avenue of cypresses, lined with a succession of ancient sarcophagi, empty, mossy, and mutilated. An iron-foundry, or some horrible establishment which is conditioned upon tall chimneys and a noise of hammering and banging, has been established near at hand ; but the cypresses shut it out well enough, and this small patch of Elysium is a very picturesque corner.

The door of the Museum stands ajar, and a vigilant custodian, with the usual batch of photographs on his mind, peeps out at you disapprovingly, while you linger opposite, before the charming portal of Saint Trophimus, which you may look at for nothing. When you succumb to the silent influence of his eye, and go over to visit his collection, you find yourself in a desecrated church,

in which a variety of ancient objects, disinterred in Arlesian soil, have been arranged without any pomp. The best of these, I believe, were found in the ruins of the theatre. Some of the most curious of them are early Christian sarcophagi, exactly on the pagan model, but covered with rude yet vigorously wrought images of the apostles, and with illustrations of scriptural history. Beauty of the highest kind, either of conception or of execution, is absent from most of the Roman fragments, which belong to the taste of a late period and a provincial civilization. But a gulf divides them from the bristling little imagery of the Christian sarcophagi, in which, at the same time, one detects a vague emulation of the rich examples by which their authors were surrounded. There is a certain element of style in all the pagan things; there is not a hint of it in the early Christian relics, among which, according to M. Joanne, of the Guide, are to be found more fine sarcophagi than in any collection but that of St. John Lateran. In two or three of the Roman fragments there is a noticeable distinction, principally in a charming bust of a boy, quite perfect, with those salient eyes that one sees in certain antique busts, and to which the absence of vision in the marble mask gives a look, often very touching, as of a baffled effort to see; also in the head of a woman, found in the ruins of the theatre, who, alas, has lost her nose, and whose noble, simple contour, barring this deficiency, recalls the great manner of the Venus of Melos. There are various rich architectural fragments which indicate that that edifice was a very splendid affair. This little Museum at Arles, in short, is the most Roman thing I know of, out of Rome.

IV.

I find that I declared one evening, in a little journal I was keeping at that time, that I was weary of writing (I was

probably very sleepy), but that it was essential I should make some note of my visit to Les Baux. I must have gone to sleep as soon as I had recorded this necessity, for I search my small diary in vain for any account of that enchanting spot. I have nothing but my memory to consult—a memory which is fairly good in regard to a general impression, but is terribly infirm in the matter of details and items. We knew in advance, my companion and I, that Les Baux was a pearl of picturesqueness; for had we not read as much in the handbook of Murray, who has the testimony of an English nobleman as to its attractions? We also knew that it lay some miles from Arles, on the crest of the Alpilles, the craggy little mountains which, as I stood on the breezy platform of Beaucaire, formed to my eye a charming, if somewhat remote, background to Tarascon; this assurance having been given us by the landlady of the inn at Arles, of whom we hired a rather lumbering trap. The weather was not promising, but it proved a good day for the mediæval Pompeii: a gray, melancholy, moist, but rainless, or almost rainless day, with nothing in the sky to flout, as the poet says, the dejected and pulverized past. The drive itself was charming; for there is an inexhaustible sweetness in the gray-green landscape of Provence. It is never absolutely flat, and yet is never really ambitious, and is full both of entertainment and repose. It is in constant undulation, and the bareness of the soil lends itself easily to outline and profile. When I say the bareness, I mean the absence of woods and hedges. It blooms with heath and scented shrubs and stunted olive; and the white rock shining through the scattered herbage has a brightness which answers to the brightness of the sky. Of course it needs the sunshine, for all Southern countries look a little false under the ground glass of incipient bad weather. This was the case on the day of my pilgrim-

age to Les Baux. Nevertheless, I was as glad to keep going as I was to arrive ; and as I went it seemed to me that true happiness would consist in wandering through such a land on foot, on September afternoons, when one might stretch one's self on the warm ground in some shady hollow, and listen to the hum of bees and the whistle of melancholy shepherds. For in Provence the shepherds whistle to their flocks. I saw two or three of them, in the course of this drive to Les Baux, meandering about, looking behind, and calling upon the sheep in this way to follow, which the sheep always did, very promptly, with ovine unanimity. Nothing is more picturesque than to see a slow shepherd threading his way down one of the winding paths on a hillside, with his flock close behind him, necessarily expanded, yet keeping just at his heels, bending and twisting as it goes, and looking rather like the tail of a dingy comet.

About four miles from Arles, as you drive northward toward the Alpilles, of which Alphonse Daudet has spoken so often, and, as he might say, so intimately, stand on a hill that overlooks the road the very considerable ruins of the Abbey of Montmajour, one of the innumerable remnants of a feudal and ecclesiastical (as well as an architectural) past that one encounters in the south of France ; remnants which, it must be confessed, tend to introduce a certain confusion and satiety into the passive mind of the tourist. Montmajour, however, is very impressive and interesting ; the only trouble with it is that, unless you have stopped and returned to Arles, you see it in memory over the head of Les Baux, which is a much more absorbing picture. A part of the mass of buildings (the monastery) dates only from the last century ; and the stiff architecture of that period does not lend itself very gracefully to desolation ; it looks too much as if it had been burnt down the year before. The monastery

was demolished during the Revolution, and it injures a little the effect of the very much more ancient fragments that are connected with it. The whole place is on a great scale ; it was a rich and splendid abbey. The church, a vast basilica of the eleventh century, and of the noblest proportions, is virtually intact ; I mean as regards its essentials, for the details have completely vanished. The huge, solid shell is full of expression ; it looks as if it had been hollowed out by the sincerity of early faith, and it opens into a cloister as impressive as itself. Wherever one goes, in France, one meets, looking backward a little, the spectre of the great Revolution ; and one meets it always in the shape of the destruction of something beautiful and precious. To make us forgive it at all, how much it must also have destroyed that was more hateful than itself ! Beneath the church of Montmajour is a most extraordinary crypt, almost as big as the edifice above it, and making a complete subterranean temple, surrounded with a circular gallery, or deambulatory, which expands at intervals into five square chapels. There are other things, of which I have but a confused memory : a great fortified keep ; a queer little primitive chapel, hollowed out of the rock, beneath these later structures, and recommended to the visitor's attention as the confessional of Saint Trophimus, who shares with so many worthies the glory of being "the first apostle of the Gauls." Then there is a strange, small church, of the dimmest antiquity, standing at a distance from the other buildings. I remember that after we had let ourselves down a good many steepish places to visit crypts and confessionals, we walked across a field to this archaic cruciform edifice, and went thence to a point further down the road, where our carriage was awaiting us. The chapel of the Holy Cross, as it is called, is classed among the historic monuments of France ; and

I read in a queer, rambling, ill-written book which I picked up at Avignon, and in which the author, M. Louis de Laincel, has buried a great deal of curious information on the subject of Provence, under a style inspiring little confidence, that the "*délicieuse chapelle de Sainte-Croix*," is a "*véritable bijou artistique*." He speaks of "a piece of lace in stone," which runs from one end of the building to the other, but of which I am obliged to confess that I have no recollection. I retain, however, a sufficiently clear impression of the little superannuated temple, with its four apses and its perceptible odor of antiquity — the odor of the eleventh century.

The ruins of Les Baux remain quite indistinguishable, even when you are directly beneath them, at the foot of the charming little Alpilles, which mass themselves with a kind of delicate ruggedness. Rock and ruin have been so welded together by the confusion of time that as you approach it from behind — that is, from the direction of Arles — the place presents simply a general air of cragginess. Nothing can be prettier than the crags of Provence; they are beautifully modeled, as painters say, and they have a delightful silvery color. The road winds round the foot of the hills on the top of which Les Baux is planted, and passes into another valley, from which the approach to the town is many degrees less precipitous, and may be comfortably made in a carriage. Of course, the deeply inquiring traveler will alight as promptly as possible; for the pleasure of climbing into this queerest of cities on foot is not the least part of the entertainment of going there. Then you appreciate its extraordinary position, its picturesqueness, its steepness, its desolation and decay. It hangs — that is, what remains of it — to the slanting summit of the mountain. Nothing would be more natural than for the whole place to roll down into the valley.

A part of it has done so — for it is not unjust to suppose that in the process of decay the crumbled particles have sought the lower level; while the remainder still clings to its magnificent perch.

If I called Les Baux a city, just above, it was not that I was stretching a point in favor of the small spot which to-day contains but a few dozen inhabitants. The history of the place is as extraordinary as its situation. It was not only a city, but a state; not only a state, but an empire; and on the crest of its little mountain called itself sovereign of a territory, or at least of scattered towns and counties, with which its present aspect is grotesquely out of relation. The lords of Les Baux, in a word, were great feudal proprietors; and there was a time during which the island of Sardinia, to say nothing of places nearer home, such as Arles and Marseilles, paid them homage. The chronicle of this old Provençal house has been written, in a style somewhat unctuous and flowery, by M. Jules Canonge. I purchased the little book — a modest pamphlet — at the establishment of the good sisters, just beside the church, in one of the highest parts of Les Baux. The sisters have a school for the hardy little Baussenques, whom I heard piping their lessons, while I waited in the cold *parloir* for one of the ladies to come and speak to me. Nothing could have been more perfect than the manner of this excellent woman when she arrived; yet her small religious house seemed a very out-of-the-way corner of the world. It was spotlessly neat, and the rooms looked as if they had lately been papered and painted: in this respect, at the mediæval Pompeii, they were rather a discord. They were, at any rate, the newest, freshest thing at Les Baux. I remember going round to the church, after I had left the good sisters, and to a little quiet terrace, which stands in front of it, ornamented with a few small trees and bordered with a wall breast-high, over

which you look down steep hillsides, off into the air and all about the neighboring country. I remember saying to myself that this little terrace was one of those felicitous nooks which the tourist of taste keeps in his mind as a picture. The church was small and brown and dark, with a certain rustic richness. All this, however, is no general description of Les Baux.

I am unable to give any coherent account of the place, for the simple reason that it is a mere confusion of ruin. It has not been preserved in lava, like Pompeii, and its streets and houses, its ramparts and castle, have become fragmentary, not through the sudden destruction, but through the gradual withdrawal, of a population. It is not an extinguished but a deserted city; more deserted far than even Carcassonne and Aigues-Mortes, where I found so much entertainment in the grass-grown element. It is of very small extent, and even in the days of its greatness, when its lords entitled themselves counts of Cephaloni and Neophantis, kings of Arles and Vienne, princes of Achaia and emperors of Constantinople — even at this flourishing period, when, as M. Jules Canonge remarks, “they were able to depress the balance in which the fate of peoples and kings is weighed,” the plucky little city contained at the most no more than thirty-six hundred souls. Yet its lords (who, however, as I have said, were able to present a long list of subject towns, most of them, though a few are renowned, unknown to fame) were seneschals and captains-general of Piedmont and Lombardy, grand admirals of the kingdom of Naples, and its ladies were sought in marriage by half the first princes in Europe. A considerable part of the little narrative of M. Canonge is taken up with the great alliances of the House of Baux, whose fortunes, matrimonial and other, he traces from the eleventh century down to the sixteenth. The empty shells

of a considerable number of old houses, many of which must have been superb, the lines of certain steep little streets, the foundations of a castle, and ever so many splendid views are all that remains of this to-day. To these things I may add a dozen very polite and sympathetic people, who emerged from the interstices of the desultory little town to gaze at the two foreigners who had driven over from Arles, and whose horses were being baited at the modest inn. The resources of this establishment we did not venture otherwise to test, in spite of the seductive fact that the sign over the door was in the Provençal tongue. This little group included the baker, a rather melancholy young man in high boots and a cloak, with whom and his companions we had a good deal of conversation. The Baussenques of to-day struck me as a very mild and agreeable race, with a good deal of the natural amenity which, on occasions like this one, the traveler, who is waiting for his horses to be put in or his dinner to be prepared, observes in the charming people who lend themselves to conversation in the hill-towns (say) of Tuscany. The spot where our entertainers at Les Baux congregated was naturally the most inhabited portion of the town; as I say, there were at least a dozen human figures within sight. Presently we wandered away from them, scaled the higher places, seated ourselves among the ruins of the castle, and looked down from the cliff overhanging that portion of the road which I have mentioned as approaching Les Baux from behind. I was unable to trace the configuration of the castle as plainly as the writers who have described it in the guide-books, and I am ashamed to say that I did not even perceive the three great figures of stone (the three Marys, as they are called; the two Marys of Scripture, with Martha), which constitute one of the curiosities of the place, and of which M. Jules Canonge speaks with almost

hyperbolic admiration. A brisk shower, lasting some ten minutes, led us to take refuge in a cavity, of mysterious origin, where the melancholy baker presently discovered us, having had the *bonne pensée* of coming up for us with an umbrella which certainly belonged, in former ages, to one of the *Stéphanettes* or *Berangères* commemorated by M. Canonge. His oven, I am afraid, was cold so long as our visit lasted. When the rain was over we wandered down to the little disencumbered space before the inn, through a small labyrinth of obliterated things. They took the form of narrow, precipitous streets, bordered by empty houses, with gaping windows and absent doors, through which we had glimpses of sculptured chimney-pieces and fragments of stately arch and vault. Some of the houses are still inhabited; but most of them are open to the air and weather. Some of them have completely collapsed; others present to the street a front which enables one to judge of the physiognomy of Les Baux in the days of its importance. This importance had pretty well passed away in the early part of the sixteenth century, when the place ceased to be an indepen-

dent principality. It became by bequest of one of its lords, Bernardin des Baux, a great captain of his time, part of the appanage of the kings of France, by whom it was placed under the protection of Arles, which had formerly occupied with regard to it a different position. I know not whether the Arlesians neglected their trust, but the extinction of the sturdy little stronghold is too complete not to have begun long ago. Its memories are buried under its ponderous stones. As we drove away from it in the gloaming, my friend and I agreed that the two or three hours we had spent there were among the happiest impressions of a pair of tourists very curious in the picturesque. We almost forgot that we were bound to regret that the shortened day left us no time to drive five miles further, above a pass in the little mountains—it had beckoned to us in the morning, when we came in sight of it, almost irresistibly—to see the Roman arch and mausoleum of Saint Remy. To compass this larger excursion (including the visit to Les Baux) you must start from Arles very early in the morning; but I can imagine no more delightful day.

Henry James.

TO-DAY.

I.

VOICE, with what mounting fire thou singest free hearts of old fashion,
 English scorners of Spain sweeping the blue sea-way,
 Sing me the daring of life for life, the magnanimous passion
 Of man for man, in the mean, populous streets of To-day.

II.

Hand, with what color and power thou couldst show in the ring, hot-sanded,
 Brown Bestiarius holding the lean, tawn tiger at bay,
 Paint me the wrestle of Toil with the wild beast Want, bare-handed;
 Shadow me forth a soul steadily facing To-day.

Helen Gray Cone.

IN MADEIRA PLACE.

TURNING from the street which follows the line of the wharves, into Madeira Place, you leave at once an open region of docks and spars for comparative retirement. Wagons seldom enter Madeira Place: it is too hard to turn them in it; and then the inhabitants, for the most part, have a convenient way of buying their coal by the basket. How much trouble it would save, if we would all buy our coal by the basket!

A few doors up the place a passage-way makes off to the right, through a high wooden gate that is usually open; and at the upper corner of this passage stands a brick house, whose perpetually closed blinds suggest the owner's absence. But the householders of Madeira Place do not absent themselves, even in summer; they could hardly get much nearer to the sea. And if you will take the pains to seat yourself, toward the close of day, upon an opposite doorstep, between two rows of clamorous little girls sliding, with screams of painful joy, down the rough hammered stone, to the improvement of their clothing, you will see that the house is by no means untenanted.

Every evening it is much the same thing. First, following close upon the heels of sunset, comes a grizzly, tall, and slouching man, in the cap and blouse of a Union soldier, bearing down with his left hand upon a cane, and dragging his left foot heavily behind him, while with his right hand he holds by a string a cluster of soaring toy balloons, and also drags, by the long wooden tongue, a rude child's cart, in which is seated a small hand-organ.

Next will come, most likely, a dark, bent, keen-eyed old woman, with her parchment face shrunk into deep wrinkles. She bears a dangling placard, stating, in letters of white upon a patent-

leather background, what you might not otherwise suspect, — that she was a soldier under the great Napoleon, and fought with him at Waterloo. She also bears, since music goes with war, a worn accordeon. She is the old woman to whose shriveled, expectant countenance you sometimes offer up a copper coin, as she kneels by the flagged crossway path of the Park.

She is succeeded, perhaps, by a couple of black-haired, short, broad-shouldered men, leading a waddling, unconcerned bear, and talking earnestly together in a language which you will hardly follow.

Then you will see six or eight or ten other sons and daughters of toil, most of them with balloons.

All these people will turn, between the high, ball-topped gateposts, into the alley, and descend at once to the left, by a flight of three or four steps, to a side basement door.

As they begin to flock in, you will see through the alley gate a dark, thick-set man, of middle age, but with very little hair, come and stand at the foot of the steps, in the doorway. It is Sorel, the master of the house; for this is the *Maison Sorel*. Some of his guests he greets with a Noachian deluge of swift French words and high-pitched cries of welcome. It is thus that he receives those capitalists, the bear-leaders from the Pyrenees; it is thus that he greets the grizzled man in the blue cap and blouse, — *Fidèle* the old soldier, *Fidèle* the pensioner, to whom a great government, far away, at Washington, doubtless with much else on its mind, never forgets to send by mail, each quarter-day morning, a special, personal communication, marked with *Fidèle's* own name, inclosing the preliminaries of a remittance: "Accept" (as it were) "this slight tribute." "Ah! *que c'est*

un gouvernement ! Voilà une république ! ”

Even a Frenchman may be proud to be an American !

Most of his guests, however, Sorel receives with a mere pantomime of wide-opened eyes and extended hands and shrugged-up shoulders, accompanied by a long-drawn “Eh !” by which he bodies forth a thousand refinements of thought which language would fail to express. Does a fresh immigrant from the Cévennes bring back at night but one or two of the gay balloons with which she was stocked in the morning, or, better, none ; or, on the other hand, does a stalwart man just from the rich Brie country return at sundown in abject despair, bringing back almost all of the red and blue globes which floated like a radiant constellation of hope about his head when he set forth in the early morning, Sorel can express, by his “Eh !” and some slight movement, with subtle exactness and with no possibility of being misapprehended, the precise shade of feeling with which the result inspires him.

But there he stops. Nothing is said. Sorel is a philosopher : he has indicated volumes, and he will not dilute with language. One who has fired a little lead bullet does not need to throw after it a bushel of mustard-seed.

The company, as they come in, one by one, wash their hands and faces, if they see fit, at the kitchen sink, and dry them on a long roller-towel, — a device adopted, probably, from the Americans. Then they retire to the room behind the kitchen, and seat themselves at a long table, at which the bear-leaders place themselves only after seeing their animal fed, in the coal-hole, where he is quartered.

At the supper-table all is joy, even with the hopeless. Fidèle beams with good-humor, and not infrequently is called on to describe, amid a general hush, for the benefit of some new-comer from la belle France, the quarter-

ly receipt of the communication from Washington : how he stays at home that day, and shaves, and waits at the door for la poste ; how the gray-uniformed letter-carrier appears, hands out a letter “as large as that,” and nods smilingly to Fidèle : he, too, fought at “la Montagne du Lookout.” The amount of the sergeant’s pension astonishes them, wonted as they are to the pecuniary treatment of soldiers in the Old World. “Mais, it is a fortune ! Fidèle is a vrai rentier ! Ah ! une république comme ça ! ”

Generally, however, Fidèle contents himself, at the evening meal, with smiling good-humoredly on everybody, and rapidly passing in, under his drooping mustache, spoonfuls of soup, morsels from the long French loaf, and draughts of lager beer ; for only the rich can have wine in this country, and in the matter of drink an exile must needs lower his standard, as the prodigal lowered his.

While Sorel and his wife and their busy maid fly in and out with potage and rôti, “t-r-r-rès succulent,” the precise history of which, perhaps, it would be unprofitable to pry into, there is much excited conversation. You see at once that many amusing things happen to one who sells balloons all day upon the Park. And there are varied fortunes to recount. Such a lady actually wished to buy three for fifty cents ! Such a “police-er-mann” is to be highly commended. Such another looks with an evil eye upon all : he should truly be removed from office. There is a rumor that a license fee is to be required by the city.

All this is food for discussion.

After supper they all sit about the kitchen or in the alley-way, chatting, smoking. She who has been lucky in her sales basks in Sorel’s favor ; the unfortunate peasant from the Brie country feels the little bullet in his heart, and nurses a desperate resolution to redeem himself on the morrow. One must live.

Sometimes, if you happen to pass there on a warm evening, you may see a young woman, rather handsome, sitting sideways on the outer basement steps, looking absently before her, straight-backed, upright, with her hands clasped about one knee, with her skirt sweeping away: a picture of Alsace. I have never been able to find out who she is.

One evening there is a little flutter among this brood. A gentleman, at the alley door, wishes to see M. Sorel. M. Sorel leads the gentleman out, through the alley gate, to the front street-door; then, retiring whence he came, he shortly appears from within at the front door, which opens only after a struggle. A knot of small boys has instantly gathered, apparently impressed with a vague, awful expectation that the gentleman about to enter will never come out. Realizing, however, that in that case there will be nothing to see, they slowly disperse when the door is closed, and resume their play.

Sorel ushers the gentleman into the front parlor, which is Sorel's bedroom, which is also the storehouse of his merchandise, which is also the nursery. At this moment an infant is sleeping in a trundle-bed.

The gentleman takes a chair. So does Sorel. The gentleman does not talk French. Fortunately, M. Sorel can mangle the English: he has learned it in making purchases for his table.

"I am an officer of the government," says Mr. Fox, with a very sharp, distinct utterance, "in the custom-house. You know 'custom-house'?"

M. Sorel does not commit himself. He is an importer of toys. One must be on his guard.

Thereupon, a complicated explanation: this street, and that street, and the other street, and this building, and the market, and the great building standing here.

Ah! yes! M. Sorel identifies the

building. Then he is informed that many government officers are there. He knew it very well before.

The conversation goes a step further.

Mr. Fox is one of those officers. The government is at present in need of a gentleman absolutely trustworthy, for certain important duties: perhaps to judge of silks; perhaps to oversee the weighing of sugar, of iron, of diamonds; perhaps to taste of wines, — who can say what service this great government may not need from its children!

With some labor, since the English is only a translucent, and not a transparent medium to Sorel, this is made clear. Still the horizon is dark.

Mr. Fox draws his chair nearer, facing Sorel, who looks uneasy: Sorel's feelings, to the thousandth degree of subdivision, are always declaring themselves in swift succession upon his face.

Mr. Fox proceeds.

The great officer of the custom-house, the collector —

"Le chef?" interrupts Sorel.

— yes, the chef (Mr. Fox seizes upon the word and clings to it), — the chef has been speaking anxiously to Mr. Fox about this vacancy: Mr. Fox is in the chef's confidence.

"Ah!" from Sorel, in a tone of utter bewilderment.

"We must have," the chef had said to Mr. Fox, — "we must have for this place a noble man, a man with a large heart" (the exact required dimensions Mr. Fox does not give), "a man who loves his government, a man who has showed himself ready to die for her; we must have" — here Mr. Fox bends forward and lays his hand upon Sorel's knee, and looks him in the eye — "we must have — a *soldier*!"

"Ah!" says Sorel, moving his chair back a little, unconsciously, "il faut un soldat! I un'stan', — le chef, 'e boun' to 'ave one sol'ier!"

Still, however, no comprehension of the stranger's object.

Curiosity, however, prompts Sorel at this point to an inquiry: "'Ow much 'e goin' pay 'im?"

Mr. Fox suggests that he guess. M. Sorel guesses, boldly and high, — almost insolently high, — eight dollars a week: she is so generous, la République!

Higher!

"Higher!" Sorel's eyes open. He guesses again, and recklessly: "Dix dollars par semaine; you know — ten dol-lar ever-y week."

Try again, — again, — again! He guesses, madly now, as one risks his gold at Baden: twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen.

Yes, eighteen dollars a week, and more, — a thousand dollars every year.

Sorel wipes his brow. A thousand dollars in one year! It is like a temptation of the devil.

Sorel ventures another inquiry: The chef of the custom-'ouse, esteeming the old soldiers so highly, is an old soldier himself, — is it not so? He has fought for his country? Doubtless he has lost an arm. And Sorel instinctively lets his right arm hang limp, as if the sleeve were empty.

No; the chef was an editor and a statesman, in the time of the war. He had greatly desired to go to fight, but his duties did not permit it. Still, he loves the old soldier.

Another advance in the conversation, this time by Mr. Fox.

The government, it seems, has now awakened, with deep distress, to the fact that one class of soldiers she has hitherto forgotten. The government — that is, the chef of the custom-house — had this very morning said to Mr. Fox that this class of old soldiers must be brought forward, for trust and for honor. "We must choose for this vacant place," the chef had said, — here Mr. Fox brings his face forward in close proximity to Sorel's astonished countenance, — "we must have, not only an old soldier, but — a *Frenchman*!"

"Ah!"

"Such a soldier lives here," says Mr. Fox; "is it not true? So brave, so honest, so modest, so faithful! Ready to die for his country; worthy of trust and worthy of reward!"

"Mais," with amazement. Yes, such a soldier lives there. But can it be that monsieur refers to our Fidèle?

Precisely so!

Whereupon Sorel, hard, hairless, but French, weeps, and embraces Mr. Fox as the representative of the great government at Washington; and, weeping and laughing, leads him down-stairs, and presents him to Fidèle and to the bear-leaders, and opens a bottle of weak vinegar.

Such an ovation as Fidèle receives! And such a generous government! To send a special messenger to seek out the old sergeant in his retirement! So thoughtful! But it is all of a piece with its unfailing care in the past.

Fidèle begins, on the spot, to resume something of his former erectness and soldierly bearing; to shake off the stoop and slouch that lameness and the drawing about of his "musique" has given him. He wants to tell the story of Lookout Mountain.

As Mr. Fox is about to go, he recollects himself. Oh! By the way, one thing more. It is not pleasant to mingle sadness with rejoicing. But Mr. Fox is the reluctant bearer of a gentle reproach from the great government at Washington. Her French children, — are they not just a little remiss? And when she is so bountiful, so thoughtful!

"Mais — how you mean?" — with surprise.

Why, — and there is a certain pathos in Mr. Fox's tone, as he stands facing Sorel, with the gaze of a loving, reproachful friend, — why, how many of the Frenchmen of this quarter are ever seen now at the pleasant gatherings of the Republicans, in the wardroom?

The Republic, the Republicans, — it is all one. Is that quite kind to the Republic? Should not her French children, on their part, show filial devotion to the fond government?

"Mais," M. Sorel swiftly explains, they are weary of going. They understand nothing. One sits and smokes a little while, and one talks; then one puts a little ticket into one's hand; one is jammed into a long file; one slips his ticket into a box; he knows not for whom he is voting; it is like a flock of sheep. What is the use of going?

Ah! that is the trouble? Then they are unjustly reproached. The government has indeed neglected to guide them. But suppose that some officer of the government — Mr. Fox himself, for instance — will be at the meeting? Then can M. Sorel induce those good French citizens to come?

Induce them! They will be only too ready; in fact, at a word from M. Sorel, and particularly when the news of this great honor to Fidèle shall have spread abroad, twenty, thirty, fifty will go to every meeting, — that is, if a friend be there to guide them. At the very next meeting, monsieur shall see whether the great government's French children are neglectful!

Whereupon the great government, in the person of Mr. Fox, then and there falls in spirit upon the neck of her French citizen-children, represented by Sorel and Fidèle, and full reconciliation is made.

Yes, Mr. Fox will come again. M. Sorel must introduce him to those brave Frenchmen, his friends and neighbors; Mr. Fox must grasp them by the hand, one by one. Sorel must take him to the Société des Franco-Américains, where they gather. The government wishes to know them better. And (this in a confidential whisper) there may be other places to be filled. What! Suppose, now, that the government should some day demand the services of M. Sorel

himself in the custom-house; and, since he is a business man, at a still larger salary than a thousand dollars a year!

"Ah, monsieur" (in a tone of playful reproach), "vous êtes un flatteur, n'est-ce pas? — you know, — I guess you giv'n' me taffy."

Such a hero as Fidèle was! No more balloons, no more carting about of "ma musique;" a square room up-stairs, a bottle of wine at dinner, short hours, distinction, — in fine, all that the heart could wish.

I have been speaking in the present: I should have spoken in the past.

It was shortly after Fidèle's appointment — in the early autumn — that I first made his and Sorel's acquaintance.

I was teaching in an evening school, not far from Madeira Place, and among my scholars was Sorel's only son, a boy of perhaps fourteen, whom his father had left behind, for a time, at school in France, and had but lately brought over. He was a shy, modest, intelligent little fellow, utterly out of place in his rude surroundings. From the pleasant village home-school, of which he sometimes told me, to the Maison Sorel was a gratifying change.

He was always waiting for me at the school-room door, and was always the last one to speak to me at closing. Perhaps I reminded him of some young usher whom he had known when life was more pleasant.

If, however, the Maison Sorel chafed Auguste, it was not for lack of affection on his father's part. Sorel often came with him to the door of the school-room; and every night, rain or shine, he was there at nine, to accompany him home. It was in this way that I first came to know Sorel; and whether it was from some kindness that Auguste may have thought I showed, or because I could talk a little French, Sorel took a great liking to me. At first, he and Auguste

would walk with me a few blocks, after school; then he would look in upon me for a few minutes at the law-office where I was studying, where I had a large anteroom to myself; finally, nothing would do but that I should visit him at his house. I had always been fond of strolling about the wharves, and I should have liked very well to stop occasionally at Sorel's, if I could have been allowed to sit in the kitchen, and hear the general conversation. But this was not sufficient state for "M. le maître d'école." I must be drawn off up-stairs to the bedroom parlor, to hear of Auguste's virtues. Such devotion I have seldom seen. Sorel would have praised Auguste, with tears in his eyes, for hours together, if I would have stayed to listen.

He had many things to show in that parlor. He had gyroscopes, and he would wind them up and set half a dozen of those anti-natural tops spinning straight out in the air for my diversion; there were great sacks of uninflated balloons, and delicate sheet-rubber, from which Sorel made up balloons; there were other curious things in rubber, — a tobacco-pouch, in perfect outward imitation of an iron kilogramme-weight, with a ring to lift it by, warranted to create "immense surprise" among those who should lift it for iron. There were tobacco-pouches, too, in facsimile of lobsters and crabs and reptiles, colored to nature, which Sorel assured me would cause roars of laughter among my friends: there was no pleasanter way of entertaining an evening company than suddenly to display one of these creatures, and make the ladies scream and run away. He presented me, at different times, with a gyroscope, a kilogramme-weight, and a lobster with a blue silk lining.

As time ran on, and, in the early winter, I began practice, Sorel brought me a little business. He had to sue two Græco-Roman wrestlers for board, and

attach their box-office receipts. Some Frenchman had heard of a little legacy left him in the Calvados, and wanted me to look up the matter.

Fidèle, too, came to me every quarter-day, to make oath before me to his pension certificate, and stopped and made a short call. He had little to say about France. His great romance had been the war, although it seemed to have fused itself into a hazy, high-colored dream of danger, excitement, suffering, and generous devotion. Tears always rose in his eyes when he spoke of "la république."

In those first days of practice, anything by the name of law business wore a halo, and I used to encourage Sorel's calls partly for this reason, and partly for practice in talking French with a common man. I hoped to go to France some day, and I wanted to be able then to talk not only with the grammatical, but with the class of people who say, "I guess likely," and "How be you?" in French.

Moreover Sorel was rather amusing. He was something of a humorist. Once he came to tell me, excitedly, that Auguste was learning music: "Il touche au violon, — mais — 'e play so bien!" And Sorel's eyes opened in wonder at the boy's quickness.

"Who teaches him?" I asked. "Some Frenchman who plays in the theatre?"

"Mais, no," Sorel replied, with a broad drollery in his eye: "professeur d'occasion!"

It was a ruined music-teacher, engaged now in selling balloons from Madeira Place, who was the "professeur d'occasion."

One day Sorel appeared, with a great story to tell. Auguste, it seemed, had wearied of home, and was determined to go to sea. Nothing could deter him. Whereupon M. Sorel had hit upon a stratagem. He had hunted up, somewhere along the wharves, two French sailors with conversational powers, and

had retained them to stop at his house for two or three days, as chance comers. It was inevitable that Auguste should ply them with eager questions, and they knew their part.

As Sorel, entering into the situation now with all his dramatic nature, with his eyes wide open, repeated to me some of the tales of horror which they had palmed off upon innocent Auguste as spontaneous truth, I could see, myself, the rigging covered with ice an inch thick; sailors climbing up ("Ah! comme ils grimpent, — ils grimpent!") barehanded, their hands freezing to the ropes at every touch, and leaving flesh behind, "comme if you put your tongue to a lam'post in the winter;" I could see the seamen's backs cut up with lashes for the slightest offenses; I tasted the foul, unwholesome food. I think that Sorel half believed it all himself, — his imagination was so powerful, — forgetting that he had paid in silver dollars for every word of it. At any rate, the ruse had been successful. Auguste had been thoroughly scared, and had consented to stay at home, and the most threatening cloud, probably, of Sorel's life had blown over.

Usually, however, Sorel and I talked politics; and to our common pleasure we generally agreed. Sorel knew very little about the details of our government, and would listen to me with the utmost eagerness while I practiced my French upon him: explaining to his wondering mind the relations of the states to each other and to the general government, and the system of state and federal courts. He was very quick, and he took in the ingenious scheme with great facility. Then he would tell me about the workings of government in the French villages and departments; and as he read French papers, he had always something in the way of news, or explanation of recent events. I have since come to believe that he was exceedingly well informed.

The most singular thing about him to me was how he could cherish on the one hand such devotion, as he plainly did, to France, and on the other hand such a passionate attachment to the United States. In fact, that double patriotism is one of the most singular features of our country.

I could lead him, in twenty minutes, through the whole gamut of emotion, by talking about Auguste, and then of politics. It was irresistible, the temptation to lead him out. A word about Auguste, and he would wipe tears from his eyes. A mention of Gambetta, and the bare idea filled him with enthusiasm. He was instantly, in imagination, one of a surging crowd, throwing his hat in the air, or drawing Gambetta's carriage through the streets of Paris. I had only to speak of Alsace to bring him to a mood of sullen ugliness and hatred. He was, I have no doubt, a pretty good tempered man; he was certainly warm-hearted; his apparent harshness to his balloon-venders was probably nothing more than necessary parental severity, and he was always ready to recognize their successes. But I have never seen a more wicked and desperate expression than an allusion to Alsace called up in his face and in his whole bearing. Sometimes he would laugh, when I mentioned the severed province; but it was with a hard, metallic, cruel laugh. He felt the loss as he would have felt the loss of a limb. The first time I brought up the topic, I saw the whole bitter story of the dismembering of France.

There was another subject which called out that same bitter, revengeful look, and that cruel, nasal laugh: the royalist factions and the Bonapartists. When we spoke of them, and I watched his face and heard his soulless laughter, I saw the French Revolution.

But he could always be brought back to open childish delight and warmth by a reference to the United States. Our government, in his eyes, embodied all

that was good. France was now a "république," to be sure, and he rejoiced in the fact; but he evidently felt the power and settled stability of our republic, and he seemed to have a filial devotion toward it closely akin to his love for Auguste.

How fortunate we were! Here there were no *Légitimistes*, no *Orléanistes*, no *Bonapartistes*, for a perpetual menace! Here all citizens, however else their views might differ, believed, at least, in the republic, and desired to stay her hands. There were no factions here continually plotting in the darkness. Here the machinery of government was all in view, and open to discussion and improvement. Ah, what a proud, happy country is this! "Que c'est un république!"

I gathered enthusiasm myself from this stranger's ardor for the country of his adoption. I think that I appreciated better, through him, the free openness of our institutions. It is of great advantage to meet an intense man, of associations different from your own, who, by his very intensity and narrowness, instantly puts you at his standpoint. I viewed the United States from the shores of a sister republic, which has to contend against strong and organized political forces not recognized in the laws, working beneath the surface, which nevertheless are facts.

One acquaintance leads to another. Through Sorel, whose house was the final resort of Frenchmen in distress, and their asylum if they were helpless, not only *Fidèle*, but a number of other Frenchmen of that neighborhood, began to come to me with their small affairs. I was the *avocat* who "talked French." I am afraid that they were surprised at my "French" when they heard it.

There was a willow-worker from the *Pas-de-Calais*, a deformed man, walking high and low, and always wanting to rise from his chair and lay his hand

upon my shoulder, as he talked, who came to consult me about the recovery of a hundred francs which he had advanced at "Anvers" to a Belgian tailor, upon the pledge of a sewing-machine, on consideration that the tailor, who was to come in a different steamer, should take charge of the willow-worker's dog on the voyage, — the willow-worker had a wife and six children to look after. This was a lofty contest; but I had time then. I found a little amusement in the case, and I had the advantage of two or three hours in all of practical French conversation with men thoroughly in earnest. Finally, I had the satisfaction of settling their dispute, and so keeping them from a quarrel.

Then there was a French cook out of a job, who wanted me to find him a place. He was gathering mushrooms, meanwhile, for the hotels. One day he surprised me by coming into my office in a white linen cap, brandishing in his hand a long, gleaming knife. He only desired, however, to tell me that he had found a place at one of the clubs, and to show, in his pride, the shining blade which he had just bought as his equipment.

But the man who impressed me most, after Sorel, was Carron. He first appeared as the friend of the cook, whom he introduced to me, with many flourishes and compliments, although he was an utter stranger himself. Carron was a well-built and rather handsome man, of medium height, and was then, perhaps, fifty years of age. He had a remarkably bright, intelligent face, curling brown hair, and a full, wavy brown beard. He kept a rival boarding-house, not far from Sorel's, in a gabled wooden house two hundred years old, which was anciently the home of an eminent Puritan divine. In the oak-paneled room where the theologian wrote his famous tract upon the Carpenter who Profanely undertook to Dispense the Word in the

way of Public Ministration, and was Divinely struck Dumb in consequence, Carron now sold beer from a keg.

It was plain at a glance that his present was not of a piece with his past. I could not place him. His manners were easy and agreeable, and yet he was not a gentleman. He was well informed, and evidently of some mental training, and yet he was not quite an educated man. After his first visit to me, with the cook, he, too, occasionally looked in upon me, generally late in the afternoon, when I could call the day's work done, and could talk French for half an hour with him, in place of taking a walk. He was strongly dramatic, like Sorel, but in a different way. Sorel was intense; Carron was *théâtral*. He was very fond of declamation; and seeing from the first my wish to learn French, — which Sorel would never very definitely recognize, — he often recited to me, for ear practice, and in an exceedingly effective way, passages from the Old Testament. He seemed to know the Psalms by heart. He was a good deal of an actor, and he took the part of a Hebrew prophet with great effect. But his fervor was all stage fire, and he would turn in an instant from a denunciatory Psalm to a humorous story. Even his stories were of a religious cast, like those that ministers relate, when they gather socially. He told me once about a priest who was strolling along the bank of the Loire, when a drunken sailor accosted him, and reviled him as a lazy good-for-nothing, a *fainéant*, and slapped his face. The priest only turned the other cheek to him. "Strike again," he said; and the sailor struck. "Now, my friend," said the priest, "the Evangelist says that when one strikes us we are to turn the other cheek; but there it ends its instruction, and leaves us to follow our own judgment:" whereupon, being a powerful man, he collared the sailor, and plunged him into the water.

He told me, too, with great unction,

and with a roguish gleam in his eye, a story of a small child who was directed to prepare herself for confession, and, being given a manual for self-examination, found the wrong places, and appeared with this array of sins: "I have been unfaithful to my marriage vows. . . . I have not made the tour of my diocese."

Carron had an Irish wife (*une Irlandaise*), much younger than himself, whom he worshiped. He told me, one day, about his courtship. When he first met her, she knew not a word of French, and he not a word of English. He was greatly captivated (*épris*), and had to contrive some mode of communication. They were both Catholics. He had a prayer-book, with Latin and French in parallel columns; she had a similar prayer-book, but in Latin and English. They would seat themselves, and Carron would find in his prayer-book a sentence in French that would suit his turn, on a pinch, and through the medium of the Latin would find the corresponding passage in English in Norah's prayer-book, and point it out to her. Norah, in her turn, would select and point out some passage in English that would serve as a tribute to Carron's charms, and he would discover in his prayer-book, in French, what that tribute was. Why should we deem the dead languages no longer a practical study, when Latin can gain for a Frenchman an Irish wife!

Carron, as I have said, puzzled me. He had not the pensive air of one who has "seen better days." He was more than cheerful in his present life; he was full of spirits; and yet it was plain that he had been brought up for something different. I asked him once to tell me, for French lessons, the story of his life. With the most charming complaisance, he at once consented; but he proceeded in such endless detail, the first time, in an account of his early boyhood in a strict Benedictine monastery school, in

the south of France, as to suggest that he was talking against time. And although his spirited and amusing picture of his childhood days only awakened my curiosity, I could never persuade him to resume the history. It was always "the next time."

He seemed to be poor; but he never asked a favor, except for others. On the contrary, he brought me some little business. A *Belge* had been cheated out of five hundred dollars, and I recovered half of it for him. A Frenchman from *le Midi* had bought out a little business, and the seller had immediately set up a rival shop next door; I succeeded in shutting up the rival. I was a prodigy.

After a time I was told something further as to Carron's life. He was a Capuchin monk, in a monastery at or near Paris. The instant that I heard this statement, I felt in my very soul that it was true. My eye had always missed something in Carron. I now knew exactly what it was, — a shaved crown, bare feet, and a cowl.

It was the usage for the brethren of his order to go about Paris barefoot, begging. They were not permitted by the concierges to go into the great apartment hôtels. But Carron, "il est très fin," said my informant; "you know, — 'e is var' smart." Carron would learn, by careful inquiry, the name of a resident on an upper floor; then he would appear at the concierge's door, and would mention the name of this resident, with such adroit, demure, and absolute confidence that he would be permitted at once to ascend. Once inside, he would go the rounds of the apartments. So he would get five times as much in a day as any of his fellows. A certain amount of the receipts he would yield up to the treasury of the monastery; the rest he kept for himself. After a while this came to be suspected, and he quietly withdrew to a new country.

There was not the slightest tangible

corroboration of this story. It might have been the merest gossip, or the invention of an enemy. But it fitted Carron so perfectly that from the day I heard it I could never, somehow, question its substantial truth. If I had, I should have repeated it to him, to give him an opportunity to answer. But something warned me not to do so.

Fidèle held on well at the custom-house, and I think that he became a general favorite. No one who took the old soldier by the hand and looked him in the eye could question his absolute honesty; and as for skill in his duties — well, he had beyond doubt sufficient capacity to learn them, after a reasonable apprenticeship.

But he was not saving much money. He was free to give and free to lend to his fellow-countrymen; and, moreover, various ways were pointed out to him by Mr. Fox, from time to time, in which an old soldier, delighting to aid his country, could serve her pecuniarily. The republic, — that is, the Republicans, — it was all one.

One afternoon, late in summer, Fidèle appeared at my office. He seldom visited me, except quarterly for his pension affidavit. As he came in now, I saw that something had happened. His grizzly face wore the same kindly smile that it had always borne, but the light had gone out of it. His story was short. He had lost his place. He had been notified that his services would not be needed after Saturday. No reason had been given him; he was simply dismissed in humiliation. There must be some misunderstanding, such as occurs between the warmest friends. And was not the great government his friend? Did it not send him his pension regularly? Had it not sent a special messenger to seek him out, in his obscurity, for this position; and was he not far better suited to it now than at the outset?

In reply to questions from me, he told me more about Mr. Fox's first visit than I had hitherto known. I asked him, in a casual way, about the ward meetings, and whether the French citizens generally attended them. No; they had been dropping off; they had become envious, perhaps, of him; they had formed a club, with Carron for president, and had voted to act in a body ("en solidarité").

Then I told Fidèle that I knew no way to help him, and that I feared his dismissal was final. He could not understand me, but went away, leaning on his cane, dragging his left foot sidewise behind him, with something of the air of an old faithful officer who has been deprived of his sword.

He had not been gone more than an hour, when the door opened again, and Carron looked in. Seeing that I was alone, he closed the door, and walked very slowly towards my desk, — erect, demure, impassive, looking straight forward, and not at me, with an air as if he were bearing a candle in high mass, intoning as he came a passage from the Psalms: "Je me réjouirai; je partagerai Sichem, et je mesurerai la vallée de Succoth. Galaad sera à moi, Manassé sera à moi; . . . Moab sera le bassin où je me laverai, et je jetterai mon soulier sur Edom." . . . Qui est-ce qui me conduira dans la ville fortée? Qui est-ce qui me conduira jusqu'à Edom?" (I will rejoice; I will divide Shechem, and mete out the valley of Succoth. Gilead is mine; Manasseh is mine: . . . Moab is my washpot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe; . . . Who will bring me into the strong city? Who will lead me into Edom?) He propounded the closing inquiry with great unction; but his manner expressed entire confidence that some one would be found to lead him into the strong city, to lead him into Edom.

I had lost something of my interest in Carron since I had heard the story

of his Parisian exploits; but I could not help being amused at his manner. It portended something. He made no disclosure, however. Whatever he had to tell, he went away without telling it; contenting himself for the present with intimating by his triumphal manner that great good fortune was in the air.

On Saturday afternoon, as I was about closing my desk, — a little earlier than usual, for it was a most tempting late September day, and the waves of the harbor, which I could just see from my office window, called loudly to me, — Sorel appeared. I held out my hand, but he affected not to see it, and he sat down without a word. He was plainly disturbed and somewhat excited.

Of course I knew that it was his old friend's misfortune which weighed upon him; he was proud and fond of Fidèle.

I seated myself, and waited for him to speak. In a moment he began, with a low, hard laugh: "Sembler que notre bon Fidèle a sa démission: you know, — our Fidèle got bounced."

Yes, I said, he had told me so; and I was very sorry to hear it.

"Evidemment" (this in a tone of irony) "il faut un homme plus juste, plus loyale, que le pauvre Fidèle! You know, — they got to 'ave one more honest man! Bien! You know who goin' 'ave 'is place?"

I shook my head.

Sorel laid down his hat, and wiped his brow with his handkerchief. Then he went on, no longer speaking in French and then translating, — his usual concession to my supposed desires, — but mostly now in quasi-English: "Mais, M's' Shandler" (this was his rendering of Chandler), "you thing this great gouvernement wan' hones' men work for her, n'est-ce pas?"

"The government ought to have the most honest men," I said.

"Bien. Now you thing the gouvernement boun' to 'ave some men w'at mos' know the bus-i-ness, n'est-ce pas?"

"It ought to have them."

Sorel wiped his brow again. "Now, which you thing the most honestes' man, — Fidèle, or — Carron? Which you thing know the bus-i-ness bes', — Fidèle, w'at been there, or Carron, w'at ain't been there?"

"Fidèle, of course."

"Then tell me, w'at for they bounce' our Fidèle, and let Carron got 'is place?" and he burst into a harsh, resonant, contemptuous laugh. In a moment he resumed: "Now, M's' Shandler, I only got one thing more to ax you," and taking his felt hat in his hands, he held it on his knees, before him, and, stooping a little forward, eyed me closely: "You know w'at we talk sometimes, you an' me, 'bout our Frensh république, — some Orléanistes, some Légitimistes, some Bonapartistes? You merember 'ow we talk, you and me?"

I nodded.

"We ain' got no Orléanistes, no Bonapartistes, ici, in this gouvernement, n'est-ce pas?"

I intimated that I had never met any.

"Now, M's' Shandler," with an increased bitterness in his tone and his hard smile, "I use' thing you one good frien' to me, mais, you been makin' fool of me all that time!"

"You don't think any such thing," I said.

"M's' Shandler," he went on, "you know who bounce our Fidèle?"

"No."

Sorel received my reply with a low, incredulous laugh. Then he laid his hat down on the floor, drew his chair closer, held out his finger, and, with the air of one who shows another that he knows his secret he demanded: —

"Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un 'Boss'?"

I sat silent for a moment, looking at him, not knowing just what to say.

"Mais," he went on, "all the Américains" (they were chiefly Irish) "roun' my 'ouse been tellin' me, long time, 'Le Boss goin' bounce Fidèle.' Me, I laugh

w'en they say so. I say, 'Le Boss? C'est un créature d'imagination, pour nous effrayer,' you know, — make us scart. 'C'est un loup-garou,' you know, — w'at make 'fraid li'l chil'ren. That's w'at I tell them. I thing then you would n't been makin' fool of me."

"They don't know what they are talking about," I said. "How can they know why Fidèle is removed?"

"Mais, you jus' wait; I goin' tell you, M's' Shandler; I fin' they do know. Fidèle take he sol'ier-papers, an' he go see le chef" (here Sorel rose, and acted Fidèle). "Fidèle, 'e show those papers to le chef; 'e say, 'Now you boun' tell me why le bon gouvernement, w'at's been my frien', bounce me now.' 'E say le chef boun' to tell 'im, — il faut absolument! 'E say 'e won' go 'way if le chef don' tell 'im; an' you know, no man can't scare our Fidèle!"

"Very well," I said: "what did the collector, the chef, tell him? Fidèle is too lame, I suppose?"

"Mais, non," with a suspicious smile. "Le chef, he mos' cry, — yas, sar, — an' 'e say 'e ain't got no trouble 'gainst Fidèle; la république, she ain't got no trouble 'gainst Fidèle. 'E say 'e di'n want Fidèle to go; le gouvernement, she di'n want 'im to go. Mais, 'e say, 'e can't help hisself; le gouvernement, she can't help herself. Yas, sar. Then Fidèle know w'at evarybody been tellin' us was true, — le 'Boss,' 'e make 'im go!" And Sorel sat back in his chair.

"Now I ax you one time more, M's' Shandler," he resumed: "qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un, 'Boss'?"

What could I say! How could I explain, off-hand, to this stranger, the big boss, the little boss, the state boss, the ward boss, the county boss, all burrowing underneath our theoretical government! How could I explain to him that Fidèle's department in the custom-house had been allotted to a Congressman about to run for the governorship, who

needed it to control a few more ward meetings, — needed, in the third ward caucus, those very French votes which Carrou had been shrewd enough to steal away and organize! What could I say to Sorel which he, foreigner that he was, would not misconstrue as inconsistent with our past glorifications of our republic! What did I say! I do not know. I only remember that he interrupted me, harshly and abruptly, as he rose to go.

"You an' me got great pitié, ain't we," he said, "for notre France, la pauvre France, 'cause she got so many folks w'at tourbillonnent sous la surface, — les Orléanistes, les Bonapartistes; don't we say so? Mais, il n'y en a pas, ici, — you know, we ain't got none here; don't we say so? We ain't got no factionnaires here! Mais, non!" Then, lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper: "M's' Shandler," he said, "votre bonne république, c'est une république du théâtre!"

He had hardly closed the door behind him, when he opened it again, and put in his head, and with his hard, mocking laugh, demanded, "Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un 'Boss'?" And as he walked down the hall, I could still hear his scornful laughter.

He never came to see me again. I sometimes heard of him through Carrou, who had succeeded to Fidèle's position, and had elevated a considerable part of his following: for three or four

weeks they were employed at three dollars a day in the navy-yard, where, to their utter mystification, they moved, with a certain planetary regularity, ship-timber from the west to the east side of the yard, and then back from the east side to the west. You remember reading about this in the congressional contest.

Though Sorel never visited me again, I occasionally saw him: once, near the evening-school, when I went as a guest; once in the long market; once in the post-office; and once he touched me on the shoulder, as I was leaning over the street-railing, by the dock, looking down at a Swedish bark. Each time he had but one thing to say; and having said it, he would break into his harsh, cutting laugh, and pass along: —

"Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un 'Boss'?"

And Fidèle?

Still, if you will go to Madeira Place at sunset, you may see the cap and blouse come slowly in. Still the old sergeant sits at the head of the table. But his ideal is gone; his idol has clay feet. No longer does he describe to new-comers from France the receipt of his pension. All the old fond pride in it is gone, and he takes the money now as dollars and cents.

In the conversation, however, around the table the great government at Washington is not entirely forgotten. Sometimes Sorel tells his guests about the Boss.

C. H. White.

A VISIT TO SOUTH CAROLINA IN 1860.

In the early spring of the year before the outbreak of the war of the rebellion, the harbingers of that red dawn were already in the sky, but few understood what they foretold. Transfigured by their light, the every-day incidents

of a college vacation seem now to have a meaning little dreamed of by the careless students who spent a pleasant month amid scenes and objects soon to take on a strange significance. Even the steamer which bore them from New York to

Charleston, then a peaceful messenger of commerce, was speedily metamorphosed into the Confederate man-of-war Nashville. We who had passed merry hours in her cabin, had paced her decks from stem to stern, and had weathered in her a mighty gale "off Hatteras," could not but feel a certain interest in her after-fortunes; and though loyalty required us to disapprove of her course, and to rejoice at her discomfiture, it was hard to repress a kind of admiration for the saucy craft which so cleverly ran the blockade again and again, and was the first to fly the rebel flag in English waters. We were even conscious of a faint pang when, but two years later, the embryo pirate was reduced to a mass of smoking ruins by the shells of the monitor Montauk.

Surely no one could have predicted such a fate for the staunch little vessel on that bright morning in April, when she steamed gayly up Charleston harbor, and, passing the frowning guns of Fort Moultrie on the right and the unfinished works of Fort Sumter on the left, brought us safely to our port. The handsome city, rising proudly from the bay, between its twin rivers, with its Battery Square at their junction, reminded us in situation of the great metropolis we had just left; but its beautifully shaded streets, its quaint old houses,—with wealth of veranda and balcony, standing at an angle to the street the better to catch the sea breeze, and surrounded by high-walled gardens,—its semi-tropical air, were all its own, and had no parallel at the North.

So, too, the multitude of negroes was a distinctive feature; and there was to us a great variety and novelty about the Southern specimens of the article. It was the custom to visit the public market in the very early morning, to see to the best advantage one of the sights of the place. Few were more attractive or more picturesque than the long building, filled with stalls of fruit and flowers,

presided over by portly colored women wearing gay turbans, each one of whom was invariably addressed as "auntie." Again, the household servants, fully three times as numerous as in similar establishments at the North, were an amusing study. Their phenomenal slowness may be illustrated by a single incident. Our host, as we were going to drive, found no whip in the carriage, and said to the groom at the horse's head, "Sam, go to the stable, and bring me the whip!" "Yes, massa!" replied Sam, as he leisurely disappeared. Hardly was he out of sight, when the master, addressing another negro, said, "Tom, go and stir up Sam!" "Yes, massa!" answered Tom, as he slowly followed in the wake of Sam. No sooner had he faded from view than our friend, in the most matter-of-course way, called to one more of his people, "Jim, you go and stir up Tom!" "Yes, massa!" was the obedient response, as the third messenger shuffled along the stable path. After we had waited long enough for a Northern man to make a whip, the three negroes returned together, the last sent carrying the desired article. And yet, despite such experiences, which must have been the rule of their daily life, the patience of the masters seemed never to fail, and their care of their servants, as we saw it, was something wonderful. In almost every house we visited, there was a group of old and utterly useless slaves, who were maintained by their owner in comfort. The relation between the family and the servants of the house was one of friendship, and seemingly almost of equality.

The term "abolitionist" had evidently been used to alarm the blacks, and the younger ones, especially, were firmly convinced that it meant a terrible creature, intent upon evil to them. Some waggish youths spread the story among the African members of the households in which we visited that we were what they called "Bobolitionists." For some

time our appearance at the gateway of any of these houses was the signal for the instant disappearance of the crowd of young negroes who but a moment before had been basking on the steps or on the piazza, or in the doorway; and our entrance to the mansion was enlivened by the frightened glances of the sooty images hiding behind hat-stands, or peeping around corners. On one occasion, when a specially bright young darkey had been sent for to give us a specimen of a plantation dance and song, he bolted at the parlor door, and firmly refused to enter the room, lest the "Bobolitionists" should carry him "Norf."

Very earnest efforts were made by our friends to convince us that the patriarchal institution was absolutely the best possible arrangement for the black man. In fact, we even suspected, sometimes, that picturesque tableaux had been arranged for our particular benefit. After a dinner party, for instance, at which slavery had been demonstrated, from Scripture and nature alike, to be wholly right, and just at the point when our eloquent host was asserting that his negroes were treated like his own children, an apparently accidental drawing aside of the cloth revealed his little son and a black boy, each about six years of age, fast asleep in one another's arms, under the table.

There was, however, another side to this matter, which could not escape our attention, although we were left to find it out for ourselves. The city of Charleston had at this time a population of forty thousand, almost equally divided between the two races. There were several large stone barracks in different parts of the city, each one a fort in itself. These were manned by policemen, drilled and armed as soldiers. The men were mainly of Irish birth, and were required to be unmarried and to live in the barracks. After sunset each block was patrolled by one member of

this force, and a mounted guard was assigned to each three blocks. The signals and communications were perfect. The officers were graduates of the South Carolina military schools, and their discipline was rigid. At night the whole city was under martial law, so far as the blacks were concerned. Any negro found in the streets after nine in the evening, without a pass from his master, was arrested forthwith. At ten minutes before nine, a drummer in front of each police station began to beat the long roll, and at once the streets were full of colored men, women, and children, flying to their homes. During the last minute a succession of sharp taps was given, and as these rang out the confusion increased. This was the opportunity for young and active darkies to have a little sport at the expense of the police. It so happened that the duties of scavengers, about the markets and other parts of the city, were performed by useful but unsightly birds, called buzzards. The negroes used to apply this name to the policemen, whose fiercest wrath was aroused by the unsavory title. A juvenile African, having, with masterly generalship, provided a safe line of retreat, would sally from his entrenchment just at the forbidden hour, dancing, turning somersaults, and shouting the hated name of buzzard, as the patrolmen came in sight. The maligned officials, after securing the gateway whence the offender had emerged, would close in upon him, apparently leaving no chance for escape; but at the critical moment, a sudden rush for tree, or vine, or some footway known only to the boy, would carry him safely over the garden wall, from which, as he disappeared from view, a parting cry of "Good-night, buzzard!" taunted the baffled pursuers.

But woe to the unhappy slave who was caught, and not released in the morning by his master's intercession. A sound flogging was the penalty for male

and female alike. We did not soon forget the cries and shrieks which came from one of those grim bastilles, when a party of unhappy victims, captured late the night before on their return from some merry-making, thus expiated their offense; and pitiful was the appearance of the forlorn women, in their ruined finery, who issued from its sombre portals, and went sobbing to their homes. What wonder that under such a system the possibility of a rising of the slaves was ever before the masters' minds! It was well understood, therefore, that a drum-beat after nine o'clock at night meant a negro insurrection. When the band of the New York delegation to the Charleston convention began, at ten o'clock, one evening, to serenade some distinguished visitors to the city, it was stopped in the midst of its performance, and forbidden to use its drums. We stood in the moonlight, listening to the music, when suddenly the chief of police, in full uniform, appeared on the scene, and commanded silence. Addressing himself to the leader, he politely explained the rule, and the reason of it, saying, "Play any music you like, if you can dispense with your drums. Their sound at this hour would arouse the whole city." This trivial incident simply showed the existence of a state of things like that which Jefferson described, when he said, "If the alarm-bell sound in Richmond at night, every mother clasps her babe more closely in her arms, fearing for their very lives."

The ever-present dread of a revolt of the subject race could have originated among such a people only in a sense of real danger, for in all other respects their self-confidence was boundless. Their superiority to the citizens of the other States was mentioned, not boastfully, but in a quiet and axiomatic way. This was curiously exemplified in their Revolutionary traditions, and in their accounts of the part which South Carolina played in that great struggle.

It was easy to sympathize with the patriotic feeling manifested, when the houses in which Marion and Sumter had lived were pointed out, or the scene of Sargeant Jasper's famous exploit was shown. But when one was practically informed that the success of the colonies in the war of the Revolution was almost wholly due to South Carolina, that her partisan leaders were greater generals than Washington and Greene, and that her irregulars were better soldiers than the old continentals, such abnormal conceit was difficult to tolerate. Every chance incident was seized upon to uphold the assumption of South Carolina's independence of the rest of the world. Other people might need her aid; she needed none of theirs. A rumor that gold and silver had been discovered in the mountainous region of the State was taken to be proof positive that she could be indebted to no other community for a supply of the precious metals. A foreign vessel, compelled by stress of weather to put in to Charleston, and there dispose of its cargo, was heralded as the forerunner of direct trade between South Carolina and all the nations. The excellence of the products of her sea islands was so unrivaled that it was claimed that within her borders alone King Cotton wore his royal crown and maintained his sovereign state. Elsewhere, he was represented only by viceroys, at best. And the culmination of this sentiment was reached when the Northern visitor was taken to the grave of John C. Calhoun. Then, if never before, was he expected to feel a due sense of his inferiority to the natives of the soil, which the presence of that superhuman individual had made more sacred than aught else of Mother Earth.

This intense local pride, however, had its good effect in the interest which it excited in matters of the common weal. The public institutions were admirably managed, and the best citizens gave to these their time and means without

stint. Their standard of duty in municipal and state affairs was lofty, and sharply in contrast with that by which the era of reconstruction was governed. Bitter, indeed, must have been the reflections of the older citizens of the proud little State in after-times, when they compared the stainless honor, the high sense of responsibility, and the efficient performance of their duties, which distinguished their officials in the palmy days before the war, with the exactly opposite characteristics of the office-holders of the "carpet-bag" period.

It seems surprising now that the many indications of a popular sentiment in favor of secession, which were apparent at the time of our visit, did not make more impression upon us; but when it is remembered how deaf the whole North was to the mutterings of the tempest, we may perhaps appear to have fairly represented our section in this regard. Among our acquaintances in Charleston (and we made many) the disunion feeling was universal. The air was redolent of rebellion, and secession was a household word. Even men of Northern birth, old merchants long domiciled there, told us that the separation was inevitable, and the sooner it came the better. We were repeatedly informed that there was but one Union man in the city, and we were taken to see him as a living curiosity. This was the famous lawyer James L. Pettigru, then in his seventy-second year, the leader of the bar of the State, so respected and honored that he, alone, perhaps, in that community, was permitted to hold what opinions he pleased. We called upon him at his office, a single-story building, with wide verandas and spacious rooms lined with books, standing in the midst of a lovely garden. It was an ideal law office, beautiful in situation, perfect in appointments and surroundings, and pervaded with the atmosphere of study, of intellect, and of character. Not even the presence of clients could have made

it more delightful! The attendant informed us that Mr. Pettigru was somewhere in the inclosure, and we shortly saw him approaching, slowly pacing a shaded path, as Plato might have walked in the groves of the Academy. A venerable figure, with a noble face, his snowy hair falling on his shoulders, with something ancient in the fashion of his dress, he seemed like one of the Revolutionary fathers returned to earth to warn his countrymen of approaching woe. The political situation was uppermost in his thoughts, and he could talk of nothing else. We especially remember the sad solemnity with which he said, "My unhappy fellow citizens talk of seceding from the Union. It is impossible, but they will not hear reason. I foresee nothing but disaster and ruin for them." It was during our stay in Charleston that a clergyman, at the morning service, one Sunday, prayed for the dissolution of the Union. Mr. Pettigru was present, occupying one of the most prominent pews; and hardly had the words been uttered, when he arose and left the church, in emphatic disapproval of such doctrine. All admired the tall old man, as he strode down the main aisle and forth from the sanctuary, though few, perhaps, felt as he did. If such there were, they feared to follow his example, for it was commonly said that he was the only person in Charleston who dared to do such a thing.

One other Union man there was in the neighborhood, though not in the city, — an aged gentleman named Talbot, residing on his plantation, a few miles away. In nullification times he had sturdily supported Andrew Jackson, and, being then a merchant in Charleston, had fortified his warehouse, floated the Union flag above it, and repelled an attack by the mob. From that engagement dated his title of "colonel." When we saw him he was passing a quiet old age in a charming country home, to which he gave us a cordial welcome.

The conversation soon turned upon the state of the country, and he said to the Southern gentlemen who accompanied us, "You all have gone mad together. There is no end to this separation business. You want to separate the South from the North; and then you will want to separate South Carolina from North Carolina; and then the district south of the Ashley River from the district north of the Ashley River; and then the district south of the Cooper River from the district north of the Cooper River; and then, sir, by Jove, sir! you will want to separate husband and wife!" The colonel soon mentioned that he had a great partiality to cherry bounce, which he called "the sovereignest drink on earth," and begged us to taste some of his own special distillation. He led the way to his dining-room, and our glasses were filled with his favorite beverage. One of the party asked him to give a toast. He promptly responded, "Gentlemen, in times like these I have but one toast to give, and that is Andrew Jackson's: 'The Federal Union: by the Eternal, it must and shall be preserved!'" The colonel and his Northern visitors drank the toast; but his Southern guests only raised their glasses to their lips, in courtesy to their host, and returned them to the table with their contents untouched.

When we left the hospitable mansion, its venerable owner accompanied us to the carriage; and as we drove away we saw him standing, bareheaded, under a magnificent live-oak tree, waving his hand in farewell, and caught his parting words, which were, "Remember, friends! the Union forever!"

The two men were of very different types, and very unlike they seemed. Mr. Pettigru was a majestic prophet, with the sad and awe-inspiring mien of one to whom the secrets of a gloomy future had been revealed. Colonel Talbot was a gay old warrior, whose blood was up at the thought of danger to the flag he

had once defended, and for which he was eager to strike another blow. But they were alike in their love for the Union; and if they were the only two in that locality who were faithful to it, yet was their patriotism of so fine a quality that it might almost have saved even that city from the retribution which came upon it.

We were shown through the Military Institute, a training-school for cadets, in which, as it happened, the ordinance of secession of South Carolina was passed in the following year. It was maintained at the expense of the State; the state flag floated over the building, and the scholars wore the state uniform. There was a similar establishment at Columbia, and a third in another part of the State; each said to have a larger attendance than the United States Military Academy at West Point. These facts were mentioned, with the intimation that if war should come South Carolina would be amply supplied with trained officers to lead her hosts to victory. On another occasion, an excursion to the forts in the harbor was made, and the ease with which Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie could be taken, from the city side, was alluded to. The latter was supposed to be especially vulnerable, because it had not been constructed with any anticipation of a fire in the rear. Fort Sumter, then uncompleted and ungarrisoned, was considered to be the easiest capture of all; and the folly of the United States government in continuing to spend money upon it for the benefit of South Carolina was a subject of comment. Our Charleston friends, neither then nor at any other time, seemed for one moment to imagine that any serious opposition would or could be made by the North to any overt acts tending to the disruption of the Union. Candor compels the admission that they were not more mistaken in this regard than we were as to the attempt being made. They considered

themselves so invincible that they believed that they had but to speak the word, and this great nation would fall into pieces. We thought the assumption so ridiculous that we could not conceive that there was the slightest danger that the experiment would ever be tried. In all of their intercourse with us they showed the most careful regard for our feelings, the most punctilious observance of the rites of hospitality; and yet withal our meetings were sometimes such as occur under a flag of truce, — the exchange of civilities by those who were, or were soon to be, foreigners to each other.

From Charleston we took our course to Columbia, the capital of the State. In the fields, as we passed on the railroad, we saw slaves at work, both men and women, under the eye of the overseer, armed with his weapon of office. On the train with us were many men of position and influence, on their way to the state convention, called to choose delegates to the National Democratic Convention soon to assemble at Charleston. At the several stations they met friends, who seemed inclined to make sport of their journey as an entirely useless undertaking. We were informed that their differences related to the means to be used, but not to the end to be attained. All were in favor of secession: but some held it better to continue their party organization, and thus at any rate to secure concert of action on the part of the whole South; the others were so assured of the power of their State and the sufficiency of her resources for every purpose that they simply proposed to have South Carolina secede alone. By such fiery spirits the citizens of the other Southern States were openly spoken of as submissionists.

Fine plantations and handsome mansions, with rows of slave huts near at hand, were pointed out to us as we swept by, and the continued increase in the number of slaves in that part of the

State was dwelt upon with satisfaction. It was argued that the black race was not without representation in their government, because the political power of each parish was proportioned to the number of slaves in it. But the masters wielded the power! Thus in one district five planters owned all of the land and the thousands of negroes upon it, and these five men elected one state senator. For thirty years their custom had been to have in turn a dinner party on each election day, and to elect one of their number to the senate, by a *viva voce* vote at the table, over their wine. It was a simple and beautiful system for the few. No thought of the rights of the many ever entered the minds of these old feudal barons. The soil was theirs. Their chattels tilled it. All power was in the masters' hands. What wonder that such autocrats deemed themselves invincible! It will be remembered that the brutal assault upon Charles Sumner in the senate chamber of the United States had occurred before the period of which we speak. It was significant of the estimation in which that act was held in South Carolina that two engines, which we saw at a railway junction, had been named in honor of the perpetrators of that outrage: the one Preston S. Brooks, and the other Lawrence M. Keitt.

In Columbia we met a recent graduate of our college, who had come to that belligerent region to prepare for the ministry of peace and good-will to men. He told us of some of the trials to which he had been subjected because of his previous residence in New England. His letters were tampered with, and serious exception was taken to his receiving Northern periodicals through the mails. He was repeatedly notified to terminate his subscription to the —, and was finally escorted to the post-office, where he saw the current number of the magazine taken from his box and burned on the sidewalk before his eyes!

We attended the convention held in the old State House building, near the beautiful marble columns of the new State House, then uncompleted. James L. Orr, a politician of some note in his day, was chosen president, and the speeches and resolutions were more guarded than the current talk of the time. The leaders either were not ready to throw off the mask, or else, as is the wont of politicians, did not see fit to declare themselves until quite sure as to the most popular course. The worthy Orr made a moderate address, which could hardly have given offense even to an ardent lover of the Union. It was a surprise to read in after-years a declaration from his pen that during this period, and for years before, all of his public acts and words had been openly and avowedly in favor of secession!

We visited the beautiful home of Wade Hampton, and also the University of South Carolina, and our experience here made our stay in Columbia especially interesting. We were naturally inclined to acquaint ourselves with the ways of such an institution, and the students received us as brother collegians. We attended their recitations and lectures, were introduced to their professors, and spent pleasant evenings in their rooms. We met many bright and agreeable young fellows, and enjoyed their society exceedingly, save that we wearied of the talk about secession. This topic was often upon their tongues, and we thought them out of their minds in that regard. When they spoke, in tones of conviction, of the near approach of disunion and the possibility of war, they appeared to us to be living in a strange, unreal atmosphere, created by their own disordered imaginations. But they were wiser than we. They had recently resolved to show their patriotism by wearing clothing made of South Carolina fabrics, and the sudden demand had severely taxed the limited manufacturing resources of the State.

A small supply of shoddy blue cloth, woven at one mill for the use of the poor whites in its neighborhood, was exhausted before one quarter of the students had been supplied, and the rest went to the most reckless extremes. The only other dry goods actually manufactured in the State were some cheap and gaudy calicoes, intended for negro wear; and of these the crazy youngsters ordered whole suits of clothes. The effect was actually astounding. Here would go one youth, striped like a barber's pole, and glowing like a meteor in his fiery red and yellow garb; there, another, completely covered with bright green leaves upon an intensely blue ground; yonder, two abreast, clad in patterns of gigantic vines and flowers; then, a whole company, arrayed from head to foot in the most startling colors, diversified with the most singular figures. Since the days of Jacob's ring-streaked and spotted cattle, such a spectacle had never been seen. So grotesque was this masquerade, and so abiding its impression, that to this day the mention of Columbia brings up at once a vision of this swarm of ridiculous boys in their indescribable garments, striding loftily about the little town, the wonder and the admiration of the inhabitants thereof.

From Columbia we came back to Charleston in time to attend the sessions of the National Democratic Convention, which assembled on Monday, the 23d of April, 1860. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, was elected permanent chairman; probably because in the whole country no better example could have been found of a Northern man with Southern principles. The political cauldron soon was boiling fiercely, and the excitement rapidly rose to fever heat. The struggle between the friends and the opponents of Stephen A. Douglas grew daily more intense. We were, fortunately, privileged to be present at the meetings of the Douglas men in their headquarters in Hibernia Hall, and

there witnessed rare devotion to a great chieftain. When it became evident that he could not be the nominee of the convention, their grief was real and deep. Indeed, one of his leading adherents, Hendrick B. Wright, broke down completely in announcing their failure, and sobbed aloud. Rumors of the probable disruption of the convention were afloat from the first, until one day it was semi-officially announced that an agreement among the representatives of all shades of feeling had been reached, and that harmony would prevail thereafter. In the evening John Slidell, of Louisiana, arrived, and to the busy machinations of that arch-plotter during the hours of darkness was ascribed the fact that the next day concord was destroyed, and the factions drifted farther and farther apart. Their differences as to the party platform became unreconcilable; the point was quickly reached when they could no longer remain under the same roof, and their separation followed.

This was a striking spectacle, and one of historic moment; for it was in a sense the first overt act of secession, and the forerunner of the division between the States. Just one week after the first assembling of the convention, we looked down from the crowded galleries upon the members, all in their seats, and waited breathlessly for the drama to commence. At the expected time, the chairman of the Alabama delegation arose, and, after presenting a protest, said, "Mr. Chairman, Alabama retires from this convention." Then, bowing low to the bewildered Cushing, who sat like one paralyzed, he led the way down the aisle, followed by his associates, all gravely shaking hands with the Northern delegates, as if bidding a solemn good-by to the Union. The chairman of the Mississippi delegation announced that his State stood by Alabama. Similar statements were made in behalf of Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas, and the

action was suited to the word; the chairman gazing blankly at the retiring forms, as if he feared that he would be left to hold a convention all alone by himself. A minority of several of the Southern delegations remained, and even in that from South Carolina two courageous men refused to make her action unanimous. These were Benjamin F. Perry, afterwards provisional governor of the State in Andrew Johnson's time, and John F. Boody. They had need of all their courage, for a storm of wrath and execration arose from the galleries above their heads, and the taunts of submissionist and traitor were fiercely hurled at them from hundreds of angry throats. Their action was inexpressibly maddening to the populace, since it had been asserted on every hand that no South Carolinian would remain in the convention. After the seceders had departed, Francis B. Flournoy, of Arkansas, who had been temporary chairman of the convention, took the platform, and made an impassioned speech in favor of the Union, shouting, as he strode back and forth and waved a large red handkerchief like a flag above his head, "Don't give up the ship! Don't give up the ship!" It is said that he afterwards became a general in the Confederate army; but, however, that may be, his heart beat true that day to the music of the Union; and doubtless he was but a type of the many throughout the South who opposed secession until forced to yield to the madness of the hour.

On the following day portions of other Southern delegations withdrew, including Mr. Bayard and one colleague from Delaware. The gloom which had settled upon the convention was temporarily dispelled by a cheery speech from a frank and jovial Georgian planter. He had chosen to remain after the majority of the representatives of his State had departed, because of his attachment to slavery, which he thought

they were taking the very course to injure; and he seized the opportunity to advocate the peculiar institution upon high moral grounds, and to extol the men engaged in the direct slave-trade from Africa as real philanthropists. The slave-traders, he argued, brought the heathen to civilization, — a much more certain and expeditious process than that of the missionaries, who sought to bring civilization to the heathen, and often failed in the attempt. Warming with his subject, he cordially invited all of his fellow delegates to pay a visit to his plantation in Georgia, where he promised to show them negroes from Maryland, negroes from Virginia, negroes from North Carolina, negroes from Georgia, and negroes direct from Africa by the yacht *Wanderer*, the noblest Romans of them all! The *Wanderer* was then lying in a Southern port, in the hands of the United States officials for breach of the laws against the African slave-trade.

The seceding delegates formed a convention of their own in St. Andrew's Hall, where it was very difficult to gain admission, as none but the Simon-pure Southern men were expected to attend. Fernando Wood, of New York, who attempted to make common cause with them, was politely shown the door. Their proceedings were enlivened by an application of the same principle upon which they had acted, and Mr. Bayard, having seceded from the original convention, now accomplished the feat of seceding from the seceders' convention. So thus early in the history of the movement was the proof given of the truth of one of Colonel Talbot's descriptions of secession as "a road that there is no stopping on when once you get started."

When a representative of the smallest State in the Union — and he but one of several delegates from it — took part in a secession movement, only to secede from the seceders, it seemed to give to the whole business a suggestion of the *reductio ad absurdum*.

It is not easy to describe the scenes in the streets of Charleston during the continuance of the convention, and particularly towards its close. By day, knots of earnest men were talking and gesticulating on every corner, circulators of alarming rumors were hurrying to and fro, and crowds of excited people were thronging the convention halls. By night, torchlight processions, with defiant banners, were moving through the streets; fiery orators, denouncing the Union, were swaying their hearers at will in open-air meetings in the public squares: and over all the quiet stars were looking down in wonder at the unwonted uproar. It was a relief to every one when the convention, unable to agree upon a nominee, adjourned, to meet at Baltimore, and the seceding body decided to reconvene at Richmond. We had overstayed our time in order to see the outcome, and hurried northward by Wilmington, Petersburg, Richmond, and Fredericksburg, all soon to become memorable in the civil war.

And now, in the after-time, when we recall our stay in the South and think of the people whom there we met, it is with a vivid recollection of their many noble qualities, a hearty sympathy for their sorrows, self caused though they may have been, and an earnest wish for the true prosperity of the New South, which has risen from the ashes of that which we saw in the year before the war.

Edward G. Mason.

REMINISCENCES OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

PROMINENT among the many quaint sights seen in London is that of hatless youngsters, with long blue coats, stockings of a brilliant yellow, red leather girdles, and in place of collars snowy white bands, like those of the old-fashioned parson. They are scholars of Christ's Hospital, ordinarily known as "blue-coat boys," and they form a connecting link with by-gone times than which none is more interesting or more picturesque.

The famous school in which these lads are pupils is situated almost in the centre of London. Its premises are bounded on one side by Newgate Street, on another by Little Britain, on another by St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Meeting the boys in the street, one will be struck with the quiet dignity and self-possession of their demeanor; but let the passer-by pause to look through the great iron gates which open from Newgate Street into the "hall playground," or, still better, make his way through the entrance a little further on into the premises themselves, and he will see an entirely different picture. The long blue skirt, which, when the wearer is outside, falls so decorously almost down to the well-blackened shoes, is tucked up for the convenience of play, and held in position by the girdle, leaving the full contour of the brown velvet breeches, with "silver buttons on the knee," and the yellow stockings in full view; so that an uninitiated and near-sighted spectator might suppose himself suddenly introduced to the gambols of a collection of extinct birds of the ostrich species. "Prisoner's base," leap-frog, and various other vigorous games will be in progress, until the great bell in a neighboring tower rings for school, dinner, or supper, as the case may be; at the sound of which the coats

will fall, as if by magic, into their normal shape, and before the reverberations have ceased the playground will be empty and silent, but for the tread of a chance passenger or a solemn beadle.

The scene thus sketched crowds my mind with personal reminiscences. I am carried back to the reception in my Devonshire home of an official-looking letter, found to contain a "presentation" to Christ's Hospital. I feel again the nervous, but on the whole pleasant, consciousness of increased consequence in the family circle. I see the look of mingled gladness and sorrow upon the faces of mother and sisters; for the earnestly sought boon means leaving home for the first time. I experience once more the intense interest in the manufacture and bringing home of the box, carefully constructed upon certain specified plans, that it may fit in the iron "settle" at the foot of the bed at school. And then the loving embraces, the presents, the blessings, as with my father I start for the new life! The west of England being innocent of railroads, we embark in a coasting steamer. Let us pass over the next thirty-six hours in silence, as I did; not opening my mouth except, like Lord Tadcaster, "for a purpose which we need not dwell upon."

Then comes the first sight of London, the bewilderment of which has not subsided when we enter the covered way leading from Newgate Street into a mysterious alley, having Christ Church on one side and its sombre burying-ground on the other, through a gateway of portentous darkness, and then at last into the long-thought-of cloisters. There is a colloquy with a gray-headed porter in uniform, and we are passed on to the "counting-house." Here, in a large room, we find a number of other fathers

with boys—nominees—waiting for the medical examination. The names are called by a personage with a red face, who, judging from the sonorous roll of his voice and the deep solemnity of his manner, seems to centre in his single person the dignity which has been accumulating about the officials of the old foundation since the days of the Tudors.

Those of us who are pronounced “sound in wind and limb” are then led off to the “clothing-room,” where we manage to get out of the various costumes of the vain outside world, and by the assumption of the venerable garb of King Edward VI. become “blues.” The process is aided by the attendant fathers; mine, who is nautical, compares the operation to fitting a “purser’s shirt to a handspike.” The transformation is accomplished at last, and forms an epoch in life the importance of which is very real and lasting. It enters me upon four years of school life; and of a kind of school life which, after hearing, reading, observing, and reflecting a good deal upon the subject, I believe to be unique. Tom Brown has told us about Rugby. Many brilliant pens have made us familiar with the vigorous training and exuberant life at Eton. Westminster has had its chroniclers. But, with the exception of occasional glimpses in the lives of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, I think that the only description which has made the public—or at any rate the American public—familiar with such a school as Christ’s Hospital is the capital account of the boyhood of one of the characters in Henry Kingsley’s *Silcotes of Silcote*. A book upon the subject, the title of which I have forgotten, was published, I think, in 1846; but I have never seen it since.

The clothing completed, and a dinner discussed at an eating-house opposite the gates of the school, endeared to the recollection of every true “blue” by the title of “the duff shop,” the new

boys are once more mustered, the last farewells are exchanged with fathers or friends,—the lump comes up in my throat now, as I think of it; pride kept the tears back then,—and we are consigned to the care of a benevolent-looking gentleman in spectacles, the steward of the Hertford school.

At that time all new-comers went first, as I believe they do still, to the preparatory establishment at Hertford, about twenty miles from London, and remained there until a certain grade of study was reached, and were then promoted to the London school.

I have always regarded that steward of Hertford as the original of the immortal portrait of Mr. Pickwick. I did not make the acquaintance of the latter gentleman until after my blue-coat days; but the moment I saw George Cruikshank’s picture—the spectacles, the placid countenance, the comfortable figure, the kindly manner—I felt that there was the man with whom we rode from Newgate Street to Shoreditch Station, and thence by the Eastern Counties Railroad to Hertford, and from whom we received much kindly care and some application of the rattan.

By the time the old county town is reached, and we are distributed to our respective wards, the supper hour is at hand. The month is May, and the weather pleasant. I am told that it is time to wash, and follow a stream of boys into a paved yard, where we surround several long trays, and enter upon a vigorous application of soap and water to our hands and faces. This operation is superintended by the nurse of the ward. First impressions of this lady are decidedly unfavorable. Tall of figure, sharp of tongue, dictatorial of manner, she directs our proceedings with commands which manifestly admit of no dispute.

But the estimate thus hastily formed, under the strain and stress of unfavorable circumstances,—fifty uproarious

boys making confusion worse confounded with soap, water, and towels, — is subsequently much modified. The necessary and frequently assumed sternness covers many excellences.

Then comes supper, — bread, cheese, beer and water ; then a saunter in the playground with a west country boy from our neighborhood, who had joined the school a few weeks earlier. During this walk I receive a general initiation into the ways of the place. I learn that the two figures which stand one on each side of the great gateway represent two blue-coat boys, one of whom killed the other in some by-gone time, and is pointing in the direction of the jail to which he was taken ; that the Tuesday plum-pudding is good and the Saturday pea-soup evil ; and many other things of deep interest and importance. This conversation is interrupted by the ringing of a bell in the tower over the writing school, which means prayers in the wards, during which Bishop Ken's evening hymn is sung with great sweetness and beauty, and then we go to bed. The ward consists of three large stories, of equal length. The first floor is sitting-room and lavatory ; the two upper are dormitories.

Those amiable proclivities which often seem to be a necessary element of English school-boy nature, which have their counterpart in the "hazing" of our academies, and which, as Mr. Dickens says, gives the situation of a "new boy" a strong resemblance to that of an "early Christian" found no place at Christ's Hospital in my day. Sad as it may appear to people who regard the spirit which torments and bullies its fellows at the time they are least able to defend themselves as an evidence of British manliness, no such custom then existed among the "blues." My first night at school is not made hideous by howlings, nor miserable by knotted sheets, drenchings from water pitchers, or other tokens of these lovely propen-

sities. On the contrary, I sleep soundly, and in the morning, when the rising-bell rings, am initiated by my next-bed neighbor, with much kindliness of manner, into the mystery of making my bed. Never has breakfast had so keen a relish as this first one at Hertford. I suppose the excitement of the preceding day had somewhat curtailed my usually excellent powers in this direction, and I come into the dining-hall wolfish. The eight ounces of bread and bowl of milk disappear as if by magic.

Then comes the awful ordeal of school with the assignment to classes. I am almost ten, the latest age for admission, and have been tolerably well drilled at a day school at home, so that both in the grammar and arithmetical departments I find myself among the head boys. The masters are not such terrible fellows, after all. The extent of my scholarship is soon ascertained, and my place assigned. The grammar school is at one end of the quadrangle, the writing school at the other. We alternate the morning and afternoon attendance, week by week. We begin, in the grammar school, with a chapter in the Bible. We read it "verse and verse," and the master, a clergyman, explains and comments as we read. Many a noble lesson is impressed upon my memory then, and will remain as long as mind lasts. Then come Latin and Greek. The last half hour is given to a Latin exercise on the slate, which will be examined at the next session. The merit or demerit of this performance decides the position in class with which we commence the day. This is the great trial. If the exercise is not finished by "closing bell," we must remain during the play hour until it is. The temptation to write anything that seems to have a probability of accuracy, and trust to Providence for the result, is sometimes too strong to be resisted : then look out for squalls ! The discipline is severe. On one unlucky occasion, I determine to practice

this high faith, and the consequence is what we term a "tight breeching," which being interpreted means the application of a rattan, with an excruciating combination of muscle and skill, achieved by long practice, to the "ampler part" of the velveteens, drawn tight for the purpose.

The routine of the writing school is copy-writing with goose quills, arithmetic, weights and measures, geography, mingled, enforced, and elucidated with rattan.

We have plenty of play. There is the quadrangle, or central playground, and for the summer season a great field, fringed round the edge with trees. Here we fly kites, play cricket, trap, bat and ball, "rounders" (*anglicé* for base ball), and a number of other sports, with traditional names and methods. But the height of the Hertford blue's ambition is a "tent," constructed thus: round the trunk of a tree about three feet from the ground a stout twine is tied; to this other pieces are fastened, and staked down with bits of stick, close enough together to have grass interwoven between them. The grass is then cut with the pocket-knives of those who have them, and plucked up with the fingers of those who have not. It is woven into the tent cords with much ingenuity, and when all is "grassed" the tent is complete. It will be about capacious enough, if a large and well-made specimen, to shelter the heads and shoulders of a couple of boys. It is obviously impossible for each of the four hundred to have one. But each ward will usually possess one or two. The whole-hearted loyalty with which the rank and file tug the grass which is to shelter the "buck" of the ward, the *esprit de corps*, the keen competition that "our tent" may be the largest and best made in the school, divide the enjoyment about equally. But alas for the grass that is so green and beautiful on the first day the field is opened for the season! The busy tent-making soon

destroys its glossy sheen. Fortunately, the midsummer vacation gives it a chance to grow again.

Thus in play and work the months pass rapidly. Then comes the first vacation; the journey home; the welcome; the smallness of everything that used to look large; the swelling sense of importance with which the "incidents of travel" are narrated to stay-at-home sisters; the manifold delights of the holidays, which speed away only too quickly; and then school, lessons, and rattan again.

Then comes another epoch. I am promoted to the London school; long looked forward to as a step in life, but taken not without regret when it comes at last. The nurse bids us Godspeed; and cross as we thought her at first, we have now the sense to know her as a good woman and a good friend. Arriving in London, our assignment to wards and classes is soon adjusted. Every detail of life marks the change. We have put away childish things.

If, unluckily, a Hertford expression escapes the lips; if, for instance, we say that a master is "passy," or a monitor "cuddy," both being Hertford for severe, a startling pinch on the arm may, by immemorial custom, be administered by any one who overhears. The carrying out of this custom must of course depend to some extent upon the respective muscle and pluck of the pincher and the pinched.

In the schools, the Eton grammar takes the place of the Latin Beginner of Hertford. The routine is more strict, the recitations are more exacting. The arrangements of study are much the same. The masters have to deal with us only during actual school hours, unless some more than usually heinous offense brings us under the consideration of the head master. The regulation of our lives, when not learning lessons, is administered by a steward, a set of beadles, who are the playground police, a nurse

and two monitors (senior boys) for each ward. These monitors have much to do, and a good deal of patronage is at their command. They assign the boys to the different "trades." There are "cloth boys," who set the table; "knife" and "fork" boys, who clean and arrange those articles; "bread boys," who carry up the bread on their shoulders in large round baskets made for the purpose; "trencher boys;" "jack boys," who fill and serve the beer and water; "platter boys," who bring up the meat in large, round, wooden platters, borne on their heads, and assist the nurse in the office of carving. All such work is done by the boys. But the washing of the utensils is done by servants.

For about half the period of my school-days all our utensils are of wood. We eat our meat and pudding from trenchers, drink our milk from bowls, and beer and water from queer-looking things called "piggins." Then comes a change. Plates, basins, and mugs of good delf ware, handsomely ornamented with the hospital arms, take the place of the old wooden ware. Various opinions are held with reference to the alteration. The conservatives resent it as an innovation. Others rejoice at the presence of articles which remind them of home. One effect is immediate and marked. The "trencher boys" become "plate boys." Their office is to convey the plates in long baskets, each carried by two boys, from the ward to the dining-hall, receive the rations from the carvers, and distribute them. After dinner everything must be carried back to the ward and turned over to the washers. Now, in the first place, the trenchers are lighter than plates; and then if a trip on the stairs, or in the cloister, brings the cargo to grief, the "spill" works no ill to the trenchers, but the like mishap to a basket of earthenware is a serious matter. I take my turn as "plate boy," and find the position a nervous one.

The large platters, the jacks, and the spoons remain of wood.

The steward has all the authority of a master. To him beadles, nurses, and monitors are responsible for the conduct of their several departments. The lazy fellow who won't wash his hands when the "prep." rings is brought before him by nurse or monitor. The "prep." is the preparation bell, which, a quarter of an hour before dinner, calls all blues to get their towels and proceed to the lavatory for an obviously necessary purpose. The rattan comes into action more, perhaps, on this score than on any other. "Smith, did you go to the lavatory to-day?" queries the nurse. "Yes, ma'am," replies Smith, quickly and decidedly, at the same time getting his hands as much mixed up with the tablecloth as possible. "Hold up your hands, Smith." "Yes, ma'am," says Smith, who, finding there is no way out of it, exhibits, with cool effrontery, a pair of paws which look as if they had cleaned a chimney.

This division of the labor of government is doubtless an admirable arrangement, but it works ill to the careless and idly disposed, as I soon find. The fact of having come to grief over one's Cæsar or Cornelius Nepos in the morning has nothing to do with some matter which must be adjusted by the steward at dinner-time; and neither occurrence is known, or would have any weight if it were known, by the gentleman under whose care the writing and arithmetic are conducted in the afternoon. There must be something well-nigh angelic in the boy who will steer clear of these various rocks and shoals for a whole week. In my day angelic boys were scarce.

The play in London differs materially from that in Hertford. Surrounded as we are by windows, balls cannot be used, but shuttlecocks may. Considerable ingenuity is sometimes exercised to evade this prohibition. For instance, a

single feather will be stuck into an india-rubber ball of about the weight and consistency of a grape-shot; and when a vigorous but unlucky stroke of the wooden battledore has sent this innocent missile full into the stomach of a portly beadle, and he proceeds, after he has recovered his breath, to arrest all the parties concerned, he is indignantly reminded that "shuttlecocks are within the rules." Certain amusements follow each other in regular and unvarying seasons; there are others which are in favor all the year round.

I find that the allowance of pocket money must be changed into the coinage of the establishment, known to us as "houssy" money, before it is negotiable at either of the two "grub shops" in the cloisters. This currency consists of three coins, — a sixpenny piece, a penny, and a halfpenny, all of copper. Many of the goodies sold at these establishments have titles which are traditional and suggestive. Thus a certain confection is known as "white parliament;" a candy formed into red and white bars is called "Bonaparte's ribs."

Wednesday and Saturday are half holidays; each alternate Wednesday a whole holiday and "leave day," when all who have friends near enough may go and visit them. This matter is arranged between the parents and the steward. The school is divided into two classes. Those who reside in or near London, or who have friends who wish to receive them regularly, are placed on the "breakfast list," breakfast being the only meal provided for them by the school on that day. The others constitute the "friendless list," — a forlorn title, but not so sad as it sounds. They are boys who live too far from London to reach home on "leave days," and are allowed outside the gates only on the written request of friends or acquaintances designated by their parents. As a reward for good

behavior, the masters have the power of giving any boy not on the "friendless list" permission to "go out" on either of the half holidays.

This permission is signified by a small oval brass tablet suspended from the button-hole by a red cord. This we call a "ticket." A favorite delinquency of the wickedly inclined is to get a piece of red cord, attach it to the button-hole, slip past the porter through the gates, and if discovered claim to have broken the ticket off the cord by accident.

But the wickedly inclined ought to be few, if religious training and observance have power to check the increase. Besides the Scripture-reading in school, we have a short service with psalm singing and chanting at each meal, and prayers in the ward before bedtime. The Sunday routine is breakfast at eight. The interval between breakfast and the morning service is occupied by walking decorously about the playgrounds. This is the great conversational opportunity. Then chums compare notes as to the delights of the past vacation, and the yet more glowing anticipations of the next one; the opinions of the result of the coming fight — there are generally one or more on hand — are expressed and debated; the enormities of tyrannical monitors are anathematized, and the characters of masters criticised. The gossip of school life has full flow until half past ten; at which time we "fall in" to our appointed places in the cloisters, so as to be ready to march into Christ Church, situated just outside the gate, at eleven. At this time the caps must be worn, or rather laid on the heads, for they are too small to fit after the fashion of ordinary hats. Except for this short period, they are kept in the Sunday coat pockets.

The morning service in church is a severe ordeal for knees and backs. Every boy has a Bible and Prayer Book bound together, — quite a heavy volume. There is no hymn between the close of the

litany and the opening of the ante-communion service, so that from the "collect for grace" to the "epistle" we kneel upon hard wood, with nothing to lean against, either before or behind, with heavy books in our hands. Occasionally a weak boy faints, topples over, creates intense confusion, and is carried out by his nearest neighbors, who usually regard the interruption as a pleasant break in the service. Not infrequently such faintings are manufactured for the purpose. At one we dine. After dinner we sit in the wards, and recite the catechism and psalms until the afternoon service. Then supper, followed by a sermon in the dining-hall from the head master.

During the Sundays in Lent this routine is varied by the "public suppers." The great chandeliers are lighted; the Lord Mayor and aldermen arrive in procession, accompanied by the governors; an anthem is sung, after which we march round, two and two, the "trade boys" carrying their baskets, etc., and make our bow to the "powers that be." Sometimes we have more distinguished guests. The Duke of Cambridge is a frequent visitor. He is a splendid-looking old gentleman, with bluff, hearty manners, which have a supreme charm for us. We are especially delighted when, in one instance, the city guests are crowding about him, and he scatters them by the loud exclamation, "I didn't come here to see the people; I came to see the boys."

Once we have the honor of making our bow to Queen Victoria. This is a great occasion. From the grand entrance to the chair of state carpets are laid. The Grecians conduct her majesty to the hall, and the reception is really a grand sight.

On Easter Monday and Tuesday we go in procession to the Mansion House, and escort the Lord Mayor back to Christ Church to hear a sermon. At

this season we wear a paper pinned on the left breast of the coat, bearing the words "He is risen." On the Tuesday we receive two buns, a glass of sherry, and a new shilling. This largess is paid by the Lord Mayor himself, arrayed in his robes of office. It is the accumulation of various bequests, some of which date from the days of the Stuarts.

Soon after my arrival from Hertford I am selected to participate in another ancient ceremony, and go with about fifty other boys to All Hallows Church, where we chant. After the service we are each presented with a penny and a paper of raisins. On our way back we are greeted with the derisive shouts of the street cads, who know what we have been doing, and sing at us the following refrain:—

"Come, little blue-coat boy,
Come, come, come:
Sing for a penny and
Chant for a plum."

We treat these witticisms with silent contempt, attributing the jeers to envy.

In such doings and misdoings the school years pass away. I leave a couple of years before the regular time, to go to sea.

A brief sketch of the origin and progress of the school may not be uninteresting. It is generally supposed to have been founded by King Edward VI., but this is not altogether correct.

Toward the end of his reign, Henry VIII. gave the Gray Friars' Church—which, since the suppression of the monasteries, had been used as a storehouse for plunder taken from the French—to the city of London, to be devoted to the relief of the poor. After the accession of Edward VI., that monarch confirmed the gift. The parishes of St. Ewin, St. Nicholas, and part of St. Sepulchre's were united in one, and called Christ Church.

Edward lived about a month after signing the Charter of Incorporation of the Royal Hospitals. The citizens,

roused by the king's fervor and touched by his untimely death, set to work with gold and steel, and in six months the old Gray Friars' monastery was patched up sufficiently to accommodate three hundred and forty boys.

These examples of bounty were followed, from time to time, by various individuals. Kings, queens, nobles, merchants, and tradesmen have all contributed to enrich the school, improve its buildings, and develop its resources. Valuable openings in life for the conspicuously diligent and bright are in its gift. The boys who are prepared for the sea, upon passing their Trinity House examination, are each presented with a good watch, a sea chest, a full outfit of clothes, books, and mathematical instruments.

Four "Grecians," as the college scholars are called, are annually sent to Cambridge with an exhibition of eighty pounds a year, and one to Oxford with one hundred pounds a year; both tenable for four years. There are also the Pitt Club scholarship and the Times scholarship, each of thirty pounds a year, for four years, awarded by competition to the best scholar in classics and mathematics combined, and held by him in addition to his general exhibition. Upon proceeding to the university each Grecian receives twenty pounds for books, ten pounds for apparel, and thirty pounds for caution money and settling fees.

The age of admission to Christ's Hospital is from seven to ten. Usually, the boys are supposed to leave at fifteen; but the Grecians and sea boys of course remain until sufficiently advanced in their studies.

The many bequests and the increase in the value of the investments have made the foundation very rich. Its gross income is said to amount to seventy thousand pounds per annum, of which about forty-two thousand pounds are expended in education. The administra-

tion of this great trust is receiving its share of the scrutiny to which modern ideas are subjecting all charitable institutions. Whether the wishes of the founders are being fulfilled; whether the boys receiving the benefits are proper objects of the bounty; whether all the good is being done which the great expenditure ought to command, are questions which are being earnestly considered.

I have observed from time to time, within the last thirty years, severe criticisms upon the management of the school, which may or may not be just. An accurate judgment upon such a subject cannot be formed without personal knowledge of circumstances and data. If the entire period of its existence be taken into account, it has certainly turned out its fair share of conspicuously successful men. But the history of all such establishments exhibits fluctuations of merit. So much depends upon the personal characteristics and capacities of one or two individuals, and so impossible is it always to make a wise selection of managers, that unvarying excellence can hardly be looked for. Under one head master a school will be strong and flourishing; under another, feeble and drooping.

Of my own experience at Christ's Hospital I can speak with more confidence. On the whole, my opinion is decidedly in favor of the school.

The system as then carried out was admirably adapted to develop self-reliance, and fit the boys for any position in life they were likely to occupy. The masters were gentlemen, and, generally succeeded in communicating the tone of their thought and manner to the boys. There was too much caning; but that was then the common fault of schools everywhere. I recollect only one instance of a master showing himself to be a tyrant and a bully.

Upon the subject of the thoroughness of the teaching, the patient, deliberate,

and complete manner in which the foundations of scholarship were laid, I believe there is no question.

In former times there were accounts of dishonest proceedings in the way of appropriating the boys' rations by some of the lower officials. Nothing of the kind was known in my day. The food was good and the allowance sufficient,

as the health of the school abundantly testified.

There are some things, I think, it would be well to alter, — perhaps they are changed now ; but I believe I share the strong feeling of most old " blues " in hoping that, whatever reforms may be inaugurated, the blue coat and yellow stockings will be held sacred.

J. M. Hillyar.

FORESHADOWINGS.

WIND of the winter night,
Under the starry skies
Somewhere my lady bright,
Slumbering, lies.
Wrapped in calm maiden dreams,
Where the pale moonlight streams,
Softly she sleeps.

I do not know her face,
Pure as the lonely star
That in yon darkling space
Shineth afar ;
Never with soft command
Touched I her willing hand,
Kissed I her lips.

I have not heard her voice,
I do not know her name ;
Yet doth my heart rejoice,
Owning her claim ;
Yet am I true to her ;
All that is due to her
Sacred I keep.

Never a thought of me
Troubles her soft repose ;
Courant of mine may be
Lily nor rose.
They may not bear to her
This heart's fond prayer to her,
Yet — she is mine.

Wind of the winter night,
Over the fields of snow,

Over the hills so white,
 Tenderly blow!
 Somewhere red roses bloom;
 Into her warm, hushed room,
 Bear thou their breath.

Whisper — Nay, nay, thou sprite,
 Breathe thou no tender word;
 Wind of the winter night,
 Die thou unheard.
 True love shall yet prevail,
 Telling its own sweet tale:
 Till then I wait.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISERS.

AMONG the famous vessels whose names are household words, there is not one better known at the present day than the *Alabama*. Other ships have become memorable by their voyages or their battles; but the notorious Confederate cruiser made no discoveries, and can be credited with no greater exploits than were performed in earlier times by hundreds of privateers. The *Alabama* burned and captured a few score of peaceful merchantmen; and if this had been all, she would have sunk beneath the waves of the English Channel and been forgotten. Her fame and her importance in history are due, of course, to the great events of which she was the cause. She and her two or three consorts were largely instrumental in destroying almost entirely the commerce of a great country and in bringing two powerful nations to the verge of war. They formed for years a standing grievance on the part of one great people against another, and were the subjects of endless, irritating, and perilous negotiations. They caused serious innova-

tions and interminable discussions upon the public law of the civilized world, and finally brought the representatives of the proudest people on earth three thousand miles to offer an apology, and to agree to the Geneva arbitration, which, whatever its results, marks an era in the history of international disputes. The history of the *Alabama* and of the other Confederate cruisers built abroad displays the real attitude of Europe toward the United States during the civil war as nothing else can. It is this history from a wholly new point of view, the Confederate side, which Captain Bulloch has undertaken to write, in these two goodly volumes,¹ and it is only fair to say at the outset that his work is very interesting and valuable.

Captain Bulloch possesses qualities which are of great advantage to him. He was the naval agent of the Confederacy in Europe, and all the delicate and dangerous business of building a Confederate navy on the other side of the Atlantic passed through his hands. All the correspondence connected with these

¹ *The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe; or, How the Confederate Cruisers were Equipped.* By JAMES D. BULLOCH. In

two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

affairs is in his possession. Thus furnished with the amplest material, much of it new and important, Captain Bulloch has brought also to his work professional training, an agreeable style, thorough knowledge of his subject, and a painstaking spirit. He not only knows how to build and sail ships, but he can tell the story of their construction and of their cruises in simple, brief, and yet interesting fashion. The tone of the book is extremely temperate, and in the narrative portions particularly the author writes with the obvious intention of being perfectly impartial. We read many pages before we abandoned the belief that we had at last found a Southerner who took part in the late war and yet was able, after an interval of twenty years, to be thoroughly fair-minded. It must be confessed, however, that the Southerner of the generation that fought the war who, even if he has forgotten nothing, has yet learned something is still to be discovered. We were particularly disappointed in this case, because, while treating his main theme, Captain Bulloch is not only moderate in expression, but from his own point of view he is singularly fair, and his opinions of his country at the present day, although a little gloomy, perhaps, show honest and patriotic feeling. It is only when he leaves his own province that he becomes not only unjust, but also displays an ignorance which is surprising in any educated American. This is especially noticeable in his excursions into the region of general history. On page 307, vol. ii., he says, "No Northern State emancipated its slaves, but the greater portion of them were transferred to the South by sale, and the remnant gradually disappeared." Where the remnant disappeared to, and who constituted the large body of free negroes in the North, we are not informed, but the whole statement is ludicrously untrue. Slavery was summarily abolished in Massachusetts in 1783, by judicial decision upon a clause

of the constitution of 1780, framed for that purpose. From the moment when that decision was rendered, a negro was a free man, and could no more have been sold to the South than a white man. To stop attempts at kidnapping, an act prohibiting the slave-trade was passed in Massachusetts in 1788. A similar act had already passed in Rhode Island in 1787, and soon after was adopted in Pennsylvania and Connecticut. In Pennsylvania, in 1780, acts were passed providing for gradual emancipation, prohibiting the importation and exportation of slaves, and assuring freedom to all persons born thereafter in the State, or brought into it, except runaways from other States and the servants of travelers and others not remaining more than six months. How the Pennsylvanians, under these acts, could have sold their slaves to the South we leave to Captain Bulloch and to the ingenious Liverpool solicitors who advised him on the Foreign Enlistment Act to determine. The Pennsylvania system of gradual emancipation was at once imitated by Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire. Five States, in short, had emancipated their slaves by law before 1790. It is needless to go further. Captain Bulloch's assertion is either a willful misstatement or a piece of unpardonable ignorance; for there is no room for sentiment or opinion on this point. It is a simple question of fact. Again, on the next page (vol. ii. p. 308), Captain Bulloch says that no Northern statesman offered or proposed any scheme for emancipation, but simply indulged in invective against the South and the slaveholder. The most superficial acquaintance with the subject would have taught Captain Bulloch, in the first place, that feasible plans of emancipation had been carried out in the Northern States, and were susceptible of imitation; secondly, that the country had teemed with schemes to get rid of slavery from the time of the Colonization Society down to

the war; and thirdly, that every sensible anti-slavery man, and such leaders as Charles Sumner, would have hailed with delight any arrangement for gradual emancipation and for full compensation to which the South would have given her assent.

In another place (vol. i. p. 9), in undertaking to prove the truism that nullification and secession were doctrines which at some time or other received support in all parts of the country, Captain Bulloch intimates that they originated in New England, and begins his survey of the question with the Hartford convention. He has apparently forgotten that the doctrine of nullification, to which the Hartford convention gave the name of "interposition," really originated in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, which emanated from the fertile brain of Jefferson and employed the ingenuity of Madison. He has also failed to remember the whiskey rebellion, and the principles enunciated by its ringleaders; the resolutions of the Patrick Henry society at the time of the Jay treaty, and the preparations in Virginia and the marshaling of Dargatzidis's brigade in 1801 to seize the government in case Burr was chosen over Jefferson in the House of Representatives. The point is not one of much importance in this book, but Southern men ought to learn that their position is not strengthened by falsifying or stating loosely historical facts.

But there is one error of this sort which far outweighs all others. It is an assertion which Captain Bulloch constantly repeats; it is made by all Southern writers, and it is high time that it was abandoned and consigned to the dust heaps. It is the familiar and reiterated statement that the South fought for self-government and freedom, and in so doing occupied the same ground as the colonies in the Revolution. This agreeable theory started as a popular cry, raised by the political leaders at the opening

of the war in order to rouse the Southern people to fight. It was false then, it is false now; and, historically speaking, it is barefaced nonsense. The Revolution was begun and carried through for self-government, in opposition to an encroaching and oppressive external power. The civil war was fought by the North to preserve the Union and to prevent the South from destroying it. The Southern States attempted to leave the Union, and thus furnished the *casus belli* because they had lost an election, and thereby control of the general government. The Southerners acted like children. When they did not win they refused to play. Not a single act of any kind had been committed, not a single step had been taken, not a single scheme, even, had been broached, to interfere with their self-government. They were absolutely untouched. The Republican convention had declared in favor of the rights of States, and Mr. Lincoln announced that he did not intend to meddle with the rights of the South in any way. The South did not wait to see whether the Republicans would commit an overt and obnoxious act. They did not even give the Republicans the opportunity to do anything at all. As soon as the election was decided they prepared to secede; and they seceded at the earliest possible moment. To say that abuse of the "pet institution" was the cause of their action is idle. There was abuse on both sides. The South would not have gone to war because they were abused, any more than the North. They found they had lost control of the government legally. They could not regain it by force, and so they tried to destroy the Union. The North would have borne everything else; but when the Union was assailed, they were determined to prevent its dissolution by force, and they succeeded. These are the plain facts; and this cant about fighting for self-government by a people who had not been interfered with in

any way and who were wholly self-governing, and about a struggle for freedom the corner-stone of which was human slavery, is noxious, miserable rubbish, which we shall always be sorry to find in a respectable book, and most happy to characterize according to its deserts whenever we do find it.

There is still another point on which we think Captain Bulloch makes a mistake. He steadily and carefully belittles and slurs every Northern leader, whether civil or military. We can hardly wonder that he should feel annoyed in regard to Mr. Seward, who so successfully thwarted the plans of the Confederacy in Europe. But this is no reason that Captain Bulloch should attack Mr. Seward, repeating his abusive epithets whenever he can make an opportunity. We confess that these assaults by the Confederate naval agent upon Mr. Seward have given us an increased respect for the ability of the Secretary of State and for the vigor and effectiveness of his work. How much Mr. Seward's vigilance hurt at the time is shown by Captain Bulloch's outcry over it after a lapse of twenty years. At the same time, such abuse of an opponent is neither just nor generous; and when it is extended to all Northern statesmen and soldiers it becomes a serious fault of taste and temper. Captain Bulloch, for instance, goes out of his way to carp and sneer at Farragut; and so it is with all. It certainly does not improve the position of the South if the men who whipped them were such poor creatures, for no amount of superiority of resources could have supplied the lack of ability and courage which is here imputed to every one on the Northern side. If Captain Bulloch had actually fought in the war he would have been more likely to speak of his enemies in the manly way adopted by General Johnston, who says that he never had sympathy with the cheap political talk about the Federal armies; for he had been with Northern troops in

Mexico, and knew them to be brave men and good soldiers.

We have dwelt at some length on these points, not directly connected with the main subject of Captain Bulloch's work, because they are blemishes common to nearly all Southern writers on the war, and are especially objectionable in a sensible, important, and well-written work of this kind. The author would have been stronger and his book more valuable if he had adhered strictly to his subject, and shunned the fair and perilous field of general reflection. We think, however, that Captain Bulloch somewhat misconceives the true point raised by the chapter of history which he has written. His arguments are all devoted to showing that the Confederacy acted in a scrupulously legal way, and was thoroughly justified in every step taken by its agents in Europe. This is of no great importance. The lawfulness or unlawfulness of the Confederate actions abroad possesses nothing more than a sentimental interest for the survivors of the lost cause. The true question, and the one on which this narrative throws a great deal of light, concerns the attitude of foreign powers, and especially of England and France, toward the opposing parties in our civil war. The Confederate States needed a navy. They had entered upon a desperate struggle, and could not build ships at home. They therefore undertook to obtain them abroad. This was natural and fair, and no one can blame either the Confederacy or its agents for the attempt. Any people engaged in a war are perfectly justified in obtaining munitions of all sorts wherever they can. The business of the Confederate agents was to get ships and arms; and if in so doing they violated the laws of other countries it was, at worst, a very venial offense and one for which they cannot be rightly censured, for they acted in accordance with what they believed their first and highest duty. Be it said in

passing that it was equally the duty of the United States to stop these proceedings by any means in their power, and Captain Bulloch's petulant and offended tone, when he refers to the opposition and annoyance he experienced from the United States ministers and consuls and their agents, is excessively funny. He was there to get ships; Mr. Adams, Mr. Dudley, and the rest of the United States officers were there to prevent him: and they fought out their quarrels in their way, while great armies battled over the same issue at home.

As a matter of fact, the Confederate agents violated the law grossly in spirit, if not always in letter. The Foreign Enlistment Act was expressly designed to prevent the equipment and despatch of ships of war to belligerents. Captain Bulloch evaded it by building an unarmed ship and sending her out from one port, and dispatching her armament from another. He cites the *Alexandra* case and various opinions of eminent Englishmen, to show that sending out an unarmed ship intended to become at once a ship of war was not a violation of the law of England. But he fails to show that sending out the *Alabama* in connection with an armament from another point, and enlisting men for her in England, did not constitute a breach of neutrality. The ministers of England in due time admitted that it was.

Captain Bulloch also attempts to meet the charge of violating neutrality by crying, "*Tu quoque*," not a very good argument at best, and in this instance singularly worthless. He is led into these errors largely by his misconception of the difference between recognition as a belligerent and recognition as a nation. The Confederacy obtained the former, but not the latter. To foreign powers there were two belligerents engaged in our civil war, but only one nation. In this latter capacity the United States not only had accredited and received ministers and consuls every-

where, but they occupied a much stronger position in the eyes of the world than their adversaries, and had corresponding advantages. To all this they were fairly entitled, and of course bought arms with much less difficulty than the unauthorized agents of insurgent States having no recognized national existence. Captain Bulloch urges strongly the point that emigration was encouraged in order to obtain recruits for the Northern armies. He forgets that emigration and enlistment are two totally different things. Even if men were encouraged to emigrate to America, they were not enlisted until they reached New York; whereas the Confederate agents actually enlisted men in England, and on English ships, to fight in the cause of "liberty," as Captain Bulloch rather unwittingly admits. He also supports his charge that the United States recruited men abroad by saying that "whole battalions" in the Federal armies were unable to speak English. Extravagant statements like this weaken an argument always, because they are obviously untrue.

The real facts of the case regarding the relations of foreign powers to our civil war can be very briefly stated. England and France desired to see the United States broken up. They began by helping the Confederacy in an underhand way, and waited events. Had the South prospered, they would have come out boldly and helped to precipitate the downfall of the Union. Unluckily for them, the Southern cause lost ground, and in proportion as it hurried downward England and France shut their ports, and helped to crush the unfortunate Confederacy which they had encouraged.

The North can look back on the treatment they received from England and France with a good deal of indifference, for they obtained afterwards a fair measure of redress. The United States compelled the withdrawal of the French

troops from Mexico, and the failure of the Mexican expedition drove the empire to its deserved ruin. From England we demanded an apology and a penalty, and received both. But the South has nothing but the bitter memory of interested friendship, deceitful promises, and blasted hopes as the fruit of foreign sympathy. England and France have the satisfaction of knowing that they wronged and offended both sides, without the compensation of having acted in a manly and honorable fashion.

For the first time we learn the exact attitude of France. We now know that she not only connived at aid to the South, but actually urged Mr. Slidell and others to build ships of war in French dockyards. Thus stimulated, the Confederate agents built the ships; but when the vessels were completed the tide had turned, and then the French government compelled the sale of these all-important cruisers to other nations. Thus France stood technically clear toward the United States; but her policy was in reality outrageous. The Confederacy would never have built ships in France unless actually invited to do so by the emperor's government. Led on and encouraged in this way, the South was at the last moment treacherously struck down, because defeat was upon her. False to the United States, false to the Confederate States, France exhibits in this connection a profligate selfishness which is not often equaled.

One merit, however, France possessed: whatever she did was plain and definite. England vacillated, and let "I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat i' the adage." Captain Bulloch gives a history of the causes which led to the civil war, drawn from the most singular sources imaginable, the English newspapers. There is something delicious in the idea of writing American history on the authority of the cheap sneers of Blackwood and the profound learning

and fair judgment of the Saturday Review and the London Times. Captain Bulloch's object is to show the enlightenment of English opinion, and how England came to understand that the cause of the slave-holder was the cause of liberty. He might have spared himself the trouble of making this exposition. The course of England, the country of fair play and moral ideas, was dictated by mere selfishness tempered by prudence. The aristocracy, and the upper classes generally, hailed the war between the States with delight. They saw the hated republic threatened with anarchy and ruin, going to pieces, and leaving the world for them to bustle in. Thereat they rejoiced mightily. They would have liked to recognize the Confederate States as a nation, but prudence forbade, and voices which could not be disregarded — the voices of John Bright and Richard Cobden — were fearlessly raised against it. Still they could abuse the North and sympathize with the South, and this much they did to their hearts' content. They could connive at sending out ships of war, and this they also did, so far and so long as they dared. The *Alabama* escaped by a trick, as Lord John Russell admitted to Mr. Cobden; and the cases of the *Alabama* and *Florida* were indefensible, as the same minister said to Mr. Adams. The subordinate officers of the English government at Liverpool and elsewhere were in the interest of the South. The letter of Morgan, the Liverpool surveyor, published in the first volume, shows that he, and consequently the government, knew the *Alabama* to be a ship of war, and were only anxious that there should be no technical violation of the law. The builders of the Southern ships were honored and applauded for their work; and thus privateers were let loose on American commerce from English ports, to the great detriment of the United States and the great benefit of England, and without any effect on the Southern

cause. Captain Bulloch is much incensed at the terms "pirate" and "corsair" as applied to the Confederate cruisers. It is not easy to say what they were. They held commissions delivered on the high seas from an unrecognized government, which had not a port in which to shelter them. They differed in no essential respect from privateers; and if we judge them, as Captain Bulloch wishes the belligerency of the Confederate States to be judged, by facts, they were only a species of letter-of-marque ships. They did nothing but burn and plunder peaceful merchantmen, and the only one that fought with a ship of war was disastrously beaten. There is no use, moreover, in belittling the Kearsarge, for Winslow's only mistake consisted in not sinking the Deerhound, and teaching British sympathizers with the South a wholesome lesson against meddling. The Alabama had a fair fight, and was whipped. It is a great pity that the same cannot be said of the Florida.

Gradually, however, the policy of England changed, to the great and bitter dismay of the Confederate agents. The two big rams, innocent, unarmed things, were watched and stopped, to the intense and natural disgust of Captain Bulloch. The Shenandoah got loose, but on the whole the path of the naval agent of the Confederacy became harder and harder. England began, in fact, to live up to her international duties. The South was really as much an object of sympathy as ever, her cause was as good as it had been in 1861 and 1862, and her troops were fighting with undiminished gallantry. Unfortunately, she was rushing to defeat, and as her pace was accelerated England became more and more hostile. We do not wonder that Captain Bulloch writes bitterly of English vacillation. It is only surprising that he is so moderate. He is even now unwilling to face the truth, although he tells it frankly.

There is an old epigram, written by Sir John Harrington, which covers the case:—

"Treason doth never prosper; what 's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason."

At the outset the cause of the South was in England the cause of liberty, of aristocracy, and of "the gentleman," and everybody praised it and tried to help it. But it did not prosper. Then it became treason, and the gentle would-be ally cast it out in the cold, and congratulated the victor. Cobden says in one of his letters, "I have seen with disgust the altered tone with which America has been treated since she was believed to have committed suicide, or something like it. In our diplomacy, our press, and with our public speakers, all hastened to kick the dead lion. Now (1865) in a few months everybody will know that the North will triumph; and what troubles me is lest I should live to see our ruling class—which can understand and respect *power* better than any other class—grovel once more, and more basely than before, to the giant of democracy. This would not only inspire me with disgust and indignation, but with shame and humiliation. I think I see signs that it is coming. The Times is less insolent and Lord Palmerston is more civil. . . . The alteration of tone (in the debate) is very remarkable. It is clear that the homage which was refused to justice and humanity will be freely given to success." There could be no better statement of the case than that of Cobden. It is indeed well worth our while to look back and see, in these volumes, just what the course of the ruling classes in England was. Much has been forgotten, and it is a matter on which it is well occasionally to refresh our memories, so that we may bear in mind what the admiration and friendship of the English are worth. They admire our success; they respect a people who can fight hard, and then pay their debts at the rate of a hundred millions a year.

That is the beginning and end of the whole matter. If we were to get into serious trouble again, the old policy would be repeated, and even extended, if it seemed likely to be safe and profitable. It is particularly instructive to read Mr. Gladstone's speeches, confidently assuring the world that the South would succeed; and it is sad to find the same gentleman, the great moral statesman, some years after declaring that he had always been a friend to the North, and that his predictions of Southern success, which were cheered to the echo when they were uttered, really meant nothing, and were full of good-will to the United States. Mr. Gladstone's conduct represents that of the ruling classes of England. Their whole course during our civil war presents a touching example of England's well-known affection for the weaker party in a fight. That English affection for the weak is always robust when the weaker side is

likely to win, and fades away when the weaker side is driven to the wall. The one thing which England never forgives is failure; the one thing she never fails to worship and follow is success. This is the way of the world and of nations; but it becomes repulsive when it is accompanied with loud moral talk, professions of love of fair play, and wretched cant about always sympathizing as a people with the weaker party. The policy and the acts of England and France in regard to both sides, in our civil war, make a sorry chapter in the history of those countries, and one of which they have reason to be ashamed. Nothing, let us say in conclusion, throws more light upon this subject or gives a better idea of it than the well-written and interesting work of the naval agent of the Confederacy, which we have discussed, and which constitutes a real and important addition to the best and truest history of that exciting time.

MR. TROLLOPE'S LATEST CHARACTER.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, who in his lifetime drew the portraits of a multitude of Englishmen and Englishwomen, has left for exhibition after his death one of the most truthful and interesting in the series, — a portrait of himself,¹ treated with that directness of touch and honesty which have made his squires, parsons, noblemen, gentlemen, and gentlewomen truthful representations of a matter-of-fact England. In speaking of the business of the novelist, Mr. Trollope says, —

“He desires to make his readers so intimately acquainted with his characters that the creatures of his brain should be to them speaking, moving,

living, human creatures. This he can never do unless he know those fictitious personages himself; and he can never know them unless he can live with them in the full reality of established intimacy. They must be with him as he lies down to sleep, and as he wakes from his dreams. He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them, and even submit to them. He must know of them whether they be cold-blooded or passionate, whether true or false, and how far true and how far false. The depth and the breadth and the narrowness and the shallowness of each should be clear to him. And, as here, in our outer world, we know that men and women change, — become worse

¹ *An Autobiography*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1883.

or better as temptation or conscience may guide them,—so should these creations of his change, and every change should be noted by him. On the last day of each month recorded, every person in his novel should be a month older than on the first. If the would-be novelist have aptitudes that way, all this will come to him without much struggling; but if it do not come, I think he can only make novels of wood.

“It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice and the color of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; of every woman, whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned. When I shall feel that this intimacy ceases, then I shall know that the old horse should be turned out to grass.”

Most people imagine that they know themselves in this fashion; but let them try to tell the story of their lives, and they will see what poor stuff they will make of it. Mr. Trollope knew himself as he knew his characters, and the facility which he had acquired as the historian of imaginary persons stood him in good stead when he came to write his own history. He was as real to himself as Mr. Crawley and Johnny Eames were to him; and as, in sketching their lives, he knew a great deal more than he told, but told what was necessary to be known, so in this autobiography he has gone just so far in narrating the circumstances and development of his life as a complete picture, with the Trollope limitations, required. The reason why Hawthorne could never have written his autobiography, and chose that no one else, if he could prevent it, should write his life, was in the kind of interest which he took in the persons whom

he created. He could not stop short of the arcana of being; and however much he might use introspection for this purpose, it would have been an insult to himself had he treated himself in print as he treated even Miles Coverdale. Mr. Trollope stopped a long way short of the arcana of being, and had no difficulty in using quite as much frankness concerning himself as he used concerning his fictitious characters.

The sketch which he draws of his boyish life is much the most complete and penetrating part of the autobiography. Since he was making an object of himself, his boyhood was naturally more easily projected into space than his later life, to which he was more closely linked. Most people find it easier to detach their personality from their boyhood than from their maturity. The boy is father of the man, and a man does not confuse his father with himself. Trollope's boyhood was a miserable existence, haunted by indigent gentility, and cursed with more than ordinary boyish awkwardness and isolation. The distinctness with which he remembers all his wretchedness induces a mingled sense of pity and shame. Poor little Trollope! he says to himself. You were kicked and cuffed about; but oh, how generally unattractive you must have been!

His account of his mother and his father is exceedingly well done. There is no want of respect, and yet he manages to give the reader a very clear notion of the visionary, unpractical character of his father, and the courageous, optimistic, self-satisfied nature of his mother. His mother, it will be remembered, was one of the earliest of the English censors who found the United States disgracefully different from England. “No observer,” her son candidly says, “was certainly ever less qualified to judge of the prospects, or even of the happiness, of a young people. No one could have been worse adapted by nature

for the task of learning whether a nation was in a way to thrive. Whatever she saw she judged, as most women do, from her own standing-point. If a thing were ugly to her eyes, it ought to be ugly to all eyes; and if ugly, it must be bad. What though people had plenty to eat and clothes to wear, if they put their feet upon the tables and did not reverence their betters? The Americans were to her rough, uncouth, and vulgar, and she told them so. . . . Her volumes were very bitter; but they were also clever, and they saved the family from ruin. . . . Work sometimes came hard to her, so much being required, — for she was extravagant, and liked to have money to spend; but of all people I have known, she was the most joyous, or, at any rate, the most capable of joy.” The notices of his mother are many, and each adds to our acquaintance; but of his father he writes more briefly, though with a summing up which reads as if it were taken out of the book of the day of judgment:—

“I sometimes look back, meditating for hours together, on his adverse fate. He was a man finely educated, of great parts, with immense capacity for work, physically strong, very much beyond the average of men, addicted to no vices, carried off by no pleasures, affectionate by nature, most anxious for the welfare of his children, born to fair fortunes, who, when he started in the world, may be said to have had everything at his feet. But everything went wrong with him. The touch of his hand seemed to create failure. He embarked in one hopeless enterprise after another, spending on each all the money he could at the time command. But the worst curse to him of all was a temper so irritable that even those whom he loved the best could not endure it. We were all estranged from him, and yet I believe that he would have given his heart's blood for any of us. His life, as I knew it, was one long tragedy.”

The outward circumstances of his own life, after he left his home and began to support himself, were more varied than fall to the lot of most men. He obtained a clerkship in the post-office; and when he was regarded by his superior officers as a ne'er-do-weel, he asked and obtained permission to undertake a difficult task in connection with the work of the office in Ireland. His success there laid the foundation of his business fortune. He remained in the post-office service until 1867, a period of thirty-three years; but it must not be supposed that the varied circumstance of his life was outside of this work. On the contrary, it was by means of it. For a large part of the time his business was to make journeys for the office, to ferret out abuses, and to establish postal connections with remote hamlets.

“Early in 1851,” he says, “I was sent upon a job of special official work, which for two years so completely absorbed my time that I was able to write nothing. A plan was formed for extending the rural delivery of letters, and for adjusting the work, which up to that time had been done in a very irregular manner. A country letter-carrier would be sent in one direction, in which there were but few letters to be delivered, the arrangement having originated, probably, at the request of some influential person; while in another direction there was no letter-carrier, because no influential person had exerted himself. It was intended to set this right throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland; and I quickly did the work in the Irish district to which I was attached. I was then invited to do the same in a portion of England, and I spent two of the happiest years of my life at the task. I began in Devonshire, and visited, I think I may say, every nook in that county, in Cornwall, Somersetshire, the greater part of Dorsetshire, the Channel Islands, part of Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Here-

fordshire, Monmouthshire, and the six southern Welsh counties. In this way I had an opportunity of seeing a considerable portion of Great Britain with a minuteness which few have enjoyed. And I did my business after a fashion in which no other official man has worked, at least for many years. I went almost everywhere on horseback. I had two hunters of my own, and here and there, where I could, I hired a third horse. I had an Irish groom with me, an old man, who has now been in my service for thirty-five years; and in this manner I saw almost every house—I think I may say every house of importance—in this large district. The object was to create a postal network which should catch all recipients of letters.”

This and similar work brought incidents of an amusing character, which Mr. Trollope recounts, in passing; but his autobiography is not one of his life, except as it bears pretty distinctly upon his literary career, and so he does not dwell at length upon his experience. It is very clear, however, that this excursive occupation brought him immense resources, and enabled him to give that multitudinous detail on which he built the structure of his stories and their characters. If one is studying a particular subject every book which he opens casually has a page which illumines his study; and Mr. Trollope, busy with the creation of characters and incidents, could not fail to find right and left, as he went about the post-office business, materials for his work.

He does not say this in so many words, but the passage which we first quoted in this paper leaves us in no doubt. No one could live day by day in the imaginary world which Mr. Trollope projected, consort with its people and know them intimately, without economizing to the fullest extent all the experience which he enjoyed in the flesh-and-blood world which he inhabited. Mr. Trollope went still further. He

accustomed himself to a continuity of literary labor which fairly takes one's breath away. He is to the weak-willed literary brother what Miss Jane Taylor's Mistress Dial was to the Discontented Pendulum. For Mr. Trollope was an indefatigable civil-service clerk; he was a rider to hounds, who followed that amusement with a dogged persistency which makes his sport a satire upon other men's business; he was a club man; he was, so far as glimpses show, a man of fine domestic habits. In each occupation he did enough to satisfy those who were engaged in the same way, and yet in literature he was the most voluminous of authors. At the close of his autobiography, he writes,—

“And so I end the record of my literary performances, which I think are more in amount than the works of any other living English author. If any English authors not living have written more,—as may probably have been the case,—I do not know who they are. I find that, taking the books which have appeared under our names, I have published much more than twice as much as Carlyle. I have also published considerably more than Voltaire, even including his letters. We are told that Varro, at the age of eighty, had written four hundred and eighty volumes, and that he went on writing for eight years longer. I wish I knew what was the length of Varro's volumes; I comfort myself by reflecting that the amount of manuscript described as a book in Varro's time was not much. Varro, too, is dead, and Voltaire; whereas I am still living, and may add to the pile.”

The explanation has been hinted at. The old prescription of *nulla dies sine linea* was taken literally by Trollope. When at home he did all his writing before breakfast, and when traveling he worked on the railway train or in his stateroom until he had finished his stint. So perfectly did he have his literary pulse under control that it beat two hun-

dred and fifty words to every quarter of an hour. Think of that, unhappy littérateurs, who wait for the mood and weave a Penelope's web, tearing up every night the unsatisfactory pages of the day! Not only was this daily practice possible because of the daily association with the characters to be drawn, but the familiar life with the heroes and heroines of his stories, to which Mr. Trollope refers so often, was made a habit by the daily record of their doings. If he had only thought about them, and rarely written, they would have faded from his thought. If he had written irregularly and by moods, he would have needed to recall features and characteristics with a special effort. It was because Mr. Trollope made his work so common that he was able to make it so real and so generally even.

The narrative of his literary career is the occasion of his autobiography, and brings with it many reflections upon the history of the novel, criticisms upon other writers, and suggestions of the condition of authorship in England. By what he says of criticism Mr. Trollope lifts the corner of a curtain which hides

a very repulsive picture of English literary life. Is it possible that there is so much lack of self-respect in authors and so much personal prejudice in criticism as Mr. Trollope, by making his own career an exception, would have us believe?

The whole work is so entertaining that it is hard to forego the pleasure of pointing out the many amusing passages. Mr. Trollope, criticising himself, and turning over the leaves of his own books in the company of the readers, is as delightful as any figure which he has placed within those books. The suggestions which his career makes to the young littérateur are well worth heeding; but after all, there is nothing which the autobiography gives of so much value as the character of this sturdy Englishman, the very hero of the matter of fact; tramping through fiction, riding to hounds, making straight lines from the post-office to every house, who worships in his novels an English Destiny as sure as the Greek Fate, and looks back upon his own life with a solid satisfaction in the good sense which has made it a cheerful success.

GREATER BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

BISHOP BUTLER, in the course of an argument, entertained the theory that a whole nation might suffer from an attack of insanity. Mr. Seeley, in his lectures on the *Expansion of England*,¹ seems to assume that the English nation is the victim of mental myopy. Here is a nation, he says in effect, which is a world-state, and has been since 1600, yet stupidly insists on regarding itself as a European kingdom, with large, in-

deed overgrown, colonial and dependent possessions. Its historians and statesmen persist in confining their attention to the interior development and the politics of a little island; its people are still insular in their consciousness; yet all the while a Greater Britain is forming, which must be measured, not by the limited states of the European system, but by the two great powers which cast their shadows on the future, Russia and the United States. It is Mr. Seeley's business, in these lectures, to interpret English history since the time of Eliz-

¹ *The Expansion of England*. Two Courses of Lectures. By J. R. SEELEY, M. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

abeth by the growth of this Greater Britain.

There is something almost grotesque in this conception of a people attaining an imperial state, yet so near-sighted as to need the artificial aid of two courses of lectures to enable them to see distinctly beyond their nose. M. Jourdain becomes commonplace, in comparison. None the less, the reader of these lectures, especially if he be an American, does not find it difficult to accept Mr. Seeley's judgment of his countrymen. When Disraeli, acting out one of his own spangling romances, invested Queen Victoria with the title of Empress of India, the conventional Englishman was made thoroughly uncomfortable. He felt that the prime minister was making a guy of the Queen, and yet he was unable to deny that England did have an unquestionable sovereignty in India. The Jingo crowd were delighted, but apparently still less able to give an historic justification. It was the open secret of Disraeli's mysterious nature that he had the penetration of a Semitic mind with the vulgar liking for a hair-oil gentility, which made him capable of an imperial instinct while he appeared to be a showman.

It comes easier, we suspect, to an American, who has grown up in the consciousness of his citizenship, to give immediate assent to the main propositions laid down by Mr. Seeley in his fascinating volume. We are accustomed, in the United States, to think continentally, when we undertake historical studies; and by our remoteness from the party politics of England and the influence of social traditions, we are able to follow more freely a generalization of history which is indifferent to the triumphs of party and the succession of a royal family.

At any rate, Mr. Seeley's reading of English history is so reasonable, and so intelligent in its apprehension of the relation of the United States to modern

civilization, that we find it by far the best working hypothesis of the development of England which has been presented to students. It is so simple, so comprehensive, and so suggestive that we accept it at once, and are scarcely prepared to offer any objection, except the obvious one that if Mr. Seeley is right, then historians for the most part have been on the wrong track; and more startling still, the English people have wanted the consciousness which it is hard to dissociate from a long historic development. It may be suggested, however, on this last point, that there is a good deal more of practical recognition of Greater Britain than shows itself in parliamentary discussion, or even in journalism. Certainly one of the most striking phenomena apparent to the stranger in London is the evidence which meets him on every hand that the city is the metropolis of Greater Britain. A walk of an hour about the Mansion House district brings to the eye the geographical names of all quarters of the globe.

The first course of eight lectures concerns itself with the history of England as it regards the colonies and the United States, and is in effect a new reading of that history in the eighteenth century. Mr. Seeley complains that the unity of the period has heretofore been missed, because students have pursued an artificial method in grouping the facts. "We have an unfortunate habit," he says, "of distributing historical affairs under reigns. We do this mechanically, as it were, even in periods where we recognize — nay, where we exaggerate — the insignificance of the monarch. The first Georges were, in my opinion, by no means so insignificant as is often supposed; but even the most influential sovereign has seldom a right to give his name to an age. Much misconception, for example, has arisen out of the expression Age of Louis XIV. The first step, then, in arranging and dividing any

period of English history is to get rid of such useless headings as Reign of Queen Anne, Reign of George I., Reign of George II. In place of these we must study to put divisions founded upon some real stage of progress in the national life. We must look onward, not from king to king, but from great event to great event. And in order to do this we must estimate events, measure their greatness; a thing which cannot be done without considering them and analyzing them closely. When, with respect to any event, we have satisfied ourselves that it deserves to rank among the leading events of the national history, the next step is to trace the causes by which it was produced. In this way each event takes the character of a development, and each development of this kind furnishes a chapter to the national history, — a chapter which will get its name from the event."

We may say, in passing, that an American student is likely to accept this rational statement more easily than an English student, because the shortness of administrative terms and the wider distribution of authority have led him to study his history rather by natural periods; and though the formal division by Presidents is still retained in many textbooks, the better judgment refuses to acknowledge it except as a convenience to the memory. With this principle in mind, Mr. Seeley, taking the period from 1688 to 1815, finds that the great events are foreign wars, and he aims to discover the unity of purpose pervading them. Upon the surface there is only a confused succession of wars, having no apparent connection. "But look a little closer," he proceeds, "and after all you will discover some uniformities. For example, out of these seven wars of England five are wars with France from the beginning, and both the other two, though the belligerent at the outset was in the first Spain, and in the second our own colonies, yet became in a short time

and ended as wars with France. Now here is one of those general facts which we are in search of. The full magnitude of it is not usually perceived, because the whole middle part of the eighteenth century has passed too much into oblivion. . . . The truth is, these wars group themselves very symmetrically, and the whole period stands out as an age of gigantic rivalry between England and France, a kind of second Hundred Years' War. . . . I said that the expansion of England in the New World and Asia is the formula which sums up for England the history of the eighteenth century. I point out now that the great triple war of the middle of that century is neither more nor less than the great decisive duel between England and France for the possession of the New World. It was perhaps scarcely perceived at the time, as it has been seldom remarked since; but the explanation of that second Hundred Years' War between England and France, which fills the eighteenth century, is this, — that they were rival candidates for the possession of the New World; and the triple war, which fills the middle of the century, is as it were the decisive campaign in that great world-struggle."

All this has a familiar sound to our ears; for no one, in reading the history of the United States, has failed to recognize the critical passage of the struggle of England and France for possession, and the momentous result of the fall of Quebec. It is in the relation of minor European complications to this struggle that Mr. Seeley shows his historical insight, and in his clear discrimination of the relative importance of the colonial and the church question. Thus, he illuminates at once the perplexity of the war of the Spanish succession, when he says, "We must not be misled by the name. Much has been said of the wicked waste of blood and treasure of which we were guilty, when we interfered in a Spanish question with which we had

no concern, or terrified ourselves with a phantom of French ascendancy which had no reality. How much better, it has been said, to devote ourselves to the civilizing pursuit of trade! But read in Ranke how the war broke out. You will find that it was precisely trade that led us into it. The Spanish succession touched us because France threatened, by establishing her influence in Spain, to enter into the Spanish monopoly of the New World, and to shut us irrevocably out of it. Accordingly, the great practical results of this war to England were colonial, namely, the conquest of Acadie and the Asiento contract, which for the first time made England on the great scale a slave-trading power."

This, then, is the thesis, worked out with a most suggestive use of historical material, and full of instruction to American as well as English students. Mr. Seeley is led, necessarily, to inquire into the whole meaning of colonies and empire, and to distinguish between these systems as applicable to England and systems having the same title but far different historical interpretation. He maintains that Englishmen, when asking, What is the good of colonies? have constantly been misled by a false conception of what English colonies really are. "That question," he remarks, "implies that we think of a colony, not as part of our state, but as a possession belonging to it. For we should think it absurd to raise such a question about a recognized part of the body politic. Who ever thought of inquiring whether Cornwall or Kent rendered any sufficient return for the money which we lay out upon them, — whether those counties were worth keeping? The tie that holds together the parts of a nation-state is of another kind; it is not composed of considerations of profit and loss, but is analogous to the family bond. The same tie would hold a nation to its colonies, if colonies were regarded as simply an extension of the nation. If

Greater Britain, in the full sense of the phrase, really existed, Canada and Australia would be to us as Kent and Cornwall." When he says of the term colonial *possessions*, "At the bottom of it certainly was the idea that the colony was an estate, which was to be worked for the benefit of the mother-country," he almost succeeds in putting into a phrase the explanation of the secession of the thirteen American colonies from Great Britain.

The most noticeable omission in Mr. Seeley's argument is in a failure to take account of the factor of local government. He sees that in the increased facility of intercourse mere distance of space is not fatal to unity of government; but he does not seem to consider that, while Canada and Australia are much nearer to London than the colonies here were in 1775, the principle of autonomy which lay imbedded in English liberty, and acted as a powerful solvent in separating the thirteen colonies from Great Britain, is constantly gaining in force in the colonies of Great Britain to-day, and shaping the destiny of those colonies. He points to the United States as having successfully solved the great problem of expansion on a vast scale, when she throws out States into her new territory without shaking her political system, and he appears to intimate that the future of Great Britain lies in federation. Unless we misread his pages, he regards the United States as offering an illustration of such federation; but the unity of the nation lies deeper than any state lines or adjustment of state interests. There is an indefeasible property in territorial boundaries, which cannot be overlooked. Were the time ever to come when Alaska should be a flourishing state, there would be a steadily growing demand to rectify the boundaries of the Pacific coast, and the old war cry of "Fifty-four forty, or fight!" would have a new significance. A federation of separated

countries may be possible in a Greater Britain, but the union of the United States is not a historical parallel. Such a federation might precede, but it could not prevent, the perfect autonomy of Australia or Canada.

"If the colonies are not, in the old phrase," says Mr. Seeley, "possessions of England, then they must be a part of England; and we must adopt this view in earnest. We must cease altogether to say that England is an island off the northwestern coast of Europe; that it has an area of one hundred and twenty thousand square miles and a population of thirty odd millions. We must cease to think that emigrants, when they go to colonies, leave England or are lost to England. We must cease to think that the history of England is the history of the Parliament that sits at Westminster, and that affairs which are not discussed there cannot belong to English history. When we have accustomed ourselves to contemplate the whole empire together and call it all England, we shall see that here too is a United States; here too is a great homogeneous people, one in blood, language, religion, and laws, but dispersed over a boundless space. We shall see that, though it is held together by strong moral ties, it has little that can be called a constitution, no system that seems capable of resisting any severe shock. But if we are disposed to doubt whether any system can be devised capable of holding together communities so distant from each other, then is the time to recollect the history of the United States of America. For they have such a system. They have solved this problem. They have shown that in the present age of the world political unions may exist on a vaster scale than was possible in former times. No doubt our problem has difficulties of its own, — immense difficulties. But the greatest of these difficulties is one which we make ourselves. It is the false preconception

which we bring to the question, that the problem is insoluble, that no such thing ever was done or ever will be done; it is our misinterpretation of the American Revolution. From that Revolution we infer that all distant colonies, sooner or later, secede from the mother-country. We ought to infer only that they secede when they are held under the old colonial system."

It is entirely possible to follow Mr. Seeley in his most interesting interpretation of modern English history by the great fact of the expansion of England without accepting his apparent conclusion. He complains that Englishmen have misunderstood their own history, and, in the passage last quoted, he sees the remedy in a new and juster view. "We must cease to think," he says; and again, "When we have accustomed ourselves to contemplate." But does a nation thus rectify its misunderstanding? No doubt England to-day has its representatives, like Mr. Seeley, who have reached this broader consciousness; and their views may find concrete expression in legislation, which in turn will react upon national thought. Nevertheless, a more philosophical judgment, as we think, takes this persistent misunderstanding as radical and fundamental, itself an index to national limitations. If for two hundred years England has thus been expanding, and needs to be told of it at last by a Cambridge professor, the doubt remains if there are not conditions of nationality, overlooked in the survey, which defeat the prediction of a vast English union. Certain it is that the United States as a nation has attained the consciousness of an organism through means which directly antagonize the assumptions of Mr. Seeley. The war for independence marked the beginning of this consciousness, but it was not until the close of the second war with England that this country really cut loose from Europe. It was not until it had swung out of the great

current of European life that it bore on its way with anything like a distinct purpose. Independence and union have been closely bound with continental integrity, and the highest expression of national life in free political institutions, self-control, art, and religion is the slow product of this self-poised condition. The recent action of Australia is a slight intimation of the same truth. The land held by a people is a far more potent factor in nationality than Mr. Seeley seems to suspect.

Yet there may be a prophetic view of national life which takes too much heed to the relation of the people to the land. The very alluring survey by Mr. Zincke,¹ to which we have once before referred, reminds one a little of the speculations which Franklin used with so much skill when encouraging his countrymen in the establishment of a separate government. Mr. Zincke forecasts the English-speaking population of the globe in successive quarter centuries, upon the basis of the increase during the past hundred years, and finds that, with a total of ninety-three millions in 1880, there will be a thousand millions in 1980. The progression of the United States population alone will be at the rate of doubling itself every twenty-five years; so that, with fifty millions to-day, there will be eight hundred millions a century hence.

With these vast figures, and with the North American continent, Australia, South Africa, and an etcetera for a field upon which to marshal them, he sketches a civilization which is most flattering to one's English pride, and more than that to our American sense; for he rests this mighty civil virtue which is to be upon the American idea that every man shall own his farm. Mr. Seeley shows how England has ceased to be an agricultural country, and has become a com-

mercial one. Mr. Zincke turns his back on England, apparently, and finds in the agricultural basis of Western civilization the promise of a stupendous future. There is, in his speculations, as in those of many political philosophers to-day, a certain dream of a Paradise Regained rather than of a new Jerusalem. It is impossible to read his glowing pamphlet without a kindling at one's heart; yet when it is laid aside, and one sits down to reason the matter out from the facts of present civilization, the outlook is not so simple and majestic. There are certain stubborn elements of society in our American life which refuse to yield to the seductions of Mr. Zincke's prophecy. There are, too, the facts of great cities, of factories, of corporations, of the gravitation of wealth and land itself into the hands of a few, even in America, which come in to disturb the equation. For all that, it is an interesting sign of the times that the redemption of the world's surface should play so important a part in speculation; that land and its tenure should be the one subject to which men recur in their political thought. Mr. Seeley's great federation and Mr. Zincke's colossal Englishry may be dreams, but they are not idle ones, for they both throw light on the tendencies of history, and have a large value for American students. They have an excellent use also in enlarging the very conceptions of historical study, and we cannot withhold the concluding passage of Mr. Seeley's book as bearing upon this point.

"I am often told by those who, like myself, study the question how history should be taught, Oh, you must, before all things, make it interesting! I agree with them in a certain sense, but I give a different sense to the word interesting, — a sense which after all is the original and proper one. By interesting they mean romantic, poetical, surprising; I do not try to make history interesting in this sense, because I have found that

¹ *The Plough and the Dollar; or, The Englishry of a Century Hence.* By F. BARHAM ZINCKE. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

it cannot be done without adulterating history and mixing it with falsehood. But the word interesting does not properly mean romantic. That is interesting in the proper sense which affects our interests, which closely concerns us and is deeply important to us. I have tried to show you that the history of modern England from the beginning of the eighteenth century is interesting in this

sense, because it is pregnant with great results, which will affect the lives of ourselves and our children and the future greatness of our country. Make history interesting, indeed! I cannot make history more interesting than it is, except by falsifying it. And therefore, when I meet a person who does not find history interesting, it does not occur to me to alter history; I try to alter *him*."

MR. CRAWFORD'S TO LEEWARD.

IF any one asks, with a slow shake of the head, how Mr. Crawford can turn out long stories in such rapid succession, the simplest answer is the most conclusive: he has stories to tell. Any one with a head for figures can reckon how many working hours would be required for the mechanical labor of writing *To Leeward*,¹ his latest novel in book form; and the calculation would probably show how much time Mr. Crawford gave to one novel. We know nothing whatever of Mr. Crawford's habits of work; we judge simply from the book itself that it was written *currente calamo*, and it is this free, swift movement which gives a special charm to Mr. Crawford's writing. When one really has a story to tell, and has the story-teller's power of marching straight to the conclusion, his capacity to produce novels must practically be limited only by plain, mechanical conditions.

To Leeward is a story of the lives chiefly of four people of marked individuality, who act upon each other directly, under conditions which lead to a tragical conclusion. The lives of the characters are sketched with boldness; their actions spring from motives clearly apparent, and the issue is logical. There is no exceeding subtlety of thought in

the book; the passions are the elemental ones of love, hate, jealousy, and the moral lies deep in the very picture of life which is presented. Leonora Carnethy, daughter of an English father and Russian mother, tossed from the conventional morality of the father to the unreasoning superstition of the mother, lapses into a vague state of nihilistic irresponsibility, and while wearied with the perpetual conflict of ideas accepts as a possible refuge the love of an Italian marchese, Marcantonio Carantoni. Marcantonio loves her calmly and faithfully, but in making her his wife has been compelled to go counter to the wishes of his sister, Madame de Charleroi. The honeymoon passes, leaving Leonora dissatisfied with herself rather than with her husband, who is unexceptionable; and now comes forward upon the stage Julius Batiscombe, an English journalist and author, whose shadow fell upon the first pages of the history, since he was in the doorway looking on when Marcantonio offered himself to Leonora.

The character of Batiscombe is well conceived. He is a man who cannot help falling in love with women; who sees perfectly well beforehand to what issue his infatuation tends, and takes measures to protect himself by laying

¹ *To Leeward*. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

his reputation before him and looking at it sharply, then running away from the temptation, and, when overtaken by the tempter in an apparently accidental fashion, accepting as inevitable the fate which he has not avoided. Such a man, overpowered by his passion, and finding all circumstances, even to the unsuspecting hospitality of the husband, favorable to his designs, goes with the current, though he knows it will bring him on the rocks. Leonora, fascinated by him, drifts with him; and one sees them both, at first slowly, then more rapidly, yielding to the tide of their passions.

Diana, Madame de Charleroi, is one of the women whom Batiscombe had once vainly loved, and, discovering what the blind husband has not seen, she at first warns Batiscombe, and then her brother. Marcantonio does not now suspect his wife, for Diana has carefully shielded her; but the revelations of a spying servant open his eyes, and he is at once on the alert, casting an apparently impassable net about his wife. She discovers an opening in the mesh, makes her escape, joins Batiscombe, and flees with him. Thereupon the husband, mad with rage, becomes actually insane, and is watched over by his sister; but he, too, eluding the guard, goes straight, with a maniac's cunning, to the place where the lovers are passing their days, comes upon them, shoots at the man, and kills his wife, who throws herself in the way. The man escapes death. "He has the mark of a bullet in his throat, Marcantonio's second shot, that was so nearly fatal to him. He stood aside from the world for a while, and lived a year or two among the monks of Subiaco; he manifested some devotion for her sake who had died for him. And now he is writing novels, again, and smoking cigarettes between the phrases, to help his ideas and to stimulate his imagination."

Such is a bare outline of a story which owes its power to the author's clear per-

ception of what results when two lives drift. There is scarcely a passage in the history where one does not feel that either man or woman could have arrested the fatal movement. It was the absence of will to check an evil course, the gathering volume of passion, which finally swept them away; and it is in the expectation of some *deus ex machina* that the reader hurries breathlessly forward, until he discovers how relentless is human passion and self-will. Mr. Crawford trusts mainly to the actions of his characters. Yet once, in a striking passage, he lifts the veil from the inner consciousness of the woman. She has thrown herself into this new relation vehemently; she has drunk of the cup of pleasure with a full draught, and now finds the lees at the bottom.

"And so it came to pass that after a little time the old tax-gatherer, Remorse, began to put Leonora in distress for his dues; and she was forced to pay them, or have no peace. He came in the gray of the morning, when she was not yet prepared, and he sat by her head, and oppressed it with heaviness and the leaden cowl of sorrow; and each day she counted the minutes until he was gone, and each day they were more."

It cannot be said that the author has succeeded in making Batiscombe as fascinating to the reader as he would have us believe him to have been to Leonora. Yet this may be due to Mr. Crawford's intention of dealing with facts rather than with impressions. To have dwelt upon the nature of Batiscombe's influence over Leonora might easily have led him into the perils of an emotional novel. Instead of that, he has told the tale of human sin and misery as one might record a history. The book is as outspoken as the ten commandments, and it is to the lasting praise of this artist that he has treated the whole theme in so direct and objective a manner. Here is no innuendo, or mincing hesitation, or heating concealment. The reader

sees nothing which the whole world might not have seen; he is invited to no secret interview with illicit love; and when he has laid the book aside, there remains in his mind the memory of a

great wrong, a swift punishment; he bestows his pity and scorn in the right quarters, and he perceives that the author is one with him in the judgment which he passes.

THE HISTORY OF SCULPTURE.

ONE realizes only with great difficulty that the recovery of Greek art in sculpture is practically an achievement of this century. The bas-reliefs of the Campo Santo that awakened the genius of Niccola Pisano, the marbles and gems that Donatello and Brunelleschi unearthed at Rome, and nearly all the treasures that the ancient baths and villas yielded, during the Renaissance, to blend with other powerful influences in shaping a great age were feeble and scanty in comparison with the precious finds of our time, that now fill the metropolitan museums. In fact, it needs a book like Mrs. Mitchell's,¹ grouping and correlating the superabundant material of the separate monographs on Mycenæ, Olympia, Pergamon, Assos, and the like, to convince us by a single wide survey of the field that one of the famous exploits of this century, and of our generation in it, is in a region so remote from materialism. The expansion of our knowledge in respect to the past of our race has, in some semi-barbarous lands like Asia Minor, been more rapid than the spread of our civilization. Enough has already been discovered to prove that the history of Greek culture, from its diffusion under Alexander to its decadence under the Cæsars, has been grossly misconceived, and must be rewritten, just as was the case with Roman provincial history in the north. In the latter instance, our gain has been

in the knowledge of institutions; in the former, it seems likely to be in that of art.

So much is indicated, at least, by our present information as summarized in these chapters on the Hellenistic age; for, in so brief a notice as this must be, it is necessary to pass over at once the account of oriental art, of the sources of Greek art, and of the nobler Parthenion period, as having been from time to time treated of in our pages. The hints afforded by the Pergamon marbles, for example, are perhaps more interesting than either the fuller records of the previous century, or the scantier monuments of prehistoric Chaldee; certainly this is the case for such as have a *penchant* for imagining history by the help of possible inferences and contingent analogies. The development of the Greek genius in sculpture, after it had passed its first maturity in Phidias and his immediate successors, apparently presented the same characteristic signs as are shown in other modes of artistic expression in other nations. A reasoned conception of the ends and means, a trained appreciation of form, a complete mastery of technique, were inherited by the sculptors of Pergamon. The purpose being fixed and the tools perfected, no originality was allowed them except in style; and consequently we see in their work, as in the last dramas of Shakespeare, or in the creations of Browning

¹ *A History of Ancient Sculpture.* By Lucy M. MITCHELL. With numerous illustrations,

including six plates in phototype. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1883.

or Carlyle, an excess of subject (if the phrase may be used), an effort to put the utmost of muscular action, of narrative import, of allegorized truth, into their marbles. And yet, in connection with this intensity, as it is called, it cannot fail to be observed that their creations (herein touched with the decadence) breathe the self-glorifying spirit of triumphant skill, rather than the overmastering idealism of the earlier patriotic and religious motives. In this, as in the pictorial composition and landscape backgrounds, one is tempted to discern the harmful influence of that so vaguely known school of painting that flourished in the preceding period, and to piece out by conjecture our fragmentary conceptions of its manner. It is complained now that our sculpture is too pictorial; almost as soon as the art was recovered in Italy it fell into the same error, particularly in relief work; but in Greece the profuse use of color on the marble, as ground and also for direct decoration, together with the employment of metals and jewels as additional adornments, must have brought the two arts so closely together that the transference of modes of treatment was inevitable. The striking thing is that painting, then as now, seems by its greater compass to overpower its more hampered rival.

Besides this tendency to overtax the power of expression by the weight of subject, and this pride in mere technique in close association with a humiliating imitation of a different art, these Pergamon sculptures display other marks of being essentially quite modern. Their realism is especially noticeable. The Greeks of the elder time, it must be acknowledged, were remarkably fortunate in that their realistic spirit fell in with an actual existence which itself appealed to the imagination in many ways. In the Athenian prime the life that lessened Sophocles and Agathon was heroic or idyllic, and needed hardly a

touch to exalt its elements into the most imaginative idealism. When Plato could not write a dialogue without making a drama, nor Aristophanes compose a comedy without breaking into the sweetest lyric song, nor Phidias chisel a flying fold except for eternity, there was a presence on earth and a spirit in men that made realism not less trustworthy as a guide to sculptors than is the "Look into thy heart and write" as a maxim for poets like Sidney. But when the barbarians broke in from the north upon Asia Minor, and the luxury of oriental manners and the fantasies of oriental mind stole upon the old order and changed it, to study the real was not necessarily to achieve the beautiful. The barbarians chiseled by the Pergamon sculptors are very different from those that once adorned the Parthenon: they are fierce, ugly, portrait-like, studied from the life. The giants, too, by the same artists are not even altogether human, as in the older reliefs, but many are monstrous, conglomerates of snaky folds and Titanic limbs and ox necks, finny wings, pointed ears, horns, and such Egyptian and Assyrian confusions. For this debasement of the type, few will consider the wonderful finish, the minute and successful imitation of fur, scale, and stuff, a compensation. So, too, the representation of mortal agony is, in these works, carried to an extreme of truthfulness that is upon the verge of the revolting. This new bent of realism, which, ceasing to select from the beautiful in life, now takes these three directions, — toward the portraiture of types not noble, toward the close copying of accessories not important, and toward the reproduction of shocking aspects of existence, — this essential difference between the art of Athens and of Pergamon, it would be but too easy to parallel in more than one province of our own intellectual life. All these remarks, though they were not meant to point such a moral, incidentally illustrate

how misleading is the word "ancient" when applied to the Greeks. Wherever approached, they are as level to our own times in thought and deed as any of the so-called moderns; and though their language, in its former dialect, is dead, its golden words always fall upon our ears as if from the lips of some wiser contemporary. In looking on these recovered marble fragments, just as in reading the *Antigone* or *Alcestis*, the centuries seem meaningless.

To conclude this hasty examination of a small portion of the work under review, Mrs. Mitchell deserves very great commendation for the scholarly character of the volume,—a quality seldom found in compendiums, and still more seldom united with the philosophic spirit which seeks to show in every human activity an illustration of the whole social state whence it springs. The book is careful and exhaustive, both as an outline of historic tendencies and as a descriptive catalogue of the principal sculptural works from ancient times; it is, besides, profusely illustrated with many excellent and some inferior woodcuts, which add clearness and interest to the text. It is instructive to note in so comprehensive a narrative, and actually to see by the accompanying designs, how very slow was the progress of man in sculpture even after the rise of the Greeks; how very few and persistent were the motives of the art, how swift its extinction. The tomb, the palace, and the temple wear its whole history inscribed on them in a few changes in the pose, the proportions, the draperies, and the face; yet in one or two generations this hardly acquired skill of many ages slipped away unheeded. But if Mrs. Mitchell helps the man of only general culture to grasp at once the whole course of the art, her book is not less serviceable by impressing on the mind the necessity of still further excavation; for the gaps of knowledge here shown are great. Mycenæ, Olympia,

Pergamon, Assos, are names of honor to our time, as has been said; to let the list end would be a disgrace. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this volume will be widely read by men and women interested in intellectual matters; for it shows at once the great value, the probable success, and the need of continuing the investigations on ancient sites.

In comparison with the Greek, the Italian sculpture of the Renaissance has a secondary place, though in shorter time it repeated the same history; but Mr. Perkins' work¹ is a very different one from Mrs. Mitchell's. It is, as it is entitled, a simple handbook, and is condensed from other works of the author. No attempt is made to give anything except information as to names and dates, some biographical details, and a general and usually perplexing account of the manner of the different schools and the masters in each. In fact, the author does not seem to have been guided by any one purpose, or to have proportioned his chapters upon any definite plan. His remarks upon the sculptor whom he variously designates as 'Michael Angelo, Michel Angelo, and Michelangelo deal much more with that personage's biography in general than with his career in this special art; and a similar fault—a lack of concentration and of lucidity—characterizes the whole work. The footnotes are learned; but it is not to a compendium of this kind that a scholar goes, and except for him they are needless. It must be added, too, that the cuts are disgracefully bad (from such publishers), and the proof-reading such as to draw anathemas from the intelligent. Mr. Perkins' authority in art is deservedly great, and it is a matter for regret that he should have allowed a volume with so strong an appearance of being manufactured to come from his hand.

¹ *Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture.* By CHARLES C. PERKINS. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is October, and Paris is full of foreigners. The King of Dress holds a levee daily from two until five P. M., No. 7 Rue de la Paix, first story above the *entresol*. He is the only absolute monarch left in Europe, and his court is the most cosmopolitan. There is no need of minister or master of ceremonies to present you, however: you push open a double swinging glass door at the head of the staircase, — through which, for once, you see yourself as others see you in a long looking-glass facing the entrance, which surprises you, on your first visit, with the vision of a familiar stranger about to go out as you come in, — and you find yourself in a long, light corridor, lined with settees. At the end, to the right, are rooms for fitting dresses, inspecting colors by gaslight, private consultations, afternoon tea, very likely; at the opposite end, to the left, are the show-rooms, the sovereign's audience and antechambers. There are four in open communication, well lighted by long windows on the Rue de la Paix, not large, and blocked in various directions by counters covered with goods, wall-cupboards with doors ajar and goods ranged on shelves, chests of drawers half open, revealing more goods. On a door-post is pinned a bunch of scraps of every color and stuff, like a secret signal; above it is a card covered with figures and letters intelligible only to the initiated. There are very few chairs, as people who go to Mr. Worth's are not expected to sit down; but there is not much standing room, either. If you were there about the middle of the afternoon, one bright day in the early autumn, 1883, this is what you saw and heard: —

Mr. Worth himself is the centre of constantly changing groups of men and women, American, English, French, Russian, Spanish, and unclassified. They

are not all speaking or listening to him, — only those who understand English or can guess at his French do that; the others are waited upon by underlings, who address them in their native language. But the majority cluster round Mr. Worth. He is dressed in a blue flannel sack-coat, buttoned across his burly person, brown trousers, a turn-down collar, and crimson scarf, all shabby. The immediate object of his attention is a single lady of great wealth, from New York; gray-haired, quiet in dress and demeanor, but with something about her which marks her as being somebody, as distinguished from anybody. The interview is drawing to an end. "Then you'll be sure to let me have it to-morrow?" she asks. "Yes, yes. I don't like to see you going about in that thing. You look like an undertaker." They laugh, and she departs. A pretty Frenchwoman, who has been waiting her turn, advances for inspection in a dress which has just been tried on. Mr. Worth steps aside to an inner room, in full sight of the rest, where there are a few feet of polished floor clear, seats himself on the only chair, and motions her to turn round. She obeys: turns right, left, advances, retreats, crosses her arms, throws back her head, walks off a few paces, then returns. Mr. Worth makes a criticism to the fitter, — a slender damsel dressed in green silk and brocade, with a deep, square linen collar edged with point-lace, like the pictures of Queen Henrietta Maria of England, — and dismisses Madame la Baronne. The next in order is an English family. The father is rubicund, clever looking, well dressed, and alert; he has the air of a new, rich M. P. The mother is gentle and staid; the daughter so pretty and elegant that she might pass for an American but for the silver dog collar she wears outside

her jacket. Worth summons a shopman, and they begin discussing the merits of various black silks. But you find it impossible to fix your attention on one group; it is distracted at this moment by a charming French girl, who is exhibiting herself to her handsome mother in a bewitching little mantle. An imposing shopwoman of fifty or upwards, with a pearl-powdered face and hair dyed blonde, in an amber and gold Medici costume (the fashions are of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, at present), is abetting the young lady in overriding her mamma's objections to the extravagance in buying a garment which will be out of season in three weeks. The daughter tosses her pretty head, and looks appealingly at her mother over her graceful shoulders, with a movement and expression instinct with natural coquetry and desire to please. Before the question is decided a loud, inarticulate sound, between a yawn, a groan, and a grumble, issues from the breast of a sharp, good-looking American, in a rough coat and felt hat, who is walking to and fro as if he had been doing it for a long time; looking out of the window, into the boxes of dry goods, and at the slim shop-girls in their fine clothes with the same wide-awake, uninterested glance. "My dear," he says, stopping short by a knot of beautifully dressed women, who are in close council over heaps of shiny stuffs, creamy satin with bouquets of tea-roses, silvery brocade with velvety bunches of begonia leaves, and other blooming fabrics as lovely as flower-paintings, — "Julia, my dear, I can't hold on any longer. You don't want me. Have you got all the money you want? If you don't know what the figure will be, I'll send a check. I guess that's the best plan, any way. Good-by, girls. I suppose you'll all turn up about dinner-time." Off he goes. The shopwoman who is waiting on his wife and daughters has a pale, faded, handsome, refined face, and

is dressed with severe simplicity in black silk, with a white fichu. She has been part of the establishment longer than any one else, except the head of it. She bestows a discreet smile upon the ladies, as if to say that one may well be tolerant of the oddities of such a man as that. Her eye, following him to the door, rests upon a lady who has been wandering about the rooms in a rather purposeless way for some time. "Is any one waiting upon you, madame?" The lady, a slight, attractive person of thirty, replies carelessly, in French, that they have gone to look for the cloak she is to try on; and after lingering and looking about for another minute, she disappears through a door, followed by a young man carrying a cloak on his arm. "Well, name a figure," Mr. Worth is heard to say. "Will you say two thousand francs?" "*That* you won't," interposes the English husband. "Let us see something reasonable." "A thousand francs, if you like," returns Worth: "one must fix a sum to begin." The pale, sympathetic shopwoman tells the American ladies that she knows exactly what will suit them. Mademoiselle — is to marry Prince Radziwill next week, and they shall see some of her dresses; and she gives an order to a man in livery. Just then a very well-bred, good-looking, middle-aged Frenchman, dressed for the afternoon with extreme care and correctness, looks in from the antechamber, hat in hand, and after running his eye keenly over the room inquires of the principal shopwoman, in a civil, good-humored tone, if the Countess has been there yet. "No, Monsieur le Comte, Madame la Comtesse has not been here to-day. If she comes later, shall I say that Monsieur le Comte is looking for her?" "No, thank you; not worth while," he replies. "She has probably changed her mind, and gone home." As he withdraws, the lady who went to try on her cloak opens the door, and comes out hastily, meeting M. le

Comte in the antechamber. He bows ; they exchange half a dozen words which no one else can hear ; he bows again and goes out. She comes back into the show-room, turns over some patterns for a little while, and then goes away, saying to a clerk who is not waiting upon her that she will call again about the cloak. As she leaves the room glances of intelligence pass between several of the employees. "That would make a good gown, I should say," observes the Englishman. "Of course it would. There's nothing here that would n't make a good gown," Mr. Worth responds ; "but for my part, I don't like to put fine wine in dirty glasses." The mother and daughter giggle ; the father observes, "I don't quite understand." "Why, I like to see a fine bust in a handsome dress, and I should n't like to put that young lady's form in a second-rate silk."

A louder buzz of voices drowns the rejoinder ; then there is a momentary hush, and a line of porters in livery make their way into the room, each holding a magnificent dress skirt, followed by a frowzy little girl bearing the train. It looks as if the Princess Radziwill's clothes were going to court without her. Everybody draws back with involuntary respect, as the splendid array sweeps by. The American ladies burst into rapturous exclamations, and at once order similar dresses.

Meanwhile people have been coming and going, but the rooms are now full. There is not room enough ; there is not air enough ; there are not hands enough to wait upon the customers. There are loud calls for Miss Mary, Miss Ella, Madame Bouillon, Madame Emile, Mademoiselle Hélène. There is an incessant subdued slamming of the swing-doors. Untidy minxes of twelve or thirteen, with pert London faces, dressed in threadbare stuff gowns, run in and out on errands among the elegantly dressed shopwomen and purchasers. The clerks dash about, running against the women

of the house, in their costumes of Charles II.'s time, catch them in their arms, dodge, laugh, and rush onwards. Incessant questions assail the forewoman : "Where shall Mrs. S. try on her dress?" "When is the Duchesse de B. to call again?" "Who is to fit the Queen of Bohemia to-morrow?" "Which are Miss L.'s patterns?" "How much will you make my costume for?" "Why has my coat not been sent home?" The answers come as clear and prompt as if read from a book : "Mrs. S. to the second dressing-closet. The Duchesse can call the day after to-morrow, at eleven o'clock. Madame Emile is to fit the Queen to-day, at five o'clock. Miss L.'s patterns went this morning by post. The lowest we can make you that dinner-dress for, madam, is fifteen hundred francs ; if you use your own lace, it will be fourteen hundred and seventy-five. Your coat is only waiting for the buttons, miss. Those you desired had to be made to order." The speaker is an Englishwoman, tall and thin, but well made and graceful, with a small head, sharp little features, and a bold, intelligent, irritable face ; in all the hubbub and confusion she keeps her head, her temper, and her civility. There is not a pretense of order, quiet, decorum, — what the French call *terme*. Mr. Worth sets the example. "Here, Ella!" he shouts from the inner room to a girl who is in the act of showing goods to a lady. The slender Ella drops the silk, leaves the customer, and flies ; in a minute more she is to be seen gliding about in a flame-colored satin mantle, which Mr. Worth is recommending to an immensely stout, swarthy, elderly woman, whom he addresses as "*Altesse*" (your highness). The clerks laugh and talk with each other, leaning against the counters, in the brief breathing spaces of their attendance on purchasers. "How, Alfonso! You a Spaniard, and not gone to pay your respects to your king to-day?"

"Well, Danicheff, has your grand duchess sent for you yet? She must need some new clothes, as the Nihilists blew up her old ones." The principal male personages are an ugly, common-looking, shabby little man of fifty or thereabouts, with a clever, cynical face, and a great gift for remembering people whom he has once seen, and a supple, sinuous young fellow, with a delicately cut Jewish profile and extremely long, dark eyes and slender eyebrows, marking an almond-shaped outline on his ivory-tinted complexion, hair and beard worn very close, in the Venetian fashion of the sixteenth century; he is extremely civil and capable, but the chief direction evidently lies with the women.

Mr. Worth has become invisible, but is audible, haranguing a new party: "That's the dress you want; it sets off a good figure. When a lady rises and comes forward to receive, her skirt must take a graceful sweep, — so. This new silk falls into the right folds. I made one like it for a rich Philadelphia lady. Philadelphia ladies are very particular. I'll make yours blue. Like this brocade? I made it up last spring for Mrs. B., of Boston. She wanted something else, but I said, 'Now, Mrs. B., I know what'll suit you better than you do yourself. You leave it to me, and I know you'll be satisfied.' But Mrs. B. thought she knew better, and we had a difference, and she went off to somebody else." "Where did she go?" asks a listener. "Lord, how do I know? To the Bon Marché, I suppose, ha, ha, ha! But she came back in a week or two, and said she, 'Well, Mr. Worth, you *do* suit me better than anybody else, and I'm going to let you make me that dress. What will you make it for?' I said, 'Mrs. B., if you want cheap stuff, you go somewhere else; but if you'll trust me, I'll make you the handsomest dress you ever had on your back, and not charge you too much, either.' So I made the dress and sent it home; and

Mrs. B. came and said to me, 'Mr. Worth, you've been better than your word'!" — Here the din drowns the remainder of the story, if there is any. The rooms overflow into the corridor. "There is M. Carolus Duran," says a showwoman to a group of foreign customers. They hasten to the door to see the celebrated painter, a tall, thin figure, with a dark, rather handsome face, though a little of the Mephistophelic type, attired with an artist's privileged carelessness. He is inspecting the dress of one of his fair sitters, made according to his order, to see whether it meets his views, and will be worthy of the portrait he is to make of her. An erect, bulky, high-colored woman, with regular features and an auburn wig, wearing a round straw hat and a cloak made of an India shawl, lays her hand on the shoulder of a young woman who is showing patterns to a lady who has been waiting half an hour for her turn: "Just a moment, mademoiselle." "I beg your pardon, milady, but this lady has been waiting a long while." "I *must* speak to you for a moment. I'm in a hurry," returns milady imperiously. "Go," says the other customer to the embarrassed girl, who obeys with a gesture of apology; the Englishwoman giving no sign that there is another person concerned. At that moment, however, Mr. Worth emerges from his concealment, elbowing his way unceremoniously through the crowd. "Oh, see here, Mr. Worth!" cries milady, tapping him on the arm. "Oh, it's you, Lady C. How d'ye do, milady?" They draw close together: she lays one of her hands on his wrist, he lays one of his on hers, then the other, as if they are going to play what children call Carry my lady to London. Their words are lost amid the other voices, but they remain in this confidential attitude for several minutes. Then she releases herself, emphasizing her parting orders by a light blow of her forefinger on his chest. "All right,

milady," he replies, and she goes away. Worth himself gazes slowly about the rooms, as if to ascertain if there be anybody left deserving his attention, meets a lady coming in who is apparently unknown to him, stares at her deliberately from head to foot, and then from foot to head, before moving aside to let her pass, and then saunters down the corridor, and disappears.

Without him the show-rooms have not half their life, so you go upstairs. On the story above there are several rooms, with waxed floors, velvet sofas, and carved walnut clothes-presses, through the half-open doors of which you see gleams of satin, velvet, or fur, ready-made garments, for sale or as models. In these rooms there are few people, and it is quiet. On one of the sofas sit an elderly French couple: she is a hard-favored, intelligent-looking, aristocratic woman, and is choosing a wrap for driving; he has gray hair and mustache, and a superb Bonaparte profile, although from their simple dress and distinction of manner both he and his wife probably belong to the Legitimist society of the Faubourg St. Germain (which does not patronize Mr. Worth), a supposition which is strengthened by their being in the slight conventional mourning, such as is being worn by that set for the Comte de Chambord. In the same room an American lady is looking at opera-cloaks, which are displayed to her by a tall, undulating creature, with warm brown hair and half-shut eyes of the same color, a creamy face, and a mouth like a large crimson blot upon it. She drapes herself in the plush and cashmere, and advances and recedes to show the effect, unconscious, to all appearance, of the presence of anybody except her special customer. The French gentleman watches her out of the corner of one eye, without turning his head half an inch; but the French lady keeps a sharp lookout, in the midst of her canny bar-

gaining. At length their showman says that if Madame la Marquise will take the trouble to step into the next room she can see the gray wrap to better advantage, as there are more windows and the light is fading. "Yes, the light is fading," says the Marquise, rising briskly and about to follow him; but on the threshold she turns sharply round to her marquis, who sits fast: "Venez, mon ami," and whisks him off from the dangerous propinquity. The light *is* fading, and it is time to go.

— When Mr. Grant White brings words and their abusers into court he is always entertaining, and his judgments are nearly always just. It is rarely that he makes a slip of the memory or of the pen like one or two which attracted my attention in reading his paper on *Some Alleged Americanisms*, in the December Atlantic (1883). In criticising the language which an English writer puts into the mouth of one of his "American" characters, Hannah Coffin, he says of her exclamation "Laws!" that it would be more naturally "Law suz!" and remarks of a certain speech of hers, "This passage contains a blunder which spots all this worthy but unhappily monstrous female's speeches: 'There ain't no one here as knows,' etc. This preservation of the old English use of 'as' in constructions where modern English requires 'that,' he goes on to say, "is unheard and unknown in New England, where fairly 'good grammar' is spoken even by those who have received only a few winters' district-schooling, and who will use queer, uncouth phrases, pronounce grotesquely, and speak in a sharp, nasal tone that sets one's teeth on edge."

First, as to "laws" and "law suz." In my opinion they are two separate expressions, and among old-fashioned up-country people I have found one about as common as the other. "Laws" appears to be an abbreviated form of the oath "By the laws!" which one may

occasionally hear pronounced with stern emphasis by respectable magistrates and deacons who like to swear without being profane. "Law suz" is most likely a contraction of "Lord save us." "Lor'" is also a mild form of Yankee oath.

"There ain't no one here as knows" is certainly a kind of expression never used by a native of New England. People who say "ain't" would drop the connective word altogether, and say, "There ain't no one here knows." But when Mr. White tells us that the use of "as" for "that" is "unheard and unknown in New England," he states a general rule, indeed, but one to which there are marked exceptions. No Yankee will ever say, "The man as I was talking with," any more than he will say, with Rawdon Crawley, "The pistols which I shot Markham." But not only "those who have received a few winters' district-schooling," but, alas, too many who are to-day giving instruction even in grammar schools, and high schools, say constantly, "I don't know as" and "I don't remember as," where "that" is clearly the necessary word. When, according to the newspapers, Salmon, the Laconia murderer, was asked, the other day, if he made any calls at a certain time, he replied, "I can't tell as I did." "I ain't certain as I did" and "I ain't sure as I did" are also New England expressions. "I told him as how" is not common, but it is sometimes heard.

I am here reminded of a slip of Mr. Lowell's, who somewhere gives as a Yankee expression, "I don't know as I will, and I don't know *as* I will." This I see repeated by other writers, who find it convenient to make the Biglow Papers a quarry for their Yankeeisms. I am confident his imitators never heard it; I doubt that Mr. Lowell himself ever heard it. He was probably misled by an expression similar in sound, but having a logical construction which is wanting in the form he gives it,—an

expression which I have heard myself many times: "I don't know but I will, and I don't know *as* I will." Here the "as," in opposition to "but," has force; but put another "as" in the place of "but," and the sense is sprawling.

—The Woman Who Shuts her Eyes has been an interesting study to me since my childhood. I find that I do not, after long acquaintance, thoroughly understand her. Unknown to herself, there is a touch of abstraction and mysticism in her peculiar habit, which at once engages philosophic speculation. What I find phenomenal in her case is not the mere fact that she shuts her eyes, since once in twenty-four hours for purposes of sleep, and at least once a minute in winking, we all do the same; the singularity of her action is that she closes her eyes, and keeps them closed, upon occasions the least sleep-inducing, and, seemingly, the least suitable for reflection and self-communing. Often, in a conversation that apparently engages her whole attention, her eyelids will drop, smoothly curtaining the windows of her soul, and lending her countenance an expression of great placidity. At such times I do not imagine her to be sleeping, for though ocular communication is hindered, the exchange of ideas is not; her remarks are as relevant as ever, and show that her interest in the conversation remains unabated. Though aware that her condition is entirely normal, I cannot quite overcome the impression that I am talking with one who enjoys a state of reverie or exaltation into which I am not permitted to enter. Sometimes I am put in mind, not so very agreeably, of the trance-medium or the clairvoyant; then, perhaps for an instant, I entertain the idea of asking her some of those well-considered questions usually put to spiritist seers.

Dropping all pretense of mystery, the Woman Who Shuts her Eyes—the particular one I am acquainted with—is as little like a sibyl as could well

be imagined. The mother of many children, now a sedate, middle-aged matron, rosy, serene, soft-voiced, — I am more than half inclined to attribute her enviable preservation from the gnawing and embittering cares of life to the exercise of the placid habit which I have described. This habit, I have good reason to believe, played a large part in her maternal government, and, contrary to what might have been expected, was productive of sound results. Not only when rocking her children and singing them to sleep was she wont to close those gentle eyes, but also when dispensing reproof (which, like a good mother, she spared not). I have even heard that when obliged to administer corporal chastisement she would close her eyes during the fiercest of the struggle: very likely she would have closed her ears also, had they, like her eyes, possessed lids.

The defensive virtue of this simple practice is greater than at first appears. If it cannot cure an evil, it is at least a charming anæsthetic. Against the intemperate glare of the sun, against inconsiderate rough winds, against rain, hail, and snow, this good woman has only to drop her eyelids, when, if the expression of her face is to be trusted, all these weather ills are as though they were not. More than once I have seen her thus, — an image of imperturbable sweetness, — with her family, riding to church; and at church, whenever the preached word became more denunciatory than usual, dealing with judgment rather than with mercy, I have seen those deprecating lids shut down between her mild eyes and the pulpit messenger of wrath divine. The same thing may be noted if, in her presence, a too searching inventory be made of the bad traits of an absent person. Surely, it would do one good who loves his fellow-mortal to see such outward token of a disposition to connive or wink at the faults and follies of humanity: not always are

we so well advised as in her case that our friends shut their eyes to our imperfections.

I was about to recommend the excellent practice, herein described, to such as are troubled by too keen and anxious prevision; but I am not sure the practice can be acquired. From all I can gather of her history, it does not appear that the amiable subject of this sketch acquired the habit: it seems rather to have been a trait of temperament; not second, but first, nature with her. Doubtless, even in the cradle her face often assumed this look of peaceful introspection, causing her nurses to think that she enjoyed angelic confidences. There is, indeed, a tradition in her family, which affirms that, when her hand was sought in marriage, she signed her consent by merely dropping her eyes, and smiling. When she dies (may she long be spared to illustrate the virtue and beauty of composure) her death will, I think, be an example of euthanasia. As she has so often done before at any stern or doubtful prospect, she will but close her eyes and slip away from the contemplation of earthly things, and her friends shall not be able to say where reverie leaves off and eternal sleep begins.

— It is astonishing how easily we change our minds, and how impossible it is for us to regard the individual as we do the class to which it belongs. Perhaps the sum total of the faults of a class is more than we can bear, while the single offender has not the power to disturb us, and we are ashamed to oppose ourselves to so small and defenseless an enemy. These thoughts were not directly suggested by human beings, but by flies. One recoils from the sound of their name, as a reminder of their constant annoyance in some places and at some times of the year; but I must confess that, sitting for hours at a time by the same sunny window in winter, I have more than once become fondly attached to a single fly, which has hovered about

my desk and basked in the corners of the window-panes. This year it is a singularly tame little insect, and unusually free from troublesome tricks. He is not sticky-footed, neither is he one of the pertinacious sort, which insists upon returning again and again to the same spot on my nose or eyebrow. He is more apt, when away from the window, to take up his position on my stamp-box, or the edge of a Grand-Canal-colored Venetian shell, which is fastened against the wall, near it. From thence he looks at me steadily, as if, he were waiting to fly my errands for me; and I have wondered if it is he who brings back to me the words that I sometimes miss from my sentences, as I write. He buzzes them gently into my ear, and returns to his post to trim his wings for the next flight. I fancy that he sees my stories in detail, letter by letter, and that a word of four syllables has to be carried back by piecemeal, so that I vainly search my brain for the whole when only part has yet arrived.

If I have had a bit of candy, my fly is sure to find some fragments of it which escaped me, and he walks boldly among the edges of letters and sheets of paper; and if I must move them about, he takes the shortest possible flight, and comes back again fearlessly. I wonder that it does not strike him dead with terror when I stir, or when even my hand passes over him, eclipsing the rest of the world for the time being; and yet he only flies out of its way, when the hovering weight is at too close quarters. I cannot conceive why the smaller animals are no more afraid of us, and do not appear more sensible of their danger when we approach. The least of the insects probably have the same feeling that we do when astronomers tell us that the world spins round and moves through space; and who knows what theories the wise spiders have made, being proficient in geometry and other exact sciences! They must look upon

human beings as we look upon comets, and think of life as filled with accident and disaster from the eccentricities of our orbits.

The winter fly is less energetic than his summer friends, and takes life calmly, and indulges himself in quiet pleasures. He seems sometimes like a very old man, who has outlived his generation, and whose horizon grows narrower every year. The recollection of the past season must be a great surprise to my friend the last fly; and to find the world a changed and depopulated place must be melancholy. It may be that insects and animals have much more affection for each other than we suppose, and even seem to each other to be possessed of souls. They may anticipate a future life with awe, and the caterpillar, who weaves his own shroud, may do it with a solemn sense of his future angelhood. He may have been told by some longer-lived neighbor that he will not always grovel among earthly things, or at best climb perilously up a grass stalk or fence post, but will wear shining wings, and wander at his will through space and from flower to flower. He would almost be sure of the millennium, if he did not know that his heaven and hell were dismally interfused, and that such things as sharp-beaked birds, and little boys with nets and pins, and Death himself were lying in wait for him in the bowers of his paradise.

On those days when a flood of sunshine comes through the window my lonely winter fly takes courage, and soars and buzzes as if it were summer again; but when the sky is gray he goes afoot altogether, as if he were rheumatic, and he stays a great while in one place, and does not venture into the air except for safety at a time of great danger. There is a pot of geranium on the window-sill, which serves him for a garden; and here he gets a drink of water, once in a while, or goes aloft to sit in the middle of a broad green leaf. He behaves at

such times as if he wished for company ; and I pity him, and should be very much shocked if I were reminded how many of his relatives I have killed with a newspaper or other engine of destruction, in the summer months. His sleeping place is behind a little picture, and I am always glad to see him walk out in the morning ; for I have learned from sad experience that some day I shall miss him, and my pen will bring a dreadful blotting fragment from the depths of the ink bottle, which will drop upon my sheet of paper, to remind me that my fly was mortal, and tell me that his life is spent. His crumb of cake will presently be dusted away, and for many days I shall forget that he is dead, and be careful to avoid throwing books upon him, or to carelessly harm the fragile creature, whom I fancied had learned not to be afraid of me while he shared my fortunes. I liked to see him sit upon my hand, and ride back and forth along the lines as I wrote. But why do I speak as if my poor friend were already dead, since here he comes, brisk and busy, to see what we have before us in the way of scribbling, this pleasant winter's day.

— While condemning with proper severity the cockney maltreatment of the eighth letter of the alphabet, we might find something, on this very point, to censure in ourselves. The American, confident that no countryman of his ever denied the aspirate its full right, has not listened with critical ear, else he has not happened to meet the people who say *w'ich*, *w'at*, *w'en*, *w'y*, etc. Such slighting of the letter *h* is by no means uncommon, while it is especially characteristic of certain sections of the country ; stranger yet, the persons thus transgressing are, as often as otherwise, possessed of liberal education and mental refinement. I have heard these suppressors of their *h*'s complain that, in trying to amend the fault, they fell into error on the other side : in restoring the *h* to

w'ich and *w'at*, they were apt to insert it where it does not belong ; for example, converting *will* into *whill*.

What shall be said, O conservers of English in its purity ? Will you find it a lesser cruelty to smother *h* in the middle of a word than to strike it down at the beginning ? But perhaps we shall not be able to prove ourselves guiltless of the latter offense. The decapitated words in "*We met 'im*" and "*I love 'er*" may present a strange appearance in print, but when tried orally are recognized as only too familiar acquaintances.

The letter *r* is perhaps subject to more trying vicissitudes than is the letter *h*. As you travel westward in this country, you shall hear (so it is said) an ever-increasing burr, or roll of the final *r* ; *vires acquirit eundo*, — going West. I confess that the burr does not offend my auditory nerves : I even like it ; it brings up the rear so bravely. All honor to *r* final, by whose agency horrors are rendered more thrilling and effective, rivers more suggestive of strong and turbulent currents. Of course these onomatopoetic sounds are not heard in the East save as your Westerner imports them ; there, indeed, the letter *r* reaches the lowest ebb of its fortunes. Yet, unless I am misinformed, there are some New England regions where it succeeds in foisting itself into the good graces of the vernacular. Ghost of an alphabetical Banquo, it rises at the most unseemly times, to avenge its taking-off. The place it chooses to fill is at the end of a word, following the vowel *a*. Thus it happens that we sometimes hear such peculiar feminine appellations as *Idar* and *Emmar* : from this source we receive a novel idear in orthoepy.

I sometimes think there is a disease of the ear corresponding to what in the eye is termed color-blindness. Color-deafness might be defined as the inability to distinguish the nice shades of dif-

ference between related sounds. It is possible that persons afflicted with this infirmity are unable to recognize all the values of the vowels and consonants of spoken language; the sounds of certain letters may not reach their ear, or their ear may report unwarranted sounds. A school-teacher (from New England, I believe) was instructing a class in the science of punctuation. On her calling attention to the use of the comma, some of the children laughed. "What are you laughing at?" asked the teacher. "You said commar," answered a forward boy. "And what do you say?" "Comma" (with sharp precision). "Well, I say commar, too," was the teacher's reply. In much the same way, a Southern lady of my acquaintance suffers from color-deafness, mistaking broad *a* for *r*. On being charged with defrauding the *r* in "good-morning," she good-humoredly attempted to acquit herself: "Listen: I say good-mawning, too;" but she only dwelt a little longer than usual on the *aw* sound.

— A contributor, who at some period of his life must have been an editor, sends us the following neat Motto for the Waste-Basket:—

If all the trees in all the woods were men,
And each and every blade of grass a pen;
If every leaf on every shrub and tree
Turned to a sheet of foolscap, every sea
Were changed to ink, and all earth's living
tribes
Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,
The human race should write, and write, and
write,
Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And each great inkstand was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers clustered round its
brink
Call for more pens, more paper, and more ink.

— Sometimes, when benevolent persons are discussing the result of any special method of charitable action, they seem to separate people sharply into two classes, those who are to—try to—do good, and those who are to be done good to; as if there were no interaction, and as if philanthropy had

no effect upon society at large other than its effect upon such persons as are afflicted with poverty. In this way, even some who object earnestly to any setting apart of *poor individuals* as a *poor class* do unconsciously classify them, and separate them from the rich, who are to—be urged to—benefit them. I have sometimes wondered, on the contrary, whether Providence did not permit poverty to exist for the sake of the rich man's higher good. It was Lazarus who gave Dives the chance by which he might have saved his soul. If there be any truth in this idea, how objectionable becomes that attitude of philanthropic ease which assumes that Dives is of much greater value to Lazarus than Lazarus can be to Dives! In spite of the severe political economists, disciples of what Emerson calls a "brutal political economy," there are aspects of the social question which suggest the possibility that some of the suffering of the poor is, if not a vicarious atonement, at least a vicarious punishment, inflicted for the sins of the rich. If this be so, how does our condescension to their suffering look? In estimating the value of a charitable relation, it seems to me, we should consider its effect on everybody concerned; not merely upon those persons whom we designate as its "objects." It may be as important that Arthur Percy of Spire Street should not be wholly self-absorbed as that Dick Jones of Tavern Alley should not go hungry; and I have suspected that there might be a God who was interested in Arthur Percy's misguided efforts to procure Dick Jones a dinner as much on Arthur's account as on Dick's. This is not saying that it is not desirable that Arthur should learn to go about his business in the wisest way. It is only asserting that the business is a matter affecting two souls, and that the one is not more superior to its need than the other. Oliver Johnson used to say that perhaps he had been able to do little or

nothing for the antislavery cause, but the antislavery cause had done everything for him. It had revealed to him the new heavens and the new earth. That is a spirit touched with humility befitting a philanthropist.

The idea of charity once was of a service done to God through his "little ones," — the opening of communion with him through them. There may be danger that the modern opinion of the relation, or lack of relation, between men and the unknown, unknowable God will strip the wretched part of humanity of the halo of kinship with divinity, which once shone in the eyes of all gazers; and that as we, in our secure superiority, look upon its nakedness, from which that reverent conception is withdrawn, we shall withdraw also our own spirits, and even while we serve learn to despise our fellow-men. There may be danger, for every idea that has ever possessed earnest minds has had a tendency to push itself too far in the thoughtful, and to brutalize itself in the unthinking.

I do not, of course, advocate a return to the mediæval way of looking upon almsgiving merely as a method of purchasing one's own salvation, without much regard to the beggar's good; yet was there not a kernel of blessing in that great shell of error, in the feeling which made the beggar's misery the rich man's chance, and thus bound their lots together? *Together*, — that is the moral I seek. The evil that we do the poor man hurts us as well as him; the good we fail to do him may peradventure be turned to our need. We are all needy together.

— This morning, in the serene world of books, I met a certain *chansonnier*, — a complaisant spirit, with a charter for making the songs of a people, whoever might have the making of their laws. As it happened, however, the song I heard him singing was something quite different from a popular ballad:

seeming to direct the melodious shafts of his humor at himself alone, he in reality aimed at, and brought down, all of us whose achievement in art falls short of our original conception. Wherefore, as I could not think of a revenge more exquisite, I determined to render into such English as I could command the charming reflections of Pierre-Jean de Béranger on

LES GRANDS PROJETS.

J'ai le sujet d'un poème héroïque;
Qu'avant dix ans le monde en soit doté.
Oui, le front ceint de la couronne épique,
Dans l'avenir fondons ma royauté.

Mais mon sujet prête à la tragédie;
J'y pourrais prendre un plus rapide essor.
Dialoguons, et ma pièce applaudie
M'enivrerait d'honneurs, de gloire et d'or.

La tragédie est un bien long ouvrage;
L'ode au sujet comme à moi convient mieux.
Riche d'encens, elle en fait partage
Aux rois d'abord, et, s'il en reste, aux dieux.

Mais l'ode exige un trop grand flux de style;
Mieux vaut traiter mon sujet en chanson.
Dormez en paix, Pindare, Homère, Eschyle;
J'ai rêvé d'aigle, et m'éveille pinson.

Sans s'amoindrir quel grand projet s'achève?
Plus d'un génie a dû manquer d'entrain.
Ainsi de tout. Tel qui restreint son rêve
A des chansons, laisse à peine un quatrain.

THE GRAND PLANS.

A subject for heroic verse I've found;
Ere ten years pass this work the world shall see:
And then, my brows with epic laurel bound,
My royal claim shall well established be.

My subject lends itself to tragic forms;
On strong and rapid wing my flight I hold;
My piece is greeted with applauding storms,
And I am showered with honors, glory, gold.

On tragedy must patient labor wait;
The ode remains, — therein my theme I'll cast;
The ode, with incense rich, can make one's state
Like that of kings, or even gods, at last.

The ode requires a stately surge and swell;
Perhaps the song will better suit my theme:
Sleep, Pindar, Homer, Æschylus, sleep well;
I wake, a chaffinch, — eagle, in my dream!

What great design but slips and ebbs away?
So many a genius fails through impulse lost.
'T is thus with all: who only songs essay
Shall but achieve a quatrain, at the most.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science and Philosophy. Mr. William M. Lacy has published in an octavo volume an Examination of the Philosophy of the Unknowable as expounded by Herbert Spencer. (B. F. Lacy, Philadelphia.) Mr. Lacy opposes to Mr. Spencer's scheme of nescience the doctrine "that we are capable of realizing something of the nature of things occupying the region outside of consciousness." He treats Mr. Spencer with great courtesy, but he attacks his positions with great vigor. His book is one worth consideration. — Mr. John Fiske, on the other hand, in his *Excursions of an Evolutionist* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), collects fourteen of his interesting essays, which owe much of their impulse to Mr. Spencer, and incidentally introduce illustrations of Mr. Spencer's philosophy. Mr. Fiske has so clear and animated a style that it is a pleasure to read his lucid sentences, though he deals often with abstruse subjects. — Janet's *The Theory of Morals* has been translated by Miss Mary Chapman, under the supervision of President Noah Porter. (Scribners.) It is another argument in favor of conscious personality in human life. — *Certitude, Providence, and Prayer* is the fourth in President McCosh's Philosophic Series (Scribners), and the course of the argument leads to a somewhat comprehensive conclusion. — *God and the Future Life*, by Charles Nordhoff (Harpers), is an attempt to restate the theses of natural theology in a form more consonant with recent scientific investigations and in a style adapted to immature minds. Mr. Nordhoff treats the subject from a positive Christian point of view. — *The Wonders of Plant Life under the Microscope*, by Sophie B. Herrick (Putnam), is a readable and well-illustrated little volume, in which technical terms are avoided as far as possible. The writer has given special attention to the subject of insectivorous plants. — *Optics without Mathematics*, by Rev. T. W. Webb, is a plain and rather lively little volume, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. (Young.) — *The Organs of Speech*, by George Hermann von Meyer, is the forty-sixth volume of the International Scientific Series (Appleton), and is a physiologist's study of the application of these organs in the formation of articulate sounds; it illustrates the physiological basis of philology, and thus reaches two classes of students. — *Body and Will*, by Henry Maudsley (Appleton), is an essay concerning will in its metaphysical, physiological, and pathological aspects. It is polemic in its form, being an attack upon the freedom of a spiritual will. It is a plea also for the positive method of observation and induction in mental pathology. — *The Science of Correspondences Elucidated*, the key to the heavenly and true meaning of the Sacred Scriptures, by Rev. Edward Madeley, revised and greatly enlarged by B. F. Barrett (Claxton), is a new edition of a work accepted by Swedenborgians as one of their apologies. — *The Ques-*

tion of a Division of the Philosophical Faculty is the Inaugural Address delivered on assuming the rectorship of the University of Berlin, by Dr. August Wilhelm Hofmann. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) This edition is furnished with a valuable appendix and notes, the whole being a very interesting contribution to the question of the comparative advantages of a classical and scientific basis of the higher education.

Poetry. Lay Canticles and other Poems, by F. Wyville Home (Pickering & Co., London), deserve attention as the interesting work of a thoughtful student, who has learned some of the power of well-knit language, and whose ear is trained to harmony. — Verses, by William S. Lord (Adam Craig & Co., Chicago), is a correct title, though scanning is not always possible. — One of the Shepherds of Bethlehem (J. B. Harrison, Pittsfield, Mass.) is a little Christmas poem. — *Bran-gonar*, a tragedy, by George H. Calvert (Lee & Shepard), is explained by the author to be a poetic interpretation of the career of Napoleon Bonaparte. It looks very much as if it might be followed by another. — *Idle Fancies*, by Minnie C. Ballard (A. S. Hooker, Troy), is a volume of easy-going verse, printed, not published. — *Poems and Swedish Translations*, by Frederich Peterson, M. D. (Peter Paul & Bro., Buffalo, N. Y.), is apparently the pastime of a professional man, but it is pastime which is more than idleness. Dr. Peterson shows a quaint fancy, a knowledge of Oriental as well as Northern verse, and a dexterity of rhyme which often produces agreeable effects. — *The White Nun and other Poems*, by Agnes L. Carter (Putnam), is a prettily printed volume of serious verse. — The latest issue of the tasteful *Parchment Series* (D. Appleton & Co.) is *English Lyrics*, a companion volume to the *French Lyrics*, published last month. The name of the editor of the English poems is not given. This collection, which begins with a lyric by Sir Thomas Wyatt and ends with a song from *The Bride's Tragedy*, by T. L. Beddoes, shows the touch of a skillful hand. The introduction and the notes are well written and to the point. — *The English Verse of Messrs. Stoddard and Lynton* (Charles Scribner's Sons) is a storehouse of valuable matter. Compilations of this sort are more easily found fault with than made. Errors are inevitable in a work laid out on so large a scale as this; the care and knowledge and excellent taste which the editors have displayed in attempting to perfect their plan do not always go with good intentions. Mr. Stoddard is always on his own ground when he writes of English poetry. His prefaces to the fine volumes which comprise the series are admirable in their kind. The idea of devoting a volume to translations and a volume to selections from the dramatists was altogether a novel and valuable idea. In several respects the work differs favorably from existing compilations of similar char-

acter. Its chief faults are such as can be removed by careful proof-reading in future editions.

Fiction. The Jewel in the Lotos, by May Agnes Tincker (Lippincott), is a book of unequal merit, and needs to be read by one who is willing to be steeped in modern Italian life. — The Love of a Lifetime, by the author of From Madge to Margaret (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a domestic story of New England life. — Guenn, a Wave on the Breton Coast, is a novel by Blanche Willis Howard. (Osgood.) Miss Howard is like an American artist who has shown signs of an artistic career, has made a little success at home, then has gone abroad, has studied, and now comes back with a subject from Brittany. — Our Christmas in a Palace, by E. E. Hale. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The palace is a Pullman palace car, and Mr. Hale's railroad style and Christmas invention meet in a grand transcontinental fictitious journey. — A Hero's Last Days, or Nepenthe (W. J. Duffie, Columbia, S. C.), is by the author of A Sequence of Songs, and, if not a very skillfully constructed story, shows thoughtfulness, a liking for excellent literature, and a more repressed sentiment than we are accustomed to in Southern novels.

Holiday Books. Sunlight and Shade, being poems and pictures of life and nature (Cassell), is a showy medley; most of the pictures and poems, of which there is a crowded lot, being by second and third-rate composers. It is a mere scrap-book, without any apparent method, except that of mechanical convenience. — Lee & Shepard send six of their illustrated books, in the milliner's style, which has come in with the Macy period of bookselling: Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night, illustrated by Garrett and Merrill; That Glorious Song of Old, illustrated by Fredericks; It Was the Calm and Silent Night, illustrated by W. L. Taylor; My Faith Looks Up to Thee, illustrated by Miss Comins; The Lord is My Shepherd, illustrated by Miss Humphrey, and others; Come Into the Garden, Maud, illustrated by Garrett. Ray Palmer's poem is a facsimile of the handwriting. — One of the prettiest books of the holiday season — a season that has been notable for its profusion of illustrated and otherwise adorned books — is Flowers from Hill and Dale, a collection of poems arranged and illustrated in colors by Susie Barstow Skelding. (White, Stokes & Allen.) The full-page flower-pieces are very gracefully designed and executed. The cluster of pansies on page 21 and the spray of wood-fringe on page 29 are especially successful. Several of the poems are given in facsimile of the authors' manuscript.

Books for Young People. Jingles and Songs for Wee Girls and Boys, by Mary D. Brine (Cassell), is a large quarto, crowded with pictures and what may be called graded rhymes, the earliest being nursery jingles, and the latest looking toward matrimony. The pictures have, for the most part, a satisfactory rudeness and freedom from over-refinement; the rhymes have an agreeable objectiveness. On the whole, the book attracts by its general homeliness, though it has not the virtue of the Ann and Jane Taylor homeliness. — Queen Victoria, her Girlhood and Womanhood, by Grace Greenwood (J. R. Anderson & Henry S.

Allen, New York), is an attempt at "a pleasant, simple fireside story of the life and reign of Queen Victoria." A cat may look at a king, and a republican woman may look at a queen with a womanly interest in her personality. — The Queens of England, abridged and adapted from Agnes Strickland's work, by Rosalie Kaufman (Estes & Lauriat), is also intended for young people, but treats the subject in a historical rather than a gossip fashion. — Young Folks' History of the Civil War, by Mrs. C. Emma Cheney (Estes & Lauriat), is a partisan history, very inadequate in its account of the causes of the war, and one's confidence in its accuracy is not increased as one reads. — Raising the Pearl, by James Otis (Harpers), is one of the serials published in Harper's Young People, and is well worth having as a separate book. It is a good story for boys; the scene laid in Tampa Bay, and the Pearl a little sunken steamer, which was raised by the boys, and made to do good service. It is of very little consequence whether school-boys do or do not raise sunken steamers.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Shakespeare as a Lawyer, by Franklin Fiske Heard (Little, Brown & Co.), is a sheaf gleaned after earlier reapers, but so learned a student in the law could scarcely fail to make new and interesting discoveries. — The Odes of Horace, complete in English rhyme and blank verse, by Henry Hubbard Pierce (Lippincott), is a soldier's attempt to render Horace into popular form. He has annotated his translations, but the result on the whole is soda-water which has stood for a while in the sun. — Mr. Oscar Fay Adams's Handbook of English Authors (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a convenient and carefully planned and executed manual, in dictionary form, by which one may quickly ascertain the full name, date, and principal works of all the English authors, living and dead, who have secured conventional immortality. Of course such a book is a selective one, but the compiler has apparently followed a general taste, and has not allowed any special proclivities of his own to mislead him. The book is especially full in its reference to contemporary authors, and is the more valuable for this reason, since ordinary dictionaries and cyclopædias satisfy inquiry concerning the dead. — Folk-Lore of Shakespeare, by Rev. T. F. Thirls-ton Dyer (Harpers), is an interesting survey of the almost numbrless passages in Shakespeare which refer or allude to the common speech of Englishmen of his day, with comment and annotation. It is a very desirable book for any reader of Shakespeare, and its full index makes it as good as a handbook. — Winnowings from Wordsworth, edited by J. Robertson (Nimmo, Edinburgh), is a tiny book, a veritable vest-pocket volume. The editor claims to have included all of Wordsworth's poems not ruinously faulty in workmanship. A long preface is chiefly occupied with a criticism of Matthew Arnold's essay on Wordsworth in his Selections. Whatever may be said of Mr. Robertson's exclusion, no fault can be found with his inclusion. — Tennyson's In Memoriam, its Purpose and Structure, a study, by John F. Genung (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), may be warmly commended to all students of a great